POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 22 · 1964 20c

EXCLUSIVE:

Why Astronaut John Glenn is entering politics

EXCLUSIVE:

How the Cold War started

by a top diplomat who was there

Necklines take a plunge / Carol Channing / How nar

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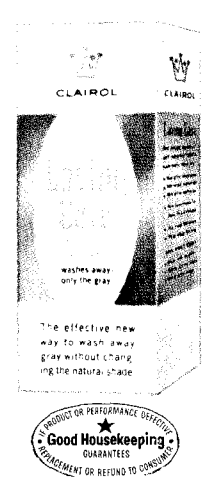
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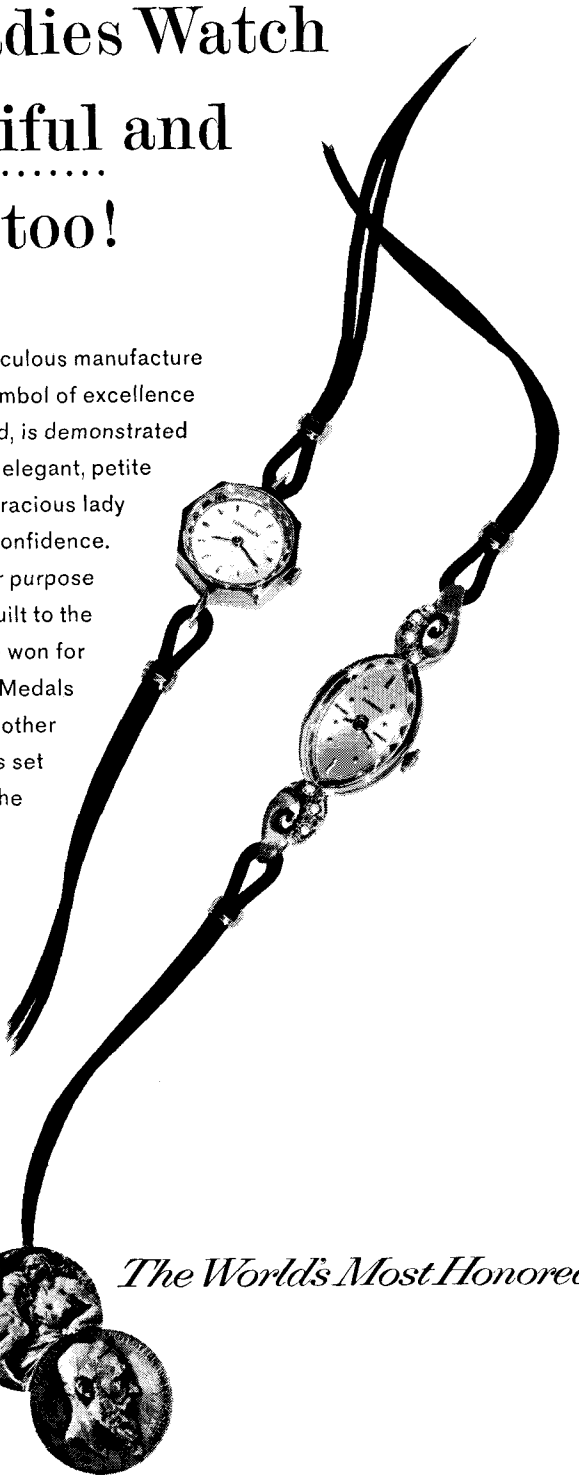
The dedication to quality and meticulous manufacture that has established Longines as the symbol of excellence in the 150 countries of the Free World, is demonstrated in every superb Ladies Longines. Smart, elegant, petite beauty—and accuracy too—enables any gracious lady to wear her Longines with pride and confidence. Every Longines watch, regardless of price or purpose is made to be the finest of its kind . . . built to the self-imposed standards which have won for Longines 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals —more awards, prizes and honors than any other timepiece in the world. Most recently, Longines set new standards of performance by shattering the accuracy barrier at Neuchatel Government Observatory . . . and Longines alone will time the U. S. Olympic Trials at the New York World's Fair. Continuing proof of outstanding excellence. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler soon to see the **World's Most Honored Watch.**



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POST

FEBRUARY 22, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 7

Articles

Does space research threaten life? *(Speaking Out)* . *by Sir Bernard Lovell* **10**
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **18**

What made John Glenn run? . . *by Harold H. Martin and Don Oberdorfer* **21**

Astronaut John Glenn has made a hurtling descent from space to the bruising world of politics. The former Marine colonel faces a series of challenges in his attempt to capture a U.S. Senate seat from Ohio. To win, he must first defeat the incumbent Democrat, Sen. Stephen Young, in the May primaries, then battle the experienced son of a famous Republican, Robert Taft Jr., in the November elections. Contributing writers Harold H. Martin and Don Oberdorfer explain why one of America's most famous heroes gave up business offers worth one million dollars and the security of the Marine Corps to risk his future in a new career.

Necklines make you nervous? . . . . . *by William K. Zinsser* **26**
Howie Young: hockey's abominable iceman . . . . . *by Dave Anderson* **30**
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The authors. **William K. Zinsser**, a free-lance writer, considers cleavage-watching more an art than a mere pastime. . . . **Dave Anderson**, who finds Howie Young "one of the most complicated athletes I've ever talked with," is a sportswriter for the New York *Journal-American*. . . . **S. J. Perelman**, who explores the intricacies of the feminine mind, has been one of this country's favorite humorists for over 30 years. . . . **Robert Murphy**, a career diplomat for every Administration from Wilson to Eisenhower, and an adviser and personal representative of Presidents, is now president of Corning Glass International. . . . Contributing writer **Gilbert Millstein** not only had to wait until after the show for his series of midnight interviews with Carol Channing; he also had to allow the actress time for a fast plate of boiled beets. "She's on some kind of allergy diet," he explains with a grimace. . . . Far East correspondent **Stanley Karnow**, who tells how opium makes the long journey from poppy to pusher, is based in Hong Kong, where opportunities for field work on the subject abound. . . . **Trevor Armbrister**, who recounts the bitter labor-management conflict on the Florida East Coast Railway line, is a contributing writer.

The cover portrait of candidate John Glenn was taken in front of the Capitol building by contributing photographer **John Zimmerman**.

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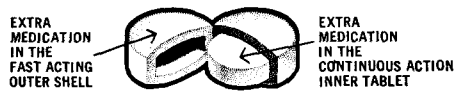
Vicks announces TRI-SPAN

Amazing new 12-hour decongestant tablet with extra medication to give you extra relief

Vicks Tri-Span is specially made with extra medications—not just one but two decongestants plus a special pain reliever—to relieve nasal congestion, pain and achiness of a head cold fast. And decongestant relief lasts up to 12 full hours.

Tri-Span has a fast acting outer shell that gives you extra medication—not just one but two decongestants plus a special ache-and-pain medication missing from the leading 12-hour capsule.

Tri-Span has a continuous action inner tablet that gives you extra medication—not just one but two long-lasting decongestants missing from the leading 4-hour tablet.



For extra relief for head cold miseries get amazing new TRI-SPAN

COMING SOON... in The Post

THE POLITICS OF SPACE
By President Lyndon B. Johnson

Claudia Cardinale:
ITALY'S SQUARE SEXPOT

Failure in the Pacific
AMERICA'S NEGLECTED COLONIES

DOWN WITH TIPPING!

CRIME IN AMERICA: PART VI
NEW ORLEANS—
Banking center for the Cosa Nostra

LETTERS

Unfettered Republicans

Dr. Arthur Larson's article on How THE REPUBLICANS CAN WIN [Jan. 25] cuts through much of the right-winged mythology that has fettered Republican strategy for the last three years. Doctor Larson is a realist who sees that in the few months between now and the election there will not be time to rebuild the whole party. Nor will the party suddenly be able to respond to the wide range of issues in the constructive way Doctor Larson discussed unemployment and peace. If Republicans get a progressive nominee, the party just might give itself another chance. That means listening to men like Doctor Larson. Thank goodness he is speaking out.

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN
Publisher, Advance Magazine
Washington, D.C.

• So what else is new? This was the best-laid plan for another Democrat victory I've ever read.

JEANINE EICHENBERGER
Bellingham, Wash.

• The only thing the Republicans will win following Arthur Larson's advice is another four-year vacation.

JAMES B. TUDHOPE JR.
Northfield, Ill.

• Congratulations on your Arthur Larson piece. It is the clearest thinking on the policies of government that has yet appeared.

EARLE M. CHAPMAN
Brookline, Mass.

• Mr. Larson's article contains the following quote from Franklin D. Roosevelt: "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again, your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." The Republicans used this same quote in their campaign in 1944, also leaving off the last four words of his statement. What he actually said was ". . . *unless we are attacked.*"

L. J. BARKHAUSEN
Denver, Colo.

(*President Roosevelt made this statement in at least two public speeches. At the Democratic Party's Chicago convention in the summer of 1940 he included the qualifying phrase. However, in his Boston address of October 30, 1940, he did not.—ED.*)

• I do hope Mr. Larson climbs back over the fence to the Democratic party where he truly belongs.

L. E. SWALLOW
Indialantic, Fla.

• When the Republican party quits standing for fiscal responsibility and individual integrity, they can count me out.

A. D. ERICKSON
Berlin, Wis.

Mystery quints

THE MYSTERY QUINTS OF ARGENTINA [by Harold H. Martin, Jan. 25] is an unusual saga for this sensational age when multiple births are heralded with neon flamboyancy. Señora Diligenti' confinement in a private home, the secret birth registration of the children and later the separate schools for their individual development were admirable protective measures.

MARGARET BURTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

• Thank heavens Señor Diligenti had the money to carry out his praiseworthy scheme of keeping the birth of his quints from the public eye.

DIANE C. PEARCE
Hatboro, Pa.

Fair trial?

As a former resident of Canton and grade-school classmate of Lloyd Miller [DID LLOYD MILLER KILL JANICE MAY? by Richard Applegate, Jan. 25], I was deeply concerned about the lack of fairness in the case up to the time the Chicago people entered into it. This is a classic example of small-town prejudice of the worst sort. It points out once again the major fault of American justice—the quick, hot-tempered pressure put on local police to find a scapegoat to calm the nerves of an angry mob.

HELEN E. RINKE
Bronx, N.Y.

• This story may reveal a good deal about prosecution techniques in our supposed system of justice and "fair" trial. But could such a thing happen without public support—without the public hysteria which demands a conviction by any means? Our veneer of civilization seems to vanish pretty thoroughly in such circumstances.

REV. CARTER PARTEE, *O.F.M.*
Bloomfield, N. Mex.

The wild boy

William Saroyan is to be commended for having achieved a literary milestone in his article about poet Dylan Thomas, THE WILD BOY [Jan. 25]: a record use of the pronoun "I." There is, however, one possible criticism. Was it really necessary to include those occasional, annoying references to that—what was his name—Thomas fellow?

MICHAEL JELF
Lomita, Calif.

• For Saroyan to say that "Women, wed and unwed, showered their favors upon him," is, I think, part of Saroyan's imagination. Having seen pictures of the beautiful women in the company of the famous, I can assure you that most of them compare poorly with the girls whose company we Hollywood bachelors regularly enjoy.

GENE GALVIN
Hollywood, Calif.

• Saroyan writing on any subject other than Saroyan is an utter impossibility.

PAUL L. WILLIAMS
Chicago, Ill.

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NOTHING, BUT NOTHING, OUTLASTS A MAYTAG
When our first baby was born during World War II, we used her grandmother's already seventeen-year-old MAYTAG to do the diapers.
Now, eighteen years later, Granny Crookston is still using her 35-year-old MAYTAG week in and week out to do her family wash.
So, when we decided to buy an automatic washer three years ago that has to work hour in and hour out for our sizable gang (four to five loads a day with seventeen of us now), what did we buy? Why, a MAYTAG, of course!

Mrs. Ray Crookston, mother of ~~15~~ 16, writes a Maytag ad for us

At left is the ad exactly as Mrs. Crookston sent it to us from Provo, Utah. It reads:

"Nothing, but nothing, outlasts a Maytag...when our first baby was born during World War II we used her grandmother's already seventeen-year-old MAYTAG to do the diapers.

"Now, eighteen years later, Granny Crookston is still using her 35-year-old MAYTAG week in and week out to do her family wash.

"So, when we decided to buy an automatic washer, three years ago, that has to work *hour* in and *hour* out for our sizable gang (four to five loads a day with 17 of us now), what did we buy? Why, a MAYTAG, of course!"

Of course.

Today, Maytag offers you all these features right along with dependability: *Unsurpassed Big-Load Capacity, Automatic Bleach Dispenser, Lint-Filter Agitator, and a Water-Level Control.* For a guide to all Maytag Washers and Dryers, send 10¢ in coin to: Maytag, Dept. 310P-2, Newton, Iowa.

Since Mrs. Crookston wrote her ad, another Crookston has joined the family. We're happy to report mother, baby and Maytag doing nicely.

MAYTAG

the dependable automatics

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA
SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

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LETTERS

Guns and laws

Kudos to Rep. John V. Lindsay for his succinct presentation of the case for adequate firearms regulation [Too Many People Have Guns, Feb. 1]. Perhaps overlooked as a result of his primary concern for those facing the muzzle of too-easily-obtained weapons were the numerous maimings caused by malfunction of firearms belonging to the scrap heap instead of in the hands of those unable to recognize an unsafe piece. I consider my city permit to carry a gun not a right but a privilege.

ARNOLD SOLIS COHEN
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Every year the lovers of firearms have to fight tooth and nail for the right given them by the Constitution. And always the starry-eyed do-gooders try to deny us this right by giving hysterical figures (not backed by insurance statistics) on why firearms should be controlled by authorities.

FRED PAVEY
New Britain, Conn.

• What we need are laws concerning the use of a gun, not laws against their ownership.

MICHAEL T. CARLUCCI
Jersey City, N.J.

• Without guns most criminals would lack the courage to commit crimes. Our Government prohibits shipping fish flour [Nov. 23] and Krebiozen [Jan. 4–11]—which might support life—across state lines but permits all kinds of lethal weapons in interstate commerce. Real smart!

H. C. WOOD JR.
Fort Washington, Pa.

• Mr. Lindsay's home state of New York has the toughest gun laws in the country and also bears the unenviable reputation of being among the most crime-ridden. About the only thing that might have forestalled the tragedy at Dallas would have been denying Oswald reentry into the country.

FRED LUKS
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

• Amen to Mr. Lindsay's plea. I am sure the nation would see an immediate decline in the number of crimes committed if guns were withdrawn from that silver platter.

MRS. JOHN NICODEMUS
Baltimore, Md.

• This article begins with a very wrong premise, as evidenced by its title. Actually, not enough people have guns or are educated enough in their care and handling.

HENRY O. SILSBEE III
East Lynn, Mass.

• If all prospective rifle purchasers were required to go to the local chief of police for permission, would any chief have been adept enough at psychology to have refused this permission to Lee Harvey Oswald?

ROBERT W. SAUNDERS
Reading, Mass.

White House gamble

I believe that James MacGregor Burns has proposed a sensible and workable plan in Let's Stop Gambling With the Presidency [Jan. 25]. It is inconceivable that we have muddled along for 175 years without *any* plan.

ROSS C. DURST
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

• The U.S. is the biggest business in the world, and the most important. Why not run it like other big business in the country? Let's have three Vice Presidents selected at the convention to run with the President. The President could then use them in his cabinet or any place as he needed them.

MRS. L. A. FERGUSON
Cave City, Ky.

• In the case of a Presidential death why not have the Secretary of State sworn in to take over the office of Vice President? Such a step would provide for greater stability in the administrative affairs of our Government.

LOUIS WITCHIE
Wheaton, Md.

• We need a group of military men to act as caretakers of the country when there is no President. For security reasons, these men would be expected to reside in different places throughout the country.

Z. F. HATHORNE
Elmhurst, Ill.

Eastern style

Regarding your Hong Kong article by Stanley Karnow [Fashions: The Asian Rag Race, Jan. 25]—I usually don't read fashion pieces, but this one held me fascinated.

MRS. ANN LEVIN
Silver Spring, Md.

Letter from home

Saul Maloff's The Price of a Carabao [Jan. 25] was such a warm, funny and accurate picture of life in a Filipino barrio. And the references to familiar little things like pansit and nipa huts and the nickname "Flips" mean so much to a very homesick college girl.

RORY STABER
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

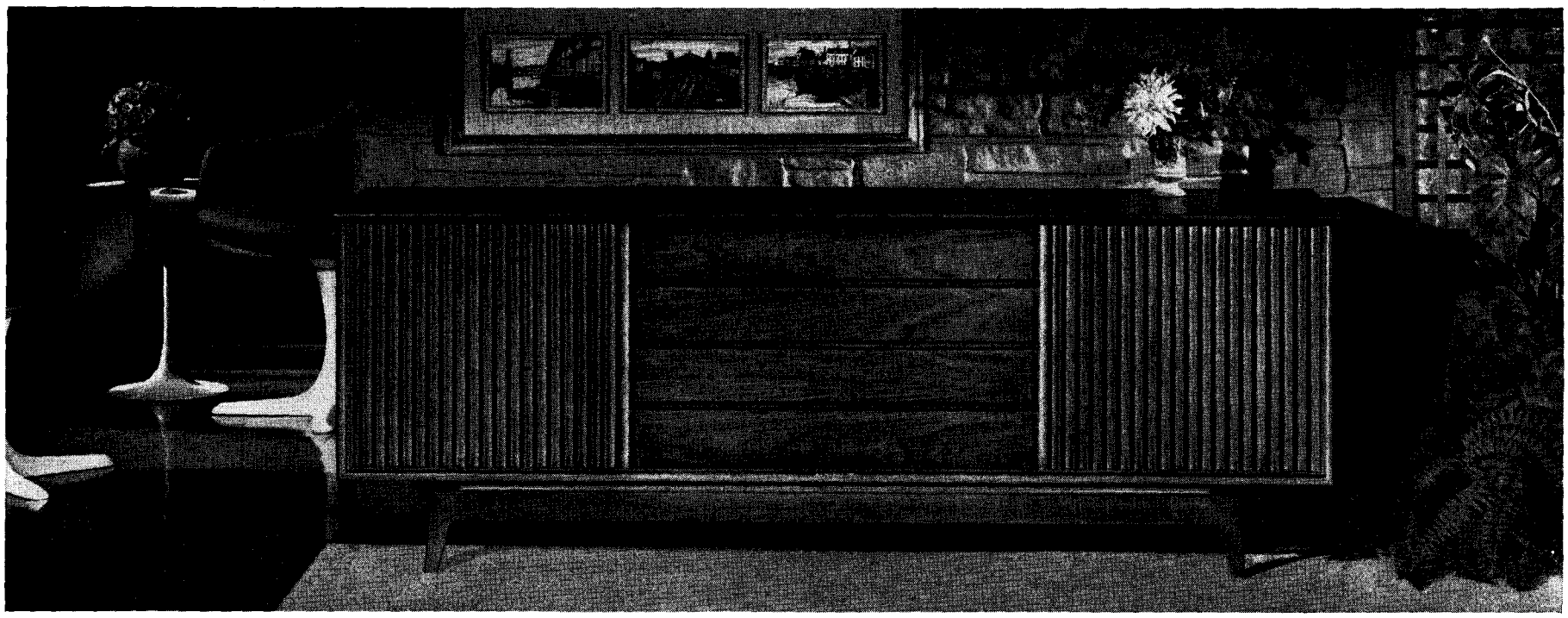
A hearty meal

Alton L. Blakeslee states in his article, Can Diet Prevent Heart Attacks? [Jan. 25], that the incidence of heart disease is lower when a high proportion of the fat consumed is of the poly-unsaturated type. This premise is at best unproved.

GORDON K. BARNES
New Lisbon, Wis.

• I was born in 1890 and fed on a diet so high in animal fat and salt that by the time I was 20 I had eaten enough grease to start a soap factory and enough salt to pickle a shipload of cod. No one had even heard of cholesterol then.

ALBERT F. BRACKETT
Sudbury, Mass



New Admiral solid state stereo has no tubes!
Most realistic sound ever... with 250 watts!

Now, hear live sound realism with an impact you can actually feel! An entirely new kind of Admiral sound system replaces every tube with 46 solid state transistors and diodes. They create 250 watts of peak power... the most ever in a stereo console!

Even at a whisper... at the lowest volume... you'll hear the most delicate tones with a clarity and richness that ordinary stereos can't match.

Enjoy maximum fidelity, minimum distortion... with a *floating* Vari-Gram tone arm that adjusts stylus pressure from 0 to 5 grams. Records can last over 3,000 plays. Hear thrilling stereo separation ...from 8 speakers, in 75-inch cabinets handcrafted of genuine veneers and hardwood solids.

Here is stereo so reliable... the solid state amplifier, pre-amplifier and FM/AM Stereo radio tuner are *guaranteed for 5 years*, not just 90 days.*

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Shown above: The Kingshaven, Model Y6191, also available in French Provincial. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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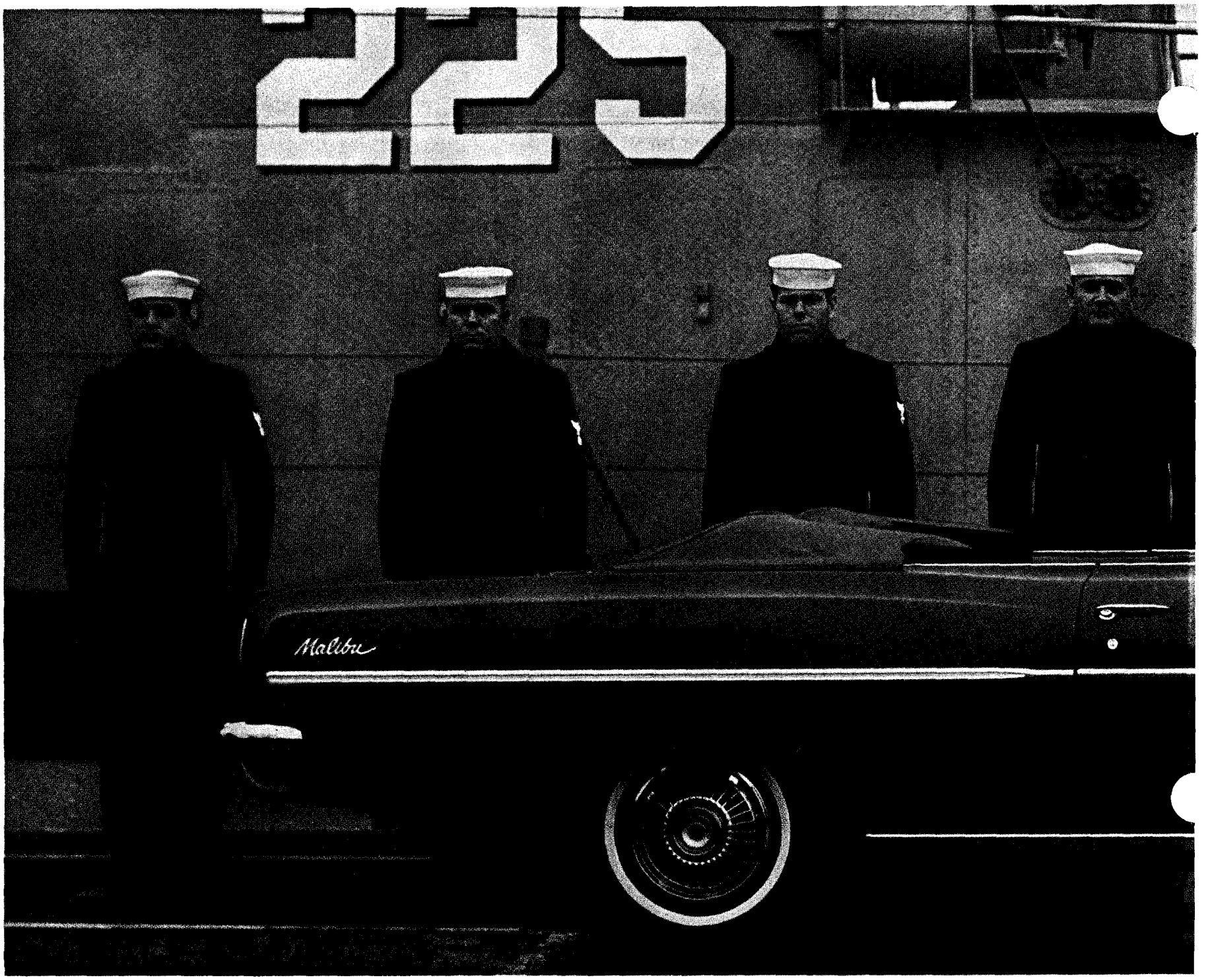

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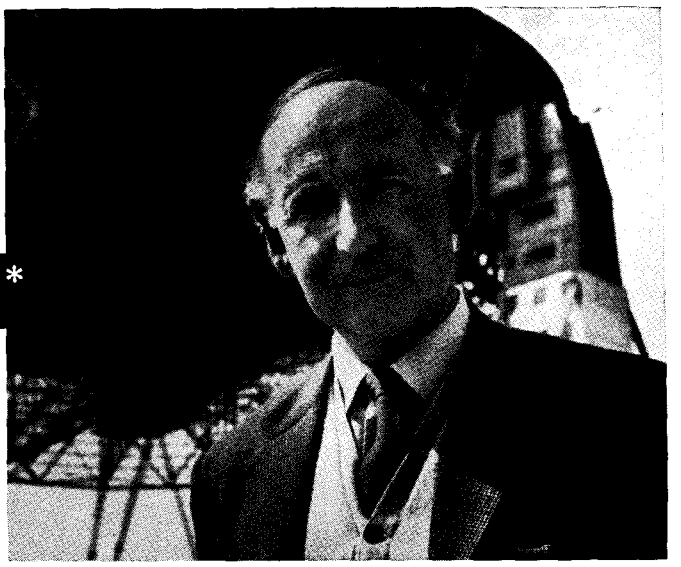

An astronomer, physicist and major figure in the development of radar techniques during World War II, Sir Bernard Lovell is currently director of Great Britain's Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, which contains one of the largest radio telescopes in the world.

Does our space research threaten life on earth?

By Sir Bernard Lovell

A renowned scientist calls for international controls on experiments that could affect climate, communications and men's minds.

If he is a stranger to the Universe who does not know what is in it, no less is he a stranger who does not know what is going on in it. He is a runaway, who flies from social reason; he is blind, who shuts the eyes of the understanding. . . ."

Eighteen centuries separate us from Marcus Aurelius and his stoic precepts. His meditations about the universe were developed without the distracting knowledge which telescopes, radio telescopes and space probes have accumulated for the 20th-century scientist. Even so he wrote: "Do not be whirled about, but in every movement have respect to justice, and on the occasion of every impression maintain the faculty of comprehension."

A few years ago I expressed my anxiety about some of the projected developments of man's investigation of outer space. First, it seemed to me that each nation's desire to be ahead in the space race might lead either the United States or the Soviet Union to land rockets on Mars or Venus before the necessary biological investigations had been completed. This could prejudice forever man's understanding of the life processes in the extraterrestrial environment. Second, it seemed that any ethical basis which governed our life on earth might well be rejected insofar as man's excursions into outer space were concerned, and that contamination of space and the planets might influence adversely both man and any organisms developing in the extraterrestrial environment.

At that time there was considerable unrest over the American plan to orbit the earth with millions of minute pieces of wire for purposes of military communication. The unrest arose because there was a danger that such an experiment or its successors might ultimately interfere with the making of advanced astronomical observations from earth. The type of danger inherent in this kind of unilateral space activity was dramatically illustrated soon afterward. In 1962 the United States and the Soviet Union exploded high-altitude nuclear devices. The resulting radiation and atomic debris put out of action several earth satellites, and so seriously perturbed certain regions of the earth's environment that a decade may elapse before normal conditions again are restored.

These events were of immediate interest and anxiety to a small circle of scientists, but there has been no expression of public concern such as accompanied the atomic explosions in the earth's atmosphere with the consequent imminent danger from the fallout. It seems to me, however, that we are rapidly moving into a stage where this lack of concern about the activities of man in outer space may create a situation fraught with the gravest consequences for the human race. It is now time for concern about the ethical standards which man must apply to embryonic dangers which are not obvious. We cannot afford to wait until the dangers become practically apparent, since some experiments may create an irretrievable condition.

The experiments I have in mind belong almost to the world of fantasy, and yet nearly all have at least a certain basis in scientific fact. All the possibilities arise because we can now lift away from the earth's surface rockets carrying payloads of many tons.

The first point to consider is that of temporary or permanent modification of weather and climate. Much has been written about the supposed deleterious influence of nuclear explosions on the weather. In fact, however, the energy of a megaton explosion is about equivalent to that in a well-developed thunderstorm, and the prospects of influencing climate by operations in the lower layers of the atmosphere seem remote. On the other hand, an entirely different prospect emerges if we turn our attention to the possible influences of operations in the stratosphere and above.

At a height of 25 miles, the density of the atmosphere is only a thousandth of the density at sea level, and at 50 to 60 miles it is only a millionth of the density at sea level. Thus, vast changes in local conditions become entirely feasible with the weight of material which can be lifted to these regions by modern rockets. The question, therefore, is whether conditions in these high regions have any conceivable control on our earthly environment.

Since the overall situation is governed by the solar heating of the atmosphere, close attention has recently been given to the processes by which the sun's radiation is absorbed at these altitudes. Of the radiation which enters the atmosphere without reflection, most of the energy in the long-wavelength—infrared—region is absorbed by clouds. The shortest-wavelength ultraviolet radiation disappears by absorption at heights of about 60 miles in processes which are partly responsible for the production of the ionosphere. The longer-wavelength ultraviolet is absorbed in a region extending from a height of about 20 to 30 miles by processes which lead to the production of ozone and a maximum in the temperature distribution as we ascend through the atmosphere. Although only two percent of the sun's radiation is absorbed in this way, it clearly has a determinant effect on the conditions in the ionosphere and in the ozone layer.

Now, it happens that ozone is rather easy to destroy. And if it is intentionally or accidentally removed, then the ultraviolet radiation would penetrate to earth. If this happened for a sufficiently long period, then human beings might suffer severe sunburn and possible sterilization. Further, the temperature distribution in the atmosphere could be radically altered and, in the state of our present knowledge, no one could predict what climatic changes might occur.

It is not difficult to estimate that a few tons of suitable contaminant, deposited in the atmosphere 25 miles above the earth, would destroy the ozone over several square miles for a few hours. Indeed, the anxiety engendered by these considerations recently led the Advanced Research Projects Agency in America to sponsor an investigation of the likely effects of accidental pollution of this kind by rocket exhausts. The need for such an inquiry becomes apparent when it is remembered that a rocket launched from earth to land a man on the moon might

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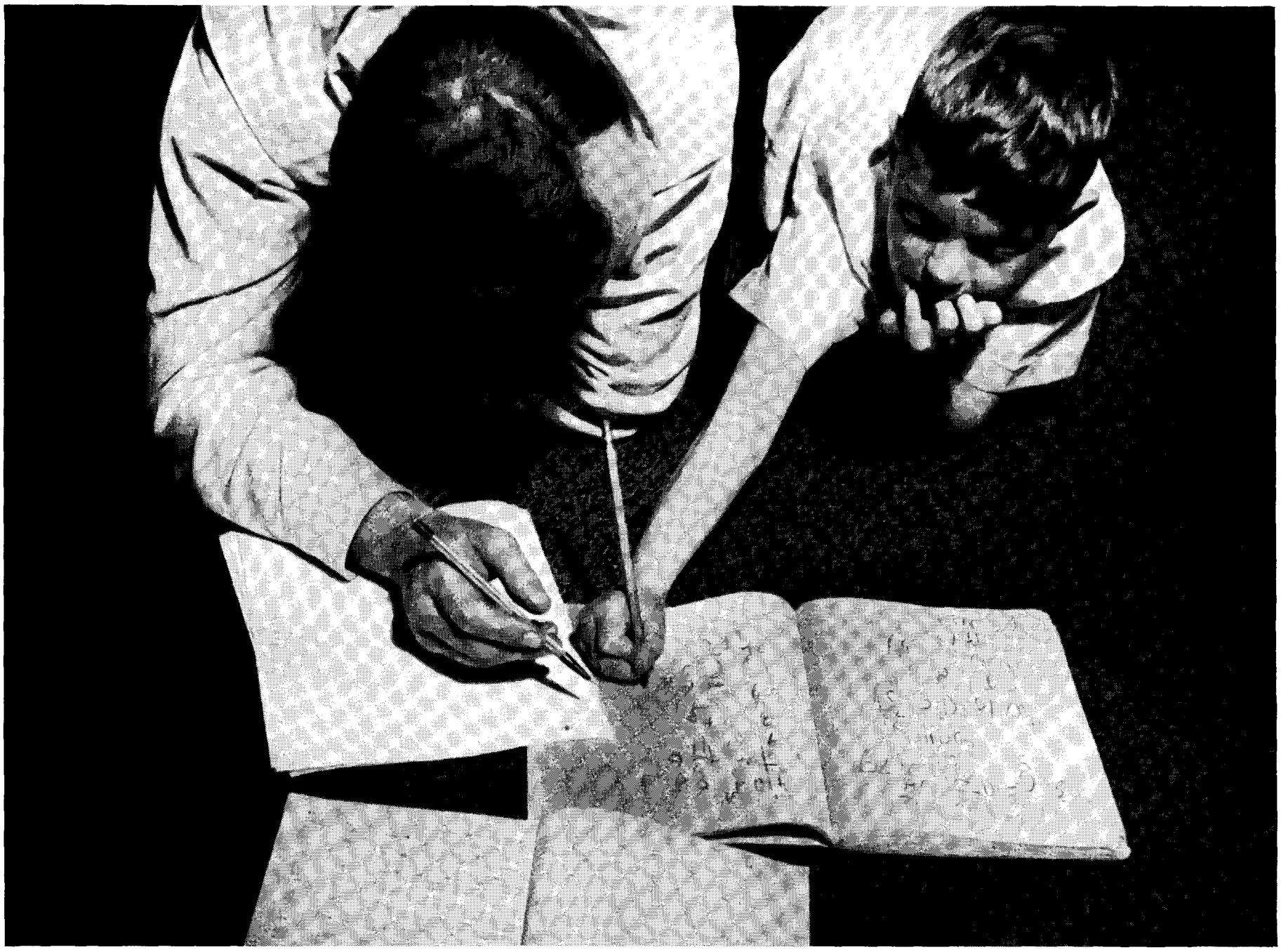

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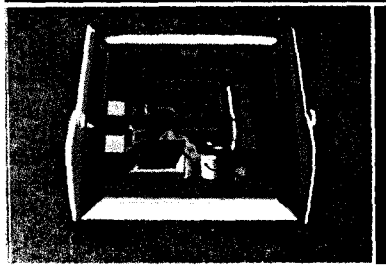

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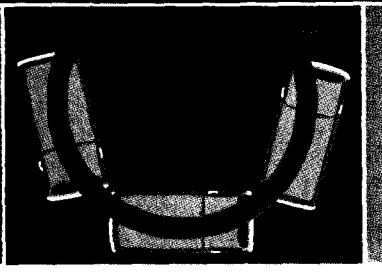

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burn up 2,000 tons of fuel in its passage through the earth's atmosphere. One sobering conclusion of this investigation is that the launching of one such rocket a week might well lead to a permanent transformation of the conditions in the high atmosphere.

Naturally, there seem to be valid arguments that anxiety is groundless. The ozone layer is many miles in depth, and the effect of such depositions in the atmosphere may remain so localized that only relatively harmless changes occur in the region of maximum temperature.

But when one turns from the contamination as an accidental by-product to an intentional act, an ugly array of possibilities is revealed. To begin with, specially selected substances could be deposited in great quantities at precise altitudes instead of being spread throughout the depth of the atmosphere as with the burning of a rocket motor. The American report states that 25 tons of fluorine would be sufficient to depopulate the ionosphere of electrons and so blot out all long-distance radiotelephony. The deposition of large quantities of gases like carbon monoxide at an altitude of 25 miles might radically alter the temperature distribution and the climactic conditions by absorbing some of the sun's infrared radiation.

In the bomb-scarred Britain of the early 1940's, scientists were seeking devices to inhibit the German bombers which unleashed their devastation by night. Even with the air-interception radar, night-fighter pilots were handicapped in the final stages of attack because it was difficult to see the bombers. How often we talked of some method by which we could lighten the night skies over our cities. We did not know then that the natural night airglow results from the presence of less than 50 pounds of sodium in the high atmosphere. Today we know that only 10 pounds of sodium vapor released from a small research rocket can create a glow visible over the entire eastern seaboard of the United States. Indeed, the American report suggests that even the small quantities of accidental contamination from the rocket motors may result in a brightening of the night sky.

The effects of these types of contamination on the climate and night-sky light have been sporadically discussed in scientific literature. Recently, however, a new and particularly bizarre possibility shows signs of emerging from scientific literature—the remote chance that man's mind could be affected by changing conditions in space.

There are many threads to this story. Some of them may be traced to a time a few years ago when in the Radio Physics division of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research in Australia, the director, Dr. E. G. Bowen, published papers indicating a relationship between the incidence of meteoric-dust particles in the high atmosphere and rainfall on earth. Then both in America and Australia a striking relationship was found between rainfall and the phase of the moon, and this was soon followed by a further analysis by Bowen demonstrating a relationship between lunar phase and the incidence of meteoric dust.

At Jodrell Bank we remained somewhat skeptical, but over the years we had amassed one of the largest and most systematic counts of meteoric impact in existence. In response to a request from Doctor Bowen about 18 months ago I asked Dr. J. G. Davies to make a statistical analysis of the records for more than 100,000 meteors. The results helped point up the relationship between the incidence of meteors and the lunar phase A further tangle in this complex issue i the discovery that the lunar phase is also correlated with magnetic-field variations.

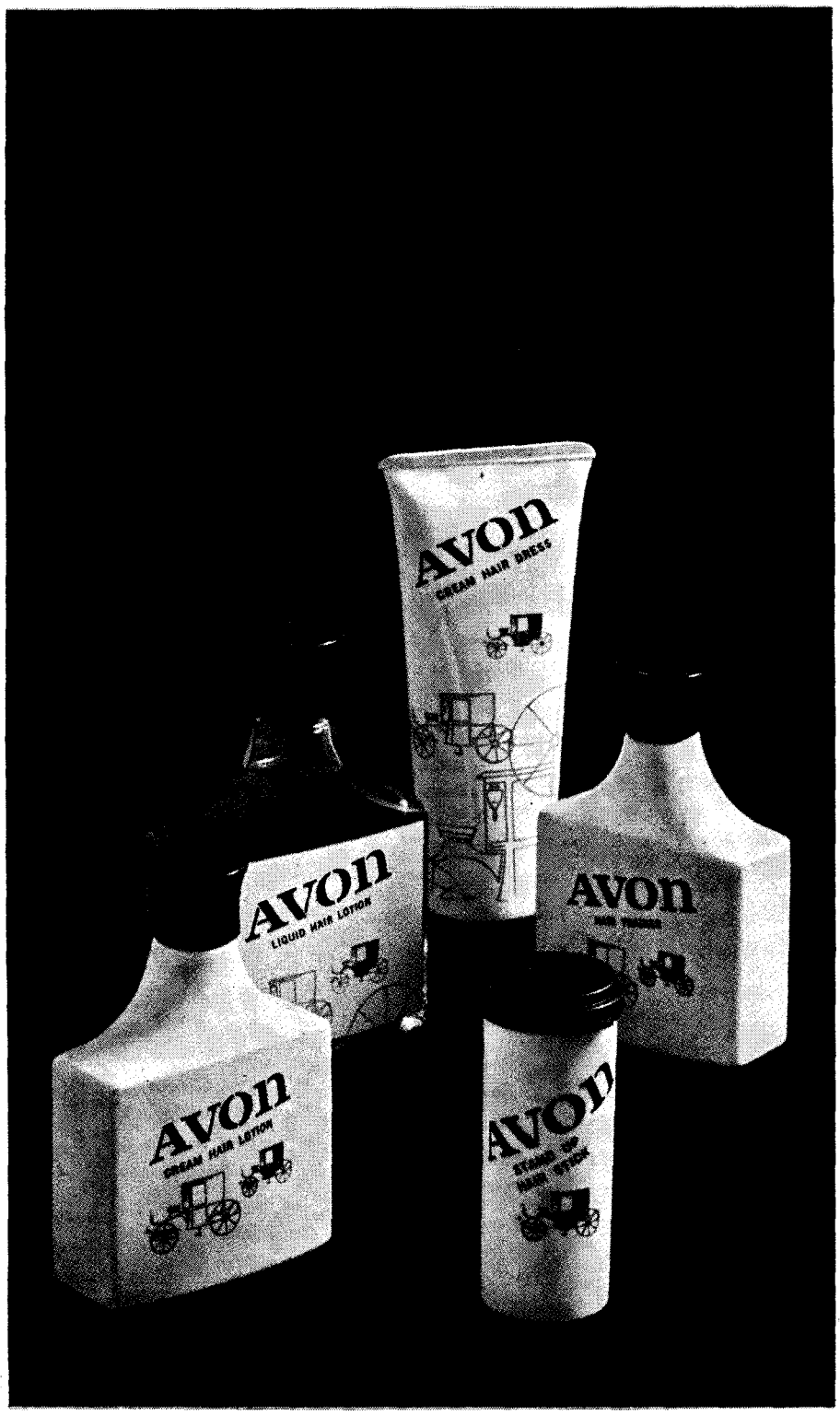
The latest thread appeared recently in the British scientific journal *Nature*, where an account was given by Professors H. Friedman, R. O. Becker and C. H. Bachman of New York of their attempts to find some factors correlating with suicides and admissions to mental hospitals. They investigated 28,642 admissions to eight psychiatric hospitals in New York State between 1957 and 1961 and found a significant correlation with magnetic storms. Thus in the last few years some strange and inexplicable links appear to be emerging between lunar phase, rainfall, meteoric impact, magnetic storms and mental disturbances. It almost seems that we are moving through a series of scientific fantasies to a proof of the ancient belief in the connection between the moon and lunacy.

It is not uncommon to find wide areas of doubt and uncertainty at the forefront of scientific research. The discovery of the existence of radiation zones and plasmas from the sun in interplanetary space has thrown many concepts into disarray, and we are now immersed in a period of great interest in solar and interplanetary physics, equipped with the powerful tools of space research to put ideas to the test of experimental investigation. This situation is distinguished from many other similar ones in contemporary research by the vital fact that the laboratory in which the experiments must be made belongs, not to one scientist or one nation, but to all humanity.

Silence from Soviet

The emotional conflict engendered by the launching of the needles and the high-altitude explosions arose because the controlling elements in the groups involved regarded the national need as overriding. Furthermore, they claimed that the experiments were for purposes of scientific research whereas they were, in fact, the antithesis of the procedures which the scientist adopts in the pursuit of true research. The lack of scientific judgment on these issues was demonstrated on several occasions during my visit to the Soviet Union in the summer of 1963. The scientists there were full of righteous indignation about the American launching of the needles but were immediately silenced when reference was made to the far more serious event of their high-altitude explosions.

The human race therefore faces a critical situation in the next few decades, because there is at the moment little evidence of the moral and legal controls which must be enforced if man's continued life on earth is not to be jeopardized by the accidental or intentional results of space research. There are large areas of uncertainty, so that it is not yet possible to assess whether various other space activities may affect man more directly than in the inhibition of his study of the cosmos. It is a vital necessity of our age that the political decisions on these problems should be based on the judgment of the international scientific community, and that this judgment should govern the future space launchings of the world. THE END



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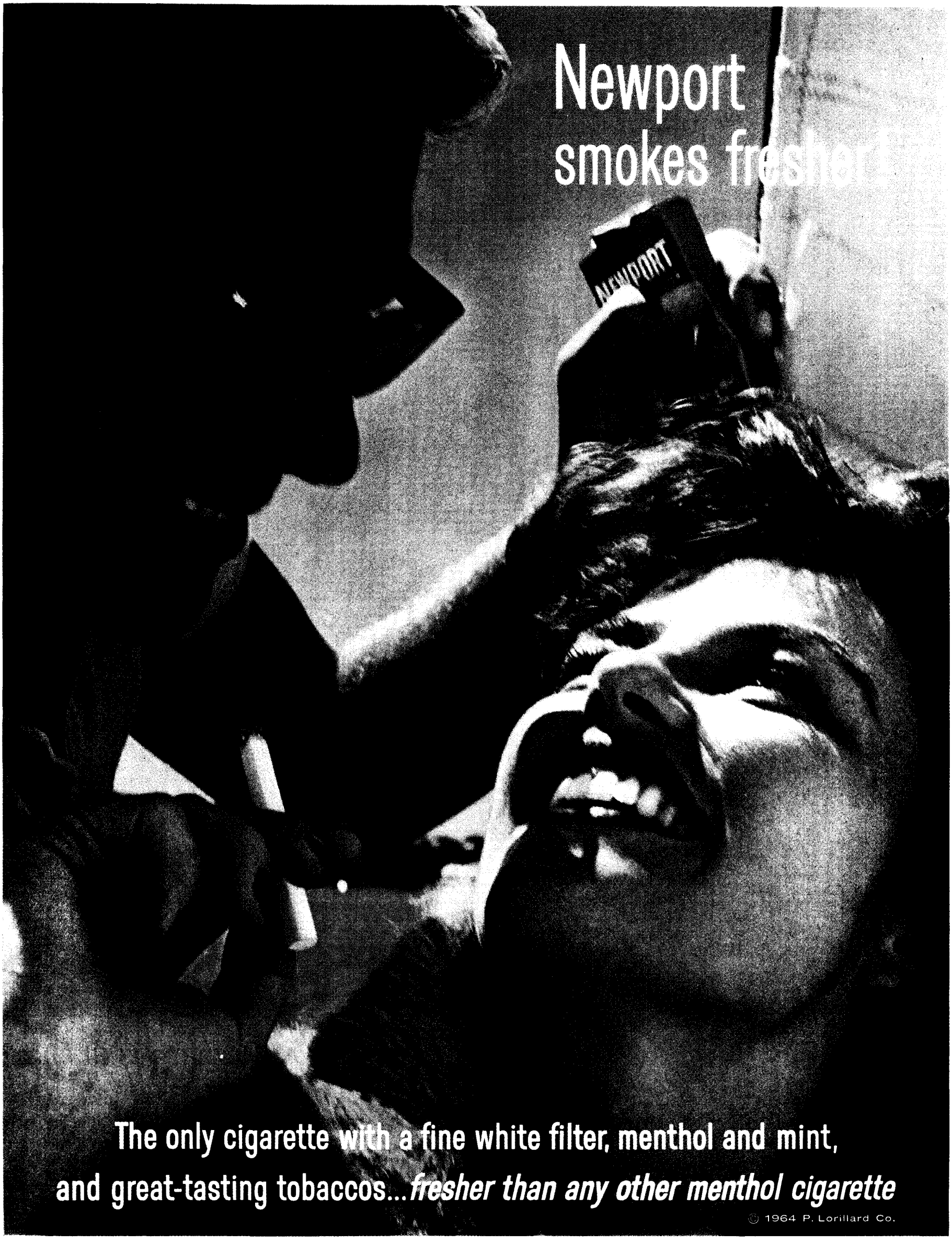
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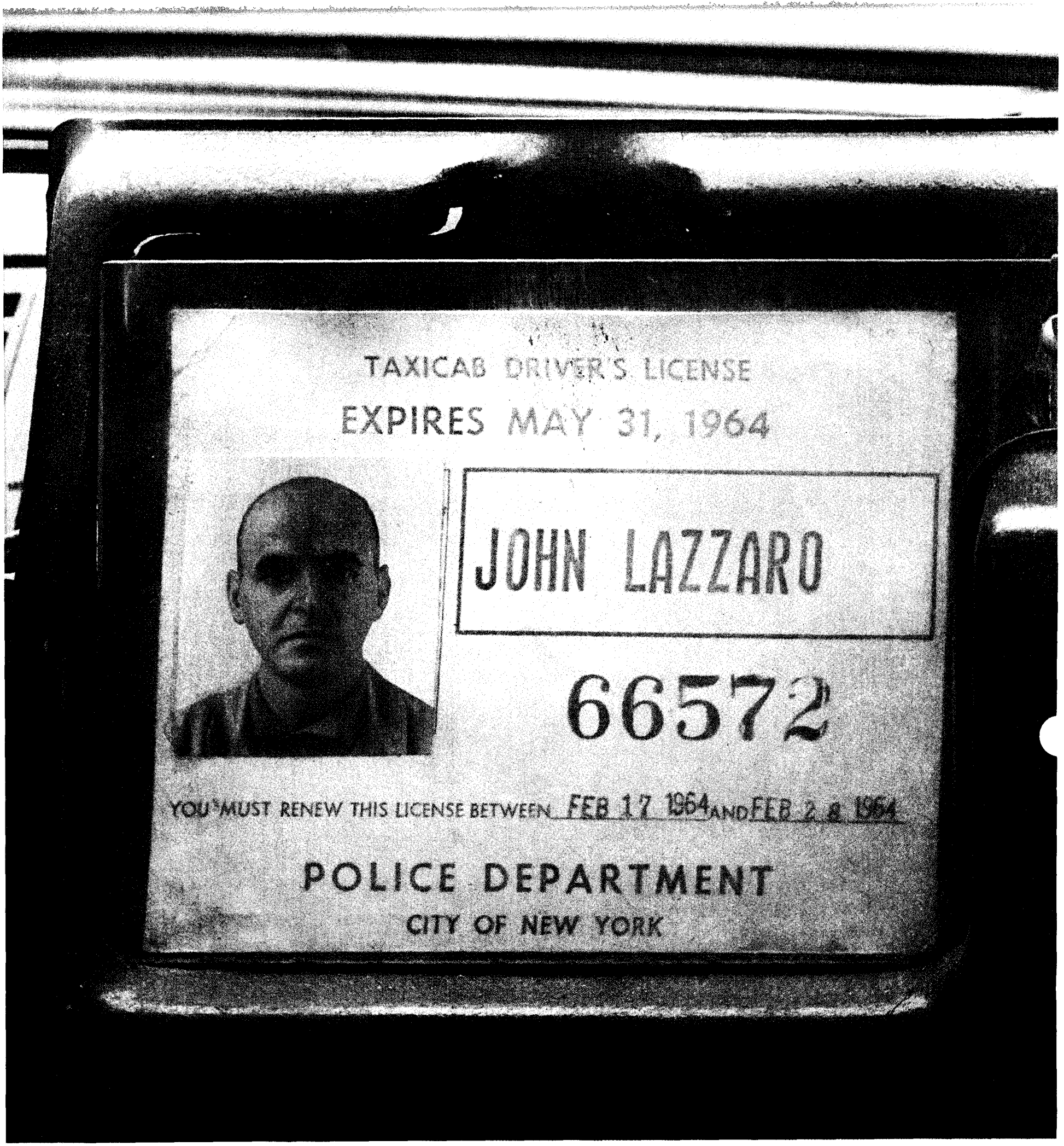
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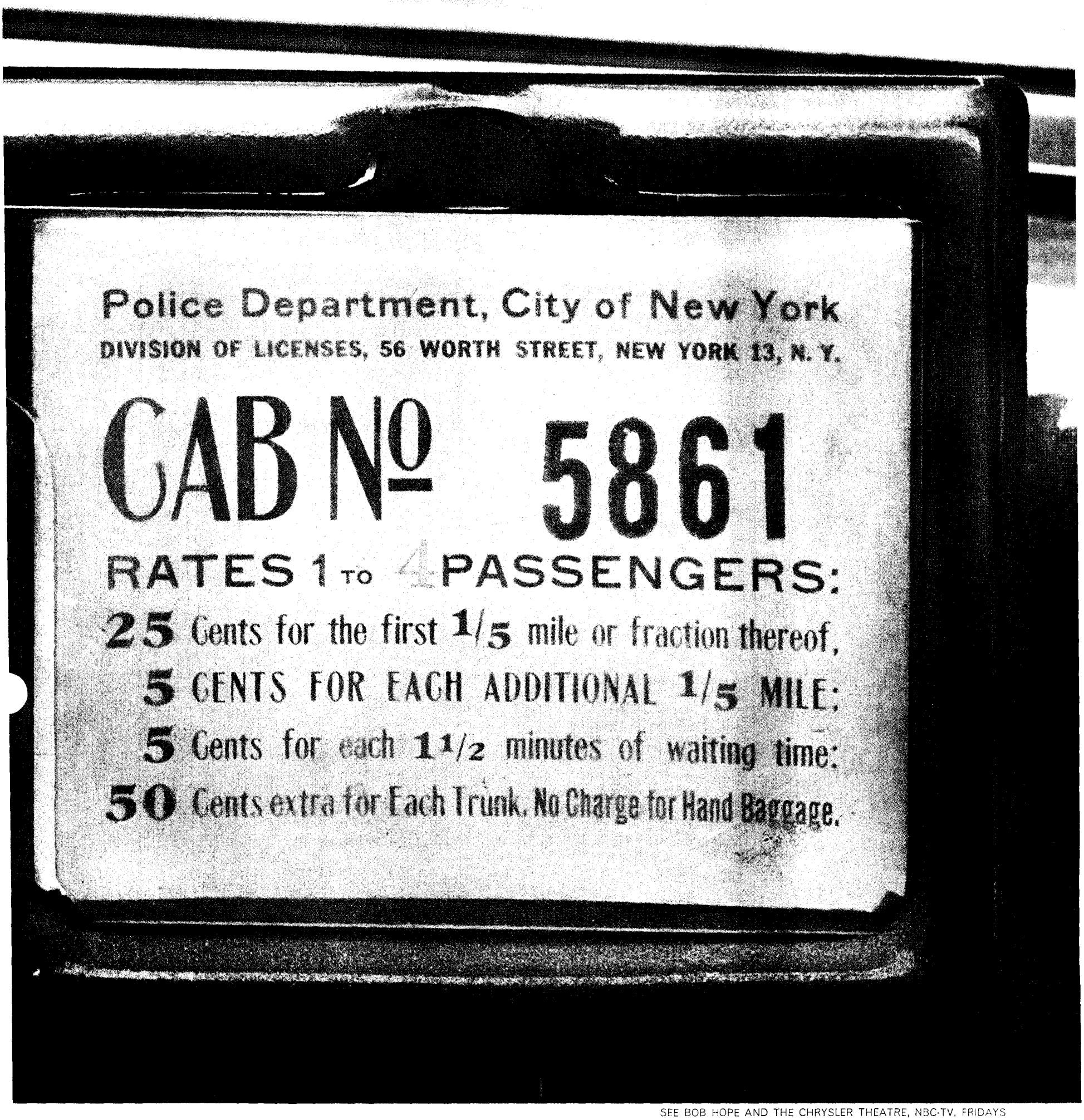
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Vietnam: the awful alternative

Robert S. McNamara

WASHINGTON: Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has promised to "take all necessary measures to prevent a Communist victory" in Vietnam. What measures?

That question may confront President Lyndon Johnson with the gravest decision of his career, well before next November's election. It may also confront the United States and the world with a crisis as dangerous as the Cuban crisis of October, 1962.

The plain fact is that our side has been losing the war in Vietnam, and the Communist side has been winning it. It is too early to assess the consequences of the most recent coup in Vietnam. Perhaps the new regime will be able to turn the tide. No one hopes so more fervently than the President and his Secretary of Defense. But it is at least possible that what McNamara calls the "considerable progress" the Communists have been making will continue and accelerate, to the point where the Saigon regime is threatened with disintegration. In that case, the moment of decision for the President will be near.

Theoretically, there are three courses which the United States can adopt if a Communist victory in Vietnam appears imminent. One is to adopt the French formula of "neutralization." Secretary of State Rusk has described this as "a formula for surrender." It will not be adopted.

The second course is to intervene directly with American combat troops. The tide might be turned by a few American battalions—if the North Vietnamese and/or the Chinese Communists did not intervene in their turn.

This second course has been at least studied seriously. But at all levels there is a positively anguished reluctance to adopt it—and not least in the White House. For the Korean War taught a lesson: that a little bit of intervention, when it involves the use of American combat forces, is hardly more possible than a little bit of pregnancy. And direct U.S. intervention, this time without U.N. support, could mean a war as long, as unwinnable, and as internally divisive as the Korean War—perhaps more so.

The third course is, in effect, to change the present rules of the game. Under the present rules Ho Chi Minh's Communist North Vietnamese government is at liberty to use all means short of invasion to help the Communist Viet Cong. Trained cadres, which form the hard core of the Viet Cong, reach Vietnam via the "Ho Chi Minh Trail." Arms come both over the trail—through Cambodia—and by boat to the Viet Cong-controlled seacoast. Overall military and political control of the Viet Cong is maintained via radio from Hanoi, in North Vietnam.

All this is in flat contravention of the 1954 Geneva treaty which split Indochina. Certain of the policy makers have maintained for some time—in the case of one of them, for four years—that the war in Vietnam simply cannot be won as long as our side continues to play the game according to these rules.

Assistant Secretary of State Roger Hilsman and others dissent. They claim that outside aid for the Viet Cong is no longer a key factor in the struggle, and that the real problem is to stiffen and reform the Saigon government. But the opinion is growing, even in the State Department, that if there is any further deterioration, the rules of the game *must* be changed.

There are various versions of how these rules might be changed, but the basic version runs something like this. First, Ho Chi Minh would be warned, probably secretly, that he could no longer continue to support the Viet Cong without reprisals—unspecified—on our part. If there were no results of this warning, this country would take two simultaneous further steps.

We would go to the United Nations, produce copious proof of North Vietnamese intervention in aid of the Viet Cong in contravention of the 1954 treaty; and we would announce that we had no choice but to institute reprisals. We would not ask for a vote. We would unilaterally undertake the reprisals.

The reprisals might take various forms. We might arm, equip and overtly support an anti-Communist guerrilla force raiding Communist territory across the border from bases in Vietnam. We might drop high-explosive (not nuclear) bombs on certain selected Vietnamese targets: airfields, dams, new factories near Hanoi. Or we might adopt a combination of such actions.

The point is that the reprisals would be designed not to defeat the North Vietnamese regime in open war but to hurt, and hurt badly. In this situation Ho Chi Minh and his Chinese Communist allies might well prefer to withdraw support from the Viet Cong and permit the establishment of a stable government in South Vietnam, rather than to risk a direct confrontation with American power.

They might not. The Ho Chi Minh regime might respond by marching on South Vietnam, in which case we would have a rather big small war on our hands. Or the Chinese might intervene, in which case we would have at least a small big war on our hands. But the Communists would first have to decide that they were ready for war with the United States.

"If the Chinese intervened," says one policy maker, "we would at least have a heaven-sent opportunity to hit certain targets in China." The targets are, of course, the Chinese atomic plants. "In any case," he added, "overt hostilities with the Chinese could hardly be more dangerous than Communist victory in Vietnam, which would be the beginning of the end for Asia."

No one can really foresee what might happen if President Johnson decides that the rules of the game in Vietnam must be changed. But the alternatives listed above, which are currently the subject of passionate debate at the highest levels of the American Government, suggest why Lyndon Johnson may soon be faced with the gravest decision of his career.

Stewart Alsop

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Above all, it's a Buick

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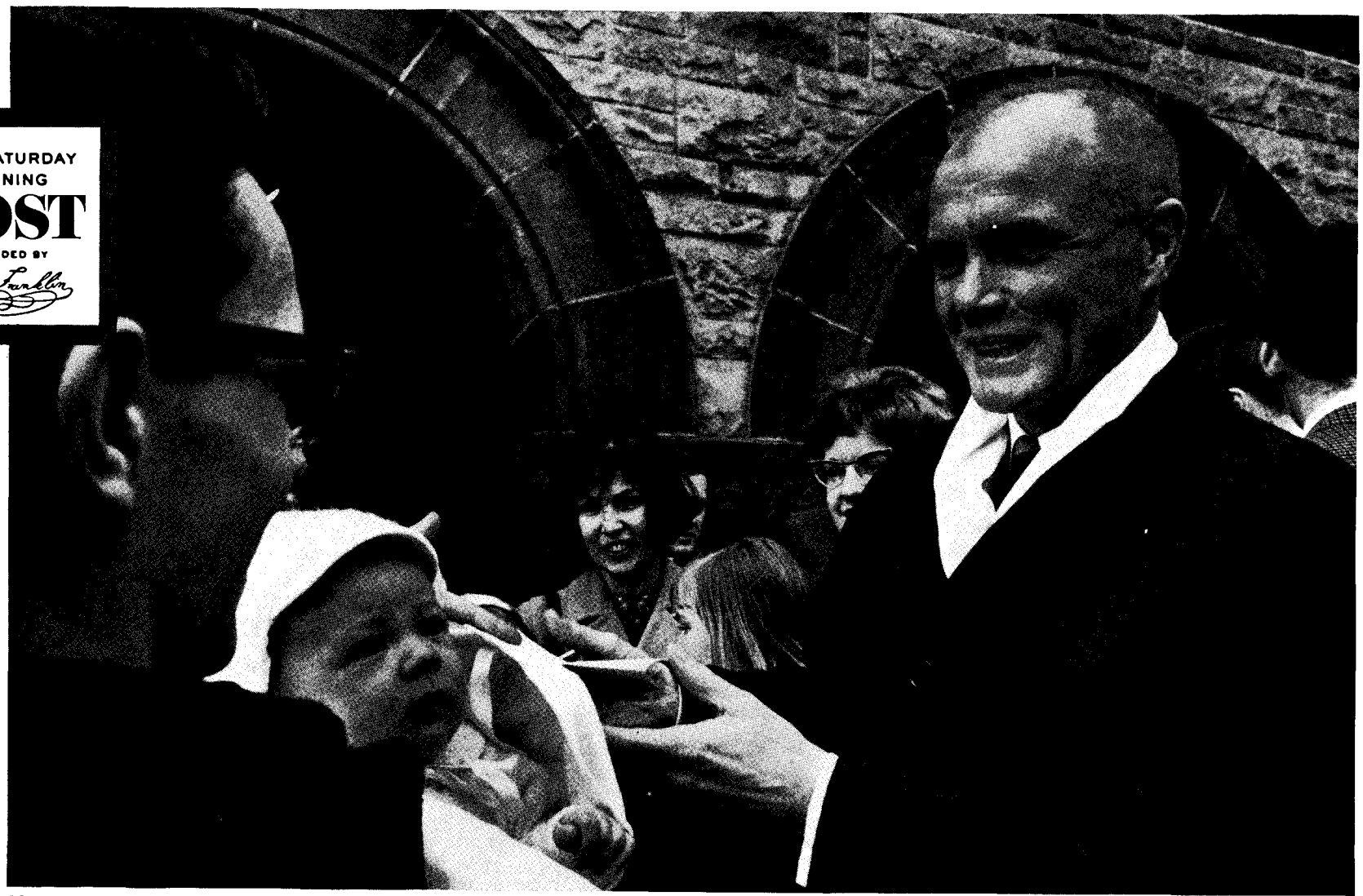
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin



Glenn signs autographs outside church in Columbus, Ohio, shortly after announcing he would campaign for the Democratic nomination for senator.

WHAT MADE JOHN GLENN RUN?

HOW HE MADE THE DECISION TO QUIT AS AN ASTRONAUT AND ENTER POLITICS.

By Harold H. Martin and Don Oberdorfer

February, 1962: ready for orbital shot.

The entry of astronaut John Glenn into the political arena as a candidate for the Senate from Ohio illustrates a peculiar facet of the American character. This is the blind confidence people have that a man who has greatly distinguished himself in a field remote from politics is thereby uniquely qualified to help make the country's laws. Glenn himself discovered this characteristic of his fellow Americans as he traveled the country on a speaking tour following his famous pioneering journey into space—and he found it vaguely disquieting that many among the millions of Americans who would stand for hours in the rain and cold to cheer him as the first American to orbit the earth in space would not spend half an hour at the polls to vote for a mayor, a governor or a congressman. It also concerned him that millions of these same Americans who would lavish adulation upon him as an astronaut, or upon a victorious general or a winning football coach, would instinctively vilify an elected official because he sought or held a public office. To Glenn, a man with a profound respect for the American form of government, this apathy on the one hand, this unreasoning hatred on the other, were flaws in the American character which weakened and divided the country. This brought up an obvious question: How could this American penchant for bestowing superhuman qualities upon its heroes be turned into a national asset? Could he, for example, transmute hero worship into political support as General Eisenhower so successfully had done? And if this were possible, could he then, with nothing to guide him through the traps and pitfalls of public office save his own innate sense of right and wrong, effectively create in the public mind a new image of the politician? And finally, if he should decide to try to make this great leap into the unknown, under what banner should he run? Glenn, as he began brooding over these things in the first months after his flight, would

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ONE ADMIRER WARNED GLENN: "STAY OUT OF POLITICS. IT'S A DIRTY BUSINESS."

have found it difficult himself to define his own political philosophy. He had studied carefully the platforms of both parties, and in both he found much with which to agree or disagree. His basic instincts were nonpartisan—he once had described himself as "either a liberal Republican or a conservative Democrat." In 1960, in conservative mood, he had voted for Richard Nixon. By 1962 he had become the close friend of John F. Kennedy and his Vice President, Lyndon Johnson. With their views on the need to make America predominant in space, he completely agreed. On other issues he was not persuaded.

It was in this troubled mood of indecision—of "Go or No Go" on a political career—that he passed the summer months of 1963, working competently but without zest at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, Tex.

Then came November 22. Future historians probably will record that the bullet which killed John F. Kennedy in Dallas in November launched Lt. Col. John H. Glenn Jr. into political orbit two months later.

"Up until the time of the President's death he had been drifting, weightless, in a sea of indecision," says Dr. Robert B. Voas, psychologist to the astronauts and Glenn's closest civilian friend and confidant. "The death of the President was the catalyst, the precipitating agent which crystallized his thinking. In the weeks following the President's funeral all his thoughts about his own future and the best way he could use his talents finally came into focus."

Glenn's indecision about his future goals was completely understandable in the light of the pressures which had been brought to bear on him since his great adventure in space. On February 20, 1962, he had ridden down from the skies in the white-hot fireball of the Mercury capsule to find himself enshrined in the pantheon of American folk heroes. The President had received him at the White House. The Vice President had escorted him to the Capitol to address both houses of a cheering Congress. Roads, bridges, streets, schools and hundreds of babies had been named for him, and wherever he went, thousands thronged to see him and hear him speak, heaping upon him an adulation few men have ever known.

Almost before he regained his earth legs after his epic flight, politicians of both parties began to woo him, noting with awe and wonder the magnetic spell the square-jawed, balding, warmly smiling man cast over all who met him. Here, they realized, was a public figure in a new dimension, the all-American boy grown up into the hero-astronaut of the space age. Neither party had any clear idea of Glenn's political views, but each, afraid that the other would get him, quickened its campaign of persuasion.

But Glenn, a calm man under heat and pressure on the ground as in space, was not to be stampeded. To the urging of Bobby Kennedy, as to the cannonade of arguments from the big guns of the Republican Party, he listened politely and gave the same noncommittal answer. Maybe someday, thanks. But not yet. The great challenge of the space age, he pointed out, still lay ahead. The bold adventures into the unknown that would test all the nation's technical skill and courage were still in the future, and his heart was in that program.

More and more, however, as the months went by, Glenn began to realize that in the great adventures to come he would be permitted to play only a groundling's role. When the Apollo capsule streaks off on its journey to the moon late in this decade, he will be nearly 50 years old, and its crew of three will be made up of younger men. He will be relegated to the status of elder statesman, a technical consultant helping to design the birds that other men will fly. Furthermore, he learned, there was no challenging place for him in the management of the space agency, for the high posts were already filled by competent men.

The more he thought about it, the more his status became clear to him. He was like an aging athlete who had come to the end of his career and found that there was no place for him as either player, coach or manager in the sport he loved.

If this were true, what then? What job would satisfy a man whose inner drives were never still, who must be forever competing, forever testing himself against his own past achievements?

At this point in his career there still were many roads open to him. The Marine Corps, in which he served with valor and distinction for two decades, still commanded his deepest loyalties. If he should return to active duty with the Corps, there would be fast planes to fly and the fascinating daily challenge of working with an advancing aviation technology. But in the Marine Corps, too, time would eventually catch up with him, and while in his 50's, still full of drive and vigor, he would be forced into retirement.

There were other prospects that appealed to him. As an astronaut he had lectured to his fellows, sometimes to their annoyance, that they were a new and special breed of dedicated men, obligated by the nature of their jobs to set an example to all American youth. Traveling the country on speaking tours, he himself had tried to set an example of what the American of the space age should be. At schools and colleges all over the country he had talked of his vision of America as a land of daring, wisdom, strength and freedom. He could continue these speaking tours in the employ of one of the great foundations—serving as a sort of senior camp counselor to all America. To a man of Glenn's dedicated patriotism, this idea had strong appeal. But there was one thing lacking—the element of venturing into the unknown.

Some prospects he quickly rejected. In the months since his pioneer flight, industrialists had wooed him as earnestly as had the politicians. Huge firms had sought to hire him, and one of them had offered him a million dollars in salary over a period of 10 years. Thinking less of himself than of his wife and children, he had pondered this proposal briefly. Then he had turned it down.

This left one major field still unexplored—politics, an area as unknown to him and, he suspected, as potentially hazardous as the upper atmosphere once had been. He had always had a citizen's interest in his government. While on duty as a Marine he had voted, by absentee ballot or in person, in every general election since 1950—an unusual record for a military man. As a youngster, when other kids were writing English themes on their favorite sports hero, he had chosen as his subject the United States Senate. As a teen-ager he had driven from his white clapboard home in New Concord, Ohio, to sit in the visitors' galleries while the Congress debated the Selective Service Act. As a resident of Washington, he frequently would take his wife Annie and their children, David and Lyn, to the Capitol to watch the lawmakers at work.

Now, every time he went to Capitol Hill to testify on the space program, congressmen from both parties took him aside to urge him, earnestly, to join them in the political arena.

It was an idea that charmed and, at the same time, curiously repelled him. Strapped in *Friendship 7*, hands on the valves and switches, eyes roving over the dials and gauges, he felt calm, confident and sure of himself. The laws of physics that would lift him into space were unforgiving of mistakes. But they were unchanging laws that intelligent men could master. There was no element of personal morality involved in the choice of which button to push, and when, or which valve

With his wife Annie beside him, smiling Glenn talks to well-wishers on Main Street in New Concord, Ohio, where his parents live.

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Annie Glenn rests in a hotel room in Columbus while her husband takes a telephone call. Glenn's formal campaign will start March 1, after his discharge from the Marine Corps.

to open or close. You did the right thing at the right time, or you were dead.

To Glenn, with his trained scientific mind, it seemed that as a politician he would be flying blind. The political people, in effect, were asking him to launch himself into an undetermined orbit, strapped into a capsule bearing a party label, with no knowledge of how the controls would work, or of what heats and pressures he would be called on to endure. Tentatively he reaffirmed his early judgment. Politics was not the answer. He would stay in the space agency.

On the afternoon of November 22, as he worked in his office at the Manned Spacecraft Center, in Houston, Tex., Glenn got the news that the President was dead. Two nights later he sat in a Washington motel room with Annie, Ford Eastman of NASA, and his friend and confidant, Bob Voas. He had come, as the representative of all the astronauts, to pay the spacemen's last tribute to the man who had been their friend.

"We were sitting there watching the television," Eastman recalls. "The cameras showed the crowds filing slowly past the President's casket in the rotunda of the Capitol. Everybody was very quiet. Finally John got up. 'Let's go over there,' he said. We left in a car he had rented and drove first to the Lincoln Memorial. It was a cold night, and there were not many people there, but they recognized John and spoke to him. We stayed half an hour, I guess, while John read the words he had read there many times before—Lincoln's second inaugural speech, and the Gettysburg address.

"We drove on to the Capitol and we stood there a long time, watching the slow-moving, mourning crowd file past. We then went on past the casket—the guard broke the line for a moment—and there, too, as we were leaving, a lot of people recognized John and came up to shake his hand."

The emotional impact of this evening, and the events of the following day, when he rode in the President's funeral procession, seemed finally to fix in John Glenn's mind the course he wanted his own life to take. The words of one martyred President, the sight of the sorrowing crowds filing past the casket of another, pouring out their love for a man who had been so savagely vilified in life, had deeply stirred him.

Anti-Kennedy letters

He remembered that, after being photographed water-skiing with Jacqueline Kennedy, he had received letters which reflected this same unreasoning hatred against the President. "Don't get mixed up with those Kennedys," one writer had snarled. "They'll turn you into a Communist too." Other letters damned all men in public life. "Stay out of politics," one man had written. "It's a dirty business. It always has been and always will be."

Back at his desk at Houston, though Glenn made no public announcement, those close to him knew well that his attitude toward a political career had changed. A friend calling on him in December noted on his bookshelf volumes delving deeply into politics and the national character. Beside John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* stood Barry Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative* and *Why Not Victory?* Alongside Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President, 1960* was John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*. The tone of his letters took on a political cast. He seemed to be trying out phrases. "I think that a man can be a conservative without being a reactionary," he wrote, "and that he can be a liberal without being a radical, and that conservative and liberal can sit down and reason together without vituperation and without hate." He spoke of the extremists of the left and right "so blinded by their beliefs they find the smallest disagreement and any opposition an evidence of treason. These black spirits line the main road of our nation's progress as a funeral mob shouting profanities at each other and all those that march steadily toward the future."

Word that Glenn's resistance to politics had begun to weaken soon reached the ears of higher-ups in both parties. A delegation of Ohio Democrats descended upon him to urge that he offer himself as vice-presidential running mate to his good friend, Lyndon B. Johnson. A Republican congressman sent word that he intended to nominate Glenn for Vice President on the G.O.P. ticket. Glenn rose to neither bait.

In Washington, at a quiet breakfast on January 10, Ohio Republican chairman Ray Bliss laid his cards on the table in the latest series of meetings with Glenn. He wanted the astronaut to run for congressman-at-large, a post that would be left vacant when young Robert Taft Jr. moved up to make his bid for the Senate. Glenn was noncommittal, and Bliss was convinced more persuasion was needed. Soon Governors Romney of Michigan and Scranton of Pennsylvania were on the telephone urging Glenn to accept Bliss's offer. Glenn thanked them for their calls. The Republicans then sought to bring up their biggest gun of all. Word came to Glenn that former President Eisenhower would be pleased to have him as his guest at the Rose Bowl game. Glenn went, but the talk was brief and inconclusive.

Meanwhile, whenever they could corner him, the Democratic persuaders were dangling before Glenn's eyes an even richer prize than a seat in the House—and the prospect of a fiercer fight. There was little likelihood, they told the astronaut, that their spry but aging incumbent senator, 74-year-old Stephen Young, could overcome the magic of the Taft name in the November elections. Haunted by the prospect of defeat, they implored Glenn to try for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senate, and thus rescue Ohio's divided and dispirited Democrats.

For a week there was a hold on the political countdown while Glenn pondered his decision. Then, on January 15, in the office of Scott Carpenter, his close friend and backup man in his Mercury flight, Glenn made his choice. He turned to Bob Voas, who long had urged him that his brightest future lay in politics.

"OK, Bob," he said. "It's Go." He reached for the telephone to call his wife. He phoned his parents in the little town

Photographs by Arthur Shay

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UNTIL JANUARY, FEW KNEW WHETHER GLENN WAS A REPUBLICAN OR A DEMOCRAT.

of New Concord. As a courtesy, he telephoned Senator Young in Washington to tell him he would oppose him in the Democratic primary in May. The senator received the news without visible elation.

Glenn's decision to run as a Democrat may have wounded the Republicans; it caused little surprise among those who knew him best. The only formal reason he gave for his choice of party was that his father and mother are two of the few Democrats in a staunchly Republican town. Associates feel there was another, perhaps more compelling, reason: The long talks with Lyndon Johnson and President Kennedy had influenced him more than he knew. Disappointed Republicans have been heard to suggest that a third factor even more strongly influenced Glenn's choice of a party label: The Democrats had a Senate seat to offer and the GOP didn't.

Glenn made up his mind on Wednesday. On Thursday, after being formally separated from NASA and the space program, he left for Columbus, Ohio, where on the following day he would announce his candidacy. As he emerged from his house in Kemah, Tex., newsmen and cameras were camped on his doorstep. At stops in Chicago and Dayton they were waiting for him, and at Columbus he had to plow his way through the greatest throng of reporters to greet him since the days of his famous flight. It was clear that although orbiting the earth in a capsule might have taught him nothing of political campaigning, it had invested him with a fame and glamour that got him off to a racing start.

The next day, as he made his formal announcement, he had little else but the luster of his name to back him. Seldom in the history of American politics has a serious candidate begun a race for high office with so little organized support. Around him as he addressed the reporters was his entire political camp: Bob Voas, the psychologist, whose previous experience in politics had been as a poll-watcher; Rep. Wayne Hays, a political figure of limited renown in Ohio; Donald R. Gosney, Democratic chairman in a small and remote county; Clarence Graham, an old friend of Glenn's father; and Robert (Mic) McDaniel, a rotund soft-drink bottler from East Liverpool.

The fact that the little group of faithful was far outnumbered by the reporters present could be attributed to Glenn's political naïveté. The announcement of his candidacy had come almost too late. While he agonized in Houston, Ohio's Democratic leaders, hearing no favorable word from him, had already endorsed Senator Young, and 672 of the party regulars were to meet in Columbus on Monday the 20th to ratify that endorsement with trumpets and banners.

With their wives and children in tow, they began arriving at the Neil House, an antique caravansary much favored by politicians, on Sunday evening. Young's pledged cohorts they might be, but some 500 of them headed for Glenn's suite on the eighth floor as soon as they put down their bags. Once they had elbowed their way into Glenn's presence, they behaved less like shrewd politicians than like any other hero-worshiping mob. They clutched his hand and pumped it, and they reached out to touch the hem of his garment. They poked pieces of paper at him for him to autograph, and if no paper was at hand, they asked him to scrawl his signature on their delegate badges or their handkerchiefs.

In the throng were a few pragmatic characters who did not forget the business at hand. Drawing Glenn aside, they asked him bluntly the old political question: If they supported Glenn, what was in it for them?

"I represent 15,000 industrial workers," a labor boss told him. "What will you do for us?" A Negro leader inquired with equal bluntness what plans Glenn had for improving the lot of his race.

For a man who had never before been confronted with the realities of practical politics, Glenn handled himself with amazing aplomb. He couldn't enter into any sort of political discussion, he explained. He was still in the Marine Corps, and so long as he remained in federal service, he would adhere strictly to the prohibitions of the Hatch Act.

"He crawled into the Hatch Act like he was crawling into a space capsule," a witness to Glenn's backroom dexterity said. "He could easily have reassured these guys with a word or two. But he didn't even drop a hint. If the rules said no political talk, then that was it."

Though Glenn had done his best to keep the meeting nonpolitical, it was clear the next morning that the aura surrounding a folk hero had had its bemusing effect on the delegates. They assembled in convention as planned. But they did not endorse Senator Young. They didn't endorse Colonel Glenn, either. After a great deal of sharp maneuvering and some acrimonious bickering, they bolted the party leadership and refused to endorse anybody. They then adjourned amid general pandemonium. Glenn backers were delighted. In his first political contest, their candidate had won.

While the maneuvering was at its height Colonel Glenn remained sequestered in his suite, far above the tumult on the convention floor. At a crucial moment an ardent supporter came panting in. Would the colonel come down and stroll about the lobby, just to make his presence felt? he asked. No, Glenn said, he didn't think he ought to do that. OK, the supporter argued, how about just coming down and buying a newspaper? There wasn't anything in the Hatch Act saying a man couldn't buy a newspaper in a hotel lobby, was there? No, the colonel said, he didn't suppose there was. But if he went down there to buy a newspaper *he'd* know that wasn't his real purpose in being there. He'd know it was a maneuver designed to stampede the convention. And that wouldn't be right.

"It's that d—— conscience of his," said "Mic" McDaniel, chomping on his stogie. "He's the first candidate I ever saw who wouldn't give himself the benefit of the doubt in a little borderline case like that. He backed off like we wanted him to go down and hold up a bank."

The morning after Glenn's dogfall victory on the convention floor, his original little band of supporters, now joined by two hardy political pros from Akron, gathered in the candidate's room to lay plans for the campaign ahead. The pros, knowing that running a serious primary campaign in a great industrial state might cost a quarter of a million dollars, asked first about the war chest. Was it ample?

Glenn's newly appointed finance chairman, Fred L. Bohn, an amiable plumbing-and-heating contractor from Zanesville, pulled some papers from his pocket and scribbled briefly with a pencil. "The way I figure it," he said, looking about him happily, "we've got nearly sixty-five dollars in the kitty." The pros, stunned, peered incredulously at each other, then reached wearily for their checkbooks.

Unperturbed by the shaky state of his finances, Glenn left for Washington to start the month-long process of getting out of the Marine Corps. From Washington he went home to Texas, there to remain secluded until his final discharge comes through later this month. Then, free of all restrictions, he will begin his campaign on March 1.

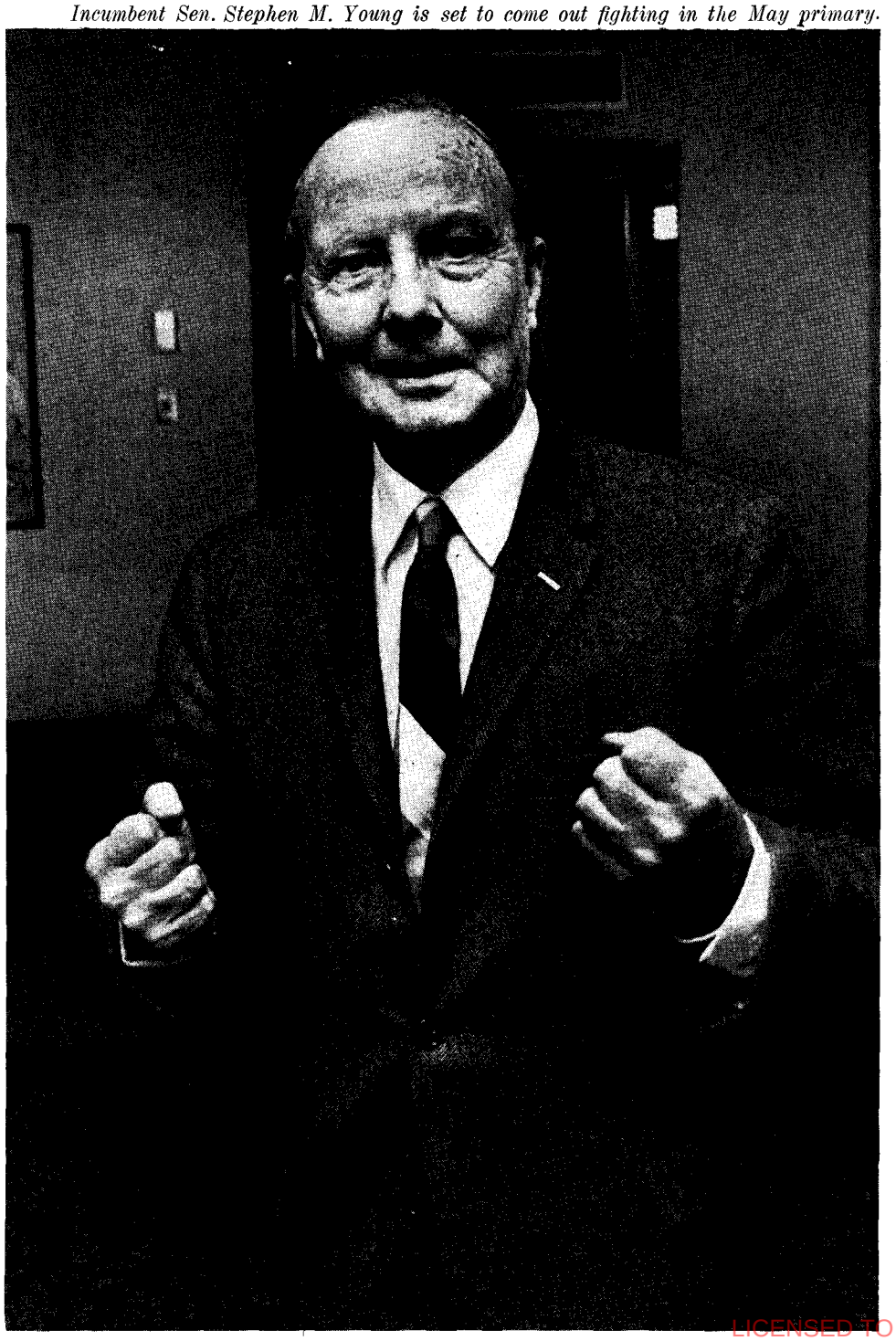
Behind him in Columbus in a headquarters which was beginning to hum with activity, he left Bob Voas and Ford Eastman—both men have left the space agency—to answer the phones, see visitors, poke hopefully through the mail in search of checks, and write warm letters of thanks to well-wishers, and short, polite notes to the people who denounce Glenn for turning into a politician, and worst of all, a Democrat.

Two years ago Bob Voas had followed John Glenn to the launching pad where the tall Atlas rocket waited, steaming in the glaring floodlights. In the blockhouse he watched the lift-off, and there he followed, minute by minute, Glenn's three orbits around the world. Late last month Voas followed Glenn again, to a hotel ballroom in Columbus, where in the glare of klieg lights he helped to launch his hero again into the unknown.

"I felt the first time he would go all the way," Voas says. "I feel this time he will go all the way. I know this guy. I've studied him. In politics, as in space, there's no limit to how far he can go."

Voas's confidence implies what many men suspect—that Glenn in his Senate race is making a test flight, getting the feel of the controls. But his eye is still on a moon shot—the longest political moon shot of them all. THE END

Incumbent Sen. Stephen M. Young is set to come out fighting in the May primary.



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In his parents' home in New Concord, Glenn and his father and mother enjoy newspaper headlines promising the former astronaut a battle royal for the Ohio Senate seat.

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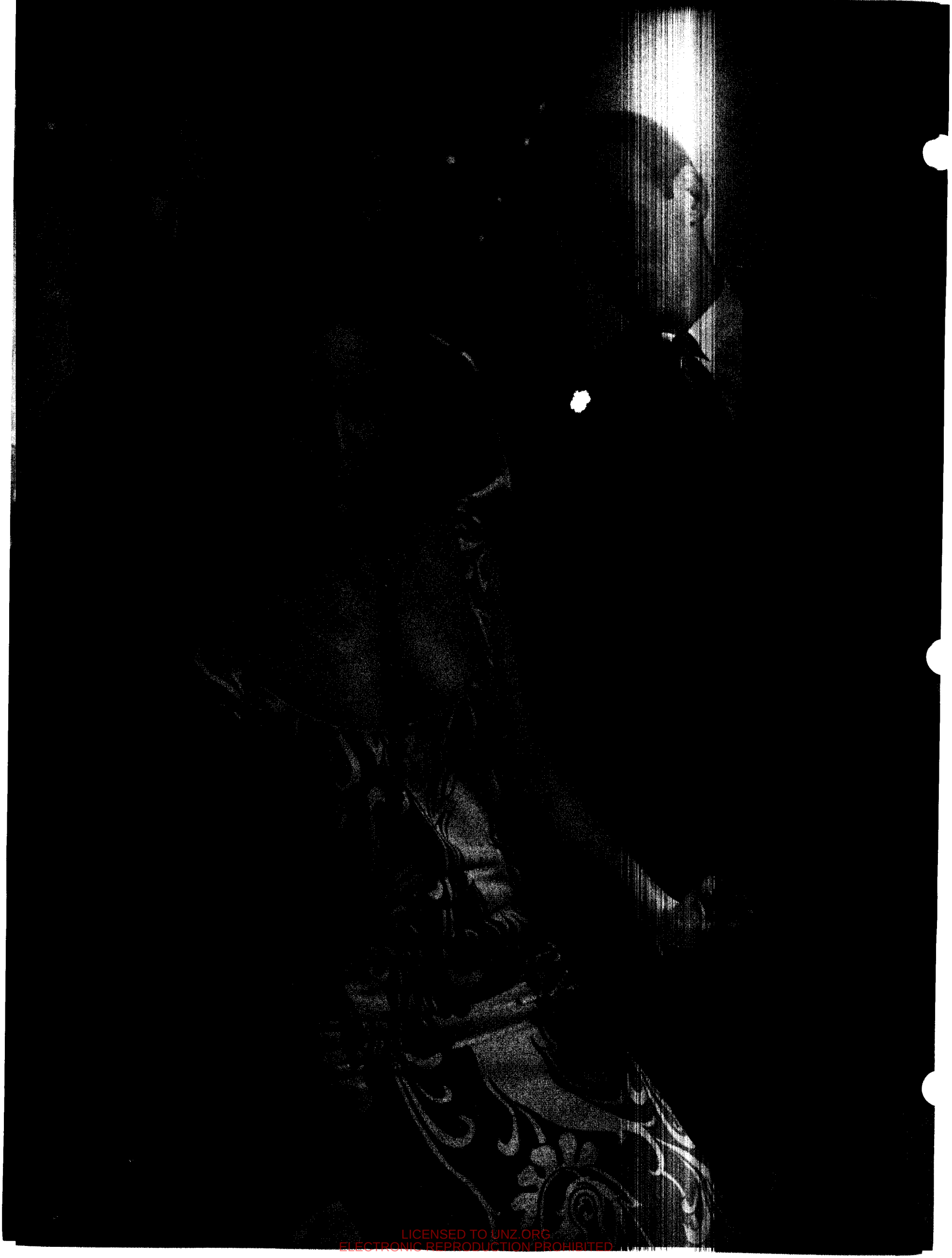

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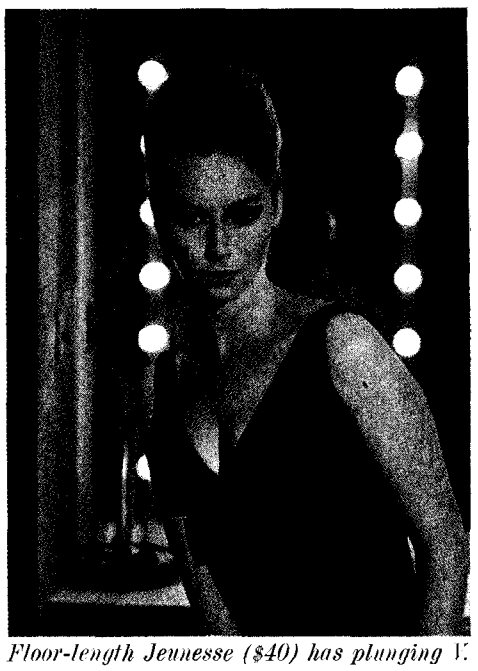
When designers slashed ladies' dresses to the waistlines, our virile correspondent got the shakes.

NECKLINES MAKE YOU NERVOUS?

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFMAN



Floor-length Jeunesse ($40) has plunging V.

Like the weight of the Yo-Yo (2.3 oz.), the circumference of the muff (55 centimeters) and the specific gravity of the popover (0.82), the official length of the plunging neckline, as fixed by the Bureau of Standards after the famous Smilby alienation-of-affections case (Smilby v. Noodleberger), is so well-known to the average American—5¼ inches, measuring from the collarbone—that I hesitate to mention it once again here. I do so only because it helps to explain my amazement at fashion layouts that began to appear last fall illustrating new styles variously known as "the Plunge," "the V," "the U," "the Split," "the Slash" and "the Scoop," which women would start wearing in February.

Well, February is here, and obviously we are all in for a nervous winter and spring. Any way you look at it—and almost any way is possible right now—the bosom is back on the national landscape. From the most fashionable evening dresses it looms into view, threatening total anarchy, held in check by the most tenuous margin and by what principle of physics no man knows—or should. As it is, we men are going to know more than ever before about the lady sitting next to us at dinner—or, more alarmingly, across from us.

Like any conquering army, the victorious bosom has been sending its alarums ahead for several months. I first noticed it—hardly proof of exceptional eyesight—in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, those august bastions of *haute couture*. It is not unusual, of course, for models to be displayed on those pages in varying stages of undress, but the purpose is seldom one of revelation. On the contrary, it is to prove how scientifically the American woman can be shored up by foundations, webs, struts and other tensile rods that might have been designed by Buckminster Fuller—a sight to thrill an engineer, perhaps, but not an ordinary liberal-arts type.

Here, however, were pictures by eminent fashion photographers such as Richard Avedon and Irving Penn—men who can canonize any new style with the flick of a lens—of models who were anything but imprisoned. Their dresses dived to a point rather near the navel, leaving to the imagination little more than is left by the *National Geographic* when it visits one of those flagrantly feminine tribes of which it is so fond.

Newspapers also exerted themselves to spread the good news. "The American woman is ready to take the plunge," declared the oracular *New York Times*. "The best continuous girlie show in town," said the New York *Herald Tribune*, "is the spring fashion collections on Seventh Avenue. In every show there is at least one neckline slashed to forever." The paper amply documented its case with large photographs. One was of the finale of the Junior Sophisticates' show, described in the caption as "bosoms all the way"—and all the way it was.

Another showed a "plunged *femme-fatale* dress" designed by David Kidd of Jablow, and a third was a "slashed" black dress by Estevez, identified in the caption as a "décolletage expert"—which is nice work if you can get it—and Estevez has got it, for the *Herald Tribune's* women's editor, Eugenia Sheppard, went so far as to call him "always the décolletage expert" in a column called ACRES OF SKIN. She was paying tribute to a dress by Estevez called "Blues in the Night," which was "slit to the waist, front and back."

She went on to mention a "snaky, black crepe evening dress with a low, low neckline" by Chester Weinberg, and then reported that Anne Klein "outdid Chester with a neckline that was wider and at least as deep." Clearly, the great designers were engaged in a mighty contest, each goading his scissors on to new bursts of speed, like jockeys at the final turn, to win the Cleavage Sweepstakes, fashion's equivalent of the Kentucky Derby. I'd put my money on Estevez; he doesn't sound like a man who would let himself be passed on the back stretch, and I fully expect to see a lady soon in an evening dress that Estevez has slashed to the floor. Then won't Chester Weinberg and Anne Klein be mad! Not for nothing has columnist Inez Robb written that this is "the deepest, widest and most clinical cleavage in modern fashion history."

And the cleavage boom is not limited to dresses alone. The latest word is that bathing suits and nightgowns are also going to be plunged this year—which is surely an extreme case of carrying coals to Newcastle.

At first glance (and also at second glance) this might seem to be an ideal situation for the American male, a new golden age—our overdue reward for all the recent years in which the designers have buttoned our ladies right up to the larynx. But at third glance I suspect that the game is going to make us uneasy and that we can't possibly win.

Obviously, the new dresses have been plunged, slashed and scooped for our benefit. That much is certain—it is basic biology, as any schoolboy knows who has seen one paramecium wriggle to another. Therefore, it follows that we are supposed to gaze at the semiexposed bosom with some sort of favorable attitude: admiration or reverence or plain old friendly respect. Anyhow, we are supposed to notice. In so doing, we are playing our proper role of cavalier.

But we cannot notice too much, or too long. If we do, we play our other traditional role of boor or lecher. Unluckily, the line separating the two is so thin as to be invisible. How much is too much? How long is too long? The man who knows this—who knows when the knight becomes the knight-errant—is a man to be envied. He is bringing off one of the most delicate maneuvers in the battle of the sexes.

Perhaps there is no such man. For in this matter a woman will never give her admirer the benefit of the doubt. Counter to the judicial system that prevails elsewhere in America, a man is assumed to be guilty of bad intentions until proved innocent, and the only way he can be proved innocent, when confronted by a lady in a dress that has been "slashed to forever," is to wear a blindfold—or at least to spend the evening studiously examining the ceiling or the pictures on the walls. Never have the optical muscles been threatened with such a workout.

And this is not the only trap. There is also the question of what a man should say. Assume he passes his initial test with gallantry. (I don't assume it for one minute, but I'm trying to think the problem through.) Assume that he enters a room and is introduced to one of the lady guests. He looks her in the eye as he greets her and then glances briefly down to see her dress, so that he can tell her that she looks lovely, as required by custom, whether she looks lovely or not. But where *is* her dress? Down, down, down go the eyes. The lady is definitely there . . . no doubt about that . . . but what can have happened to the dress? Good God! There's been a terrible mistake . . . oh, *there* it is . . . down by the abdomen. Thank heavens!

But he's not out of it yet. How do the eyes get back to the lady's eyes? If they return over the same hilly terrain, that's lechery for sure. Better to keep going

◀ *Sheath by Mia Fonssagrives ($35) may not inhibit wearer, but it gives her partner a pause.*

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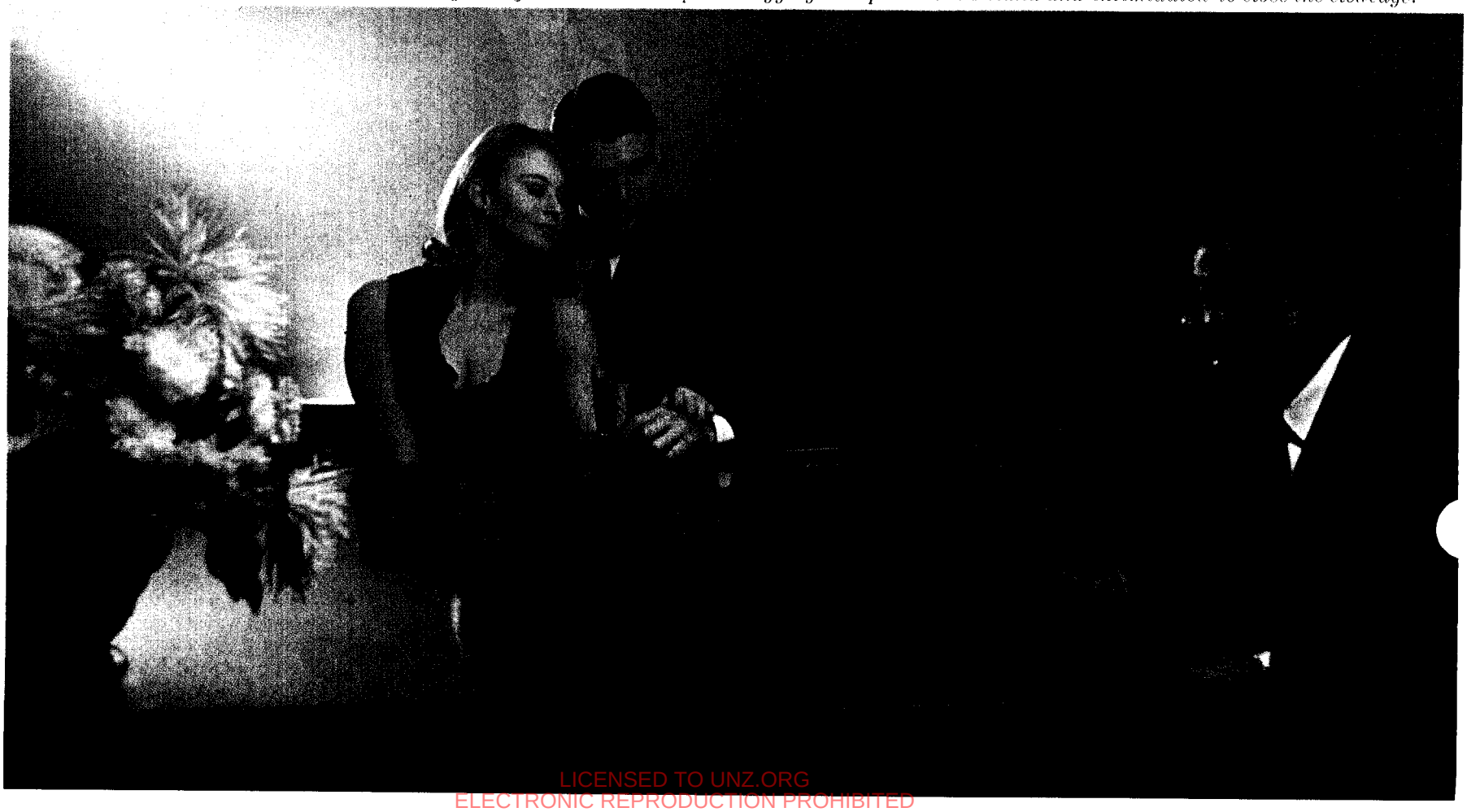
Cleavage crisis extends even into the office, as shown by this starched-collar, supertrim, but underslung $30 crepe dress designed by Jeunesse.

Along with the ruffles, this cocktail dress designed by Bill Blass has special rigging that permits the timid and intimidated to close the cleavage.



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HOW MUCH PLUNGING NECKLINE IS TOO MUCH?

down to the shoes and then make a wide circle, if possible to take a stiff drink, which should be gulped (a certain trembling of the hands is perfectly normal here), and then meet the lady's gaze again. The whole journey will seem to have taken an hour and will leave the traveler weak. His throat is dry, and yet he must find words. (His palms are wet, but that's no help.)

"You look lovely," he says at last. The familiar old words, always so safe, now seem positively lewd. Of course she looks lovely—there's more of her to look lovely. The lady smiles, sphinxlike, and says nothing, teasing her addled squire. She knows what he means by "you look lovely," and he knows that she knows that he doesn't merely mean "you look lovely." He's got to say something else—something about the dress. "Er . . ." he begins. In fact, every sentence he addresses to her thereafter begins with "er." He tugs heavily on his drink, as if hoping to find his salvation there, to drain the proper phrase out of the enveloping gin.

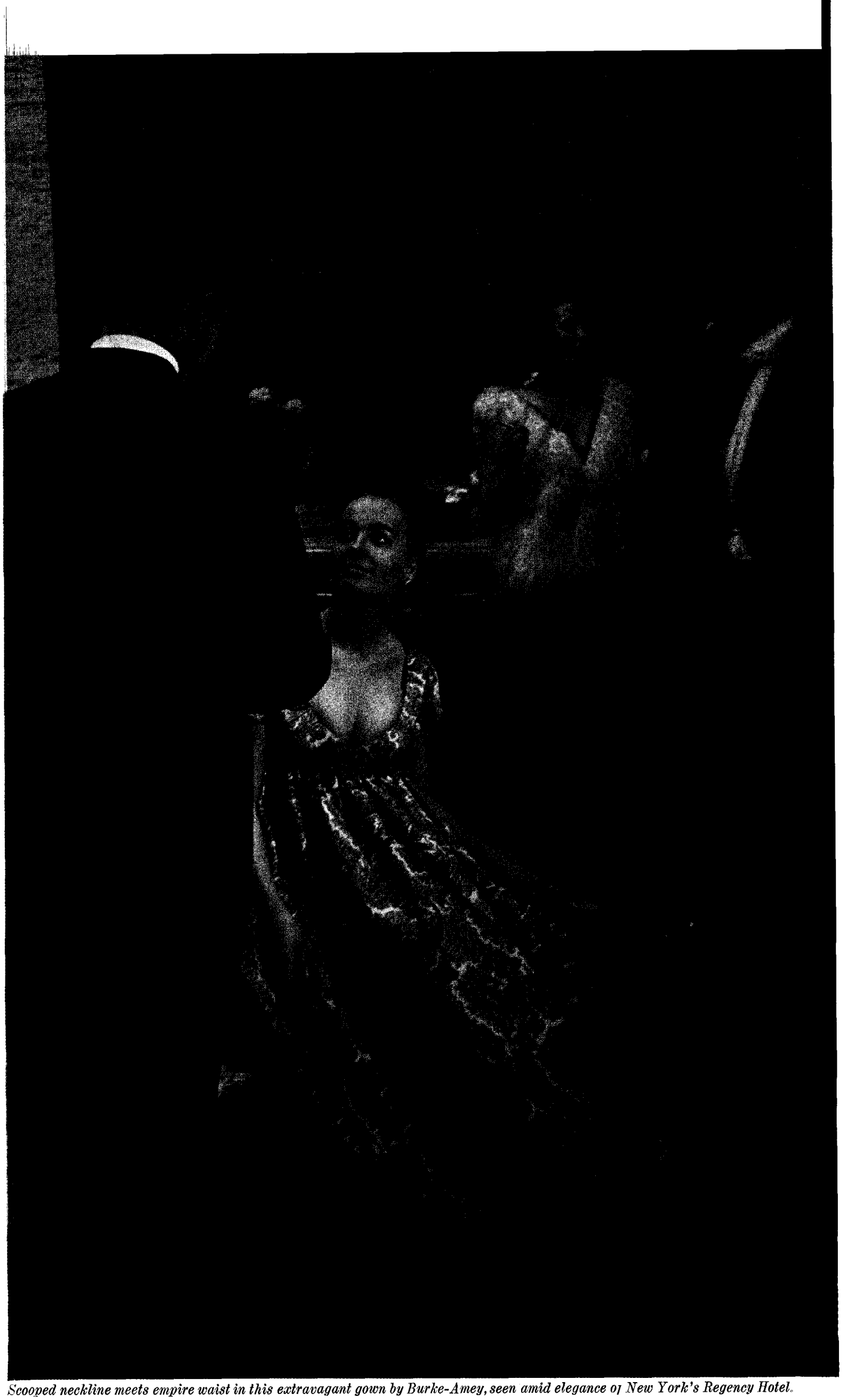
"What a pretty dress!" he blurts out finally, thinking, as it emerges, that it's the stupidest remark he has ever heard. "I mean it's certainly very original. Made in Paris, I suppose? Oh, Estevez? I knew a guy named Estevez once. In the army. Morry Estevez. From Jersey City. Crazy little guy. I'll never forget one night, Morry and I were on a patrol near Anzio, and the Jerries were throwing up a lot of ammo, and this crazy little Morry Estevez says to me. . . ."

And so the boor turns into the bore, rambling down old military trails that don't even interest him, robbed of his senses like some punchy old boxer. He rivets the lady's eyes with a gaze as penetrating as an X ray, desperate to keep his own eyes from wandering again to lotus land.

At this point the lady would give anything to have the boor back. She will be pinned down outside Anzio for a good 20 minutes, as effectively as if by machine-gun fire—caught, ironically, in a trap of her own devising.

Thus the winter that promised to be so joyous, so full of snowy visions, will soon turn into the winter of our discontent. We will simply not be able to stand the strain of engaging the ladies in this repeated test of nerves, this joust which challenges our manhood but pays off on good conduct. It is too much to ask.

If this were France—but it is not. I'm not complaining about the fact that it isn't France. I'm not even going to point out, as is the vogue in this age of psychoanalytical journalism, that we are all hideously repressed victims of an outmoded Puritan code. I'm merely stating that the ogle is not tolerated in this republic. The four freedoms stop short of that, and so does the Fifth Amendment. So Estevez go home. Don't unbosom your sacred mysteries on us. A taste of honey is all very well, but nobody can eat the whole hive. THE END



Scooped neckline meets empire waist in this extravagant gown by Burke-Amey, seen amid elegance of New York's Regency Hotel.

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HOWIE YOUNG:
HOCKEY'S ABOMINABLE ICEMAN

By Dave Anderson

He may not be ice hockey's greatest player, but he is,

Outside the arena he dresses all in black, like an up-and-coming Cosa Nostra lieutenant. Inside, at his job of defenseman he is indeed a desperado, but of a different sort. Howard John Edward Young may not carry a gun, but put a hockey stick in his hand, and he can be as dangerous as a Dillinger.

In ice hockey a player who spends an unusually high number of minutes in the penalty box is known as a Badman. Hockey is a game in which penalties are routine, but out of uniform a Badman is usually a quiet family man who resembles, say, a furniture salesman. For Howie Young, one of the most lawless players in the lawless history of the National Hockey League, being a Badman has become almost a way of life.

"I'm a hood now, man," he explains. "It's an outlet for me."

"Outlet" is not the sort of word you expect to hear from professional athletes. For most of them the game itself is outlet enough. But for Young it is not that easy. Intelligent but immature at 26, he seems to be driven on the ice by a sense of inferiority and insecurity. In his anxiety he commits obvious fouls, growls at referees and sometimes shouts insults at spectators. Off the ice he has a history of going on the town and occasionally vanishing. Not for hours; for days. His latest disappearance was January 28; what final effect it may have on his career isn't clear, but the heretofore tolerant Chicago Black Hawks moved to ship him to the minors.

Because of this sort of behavior Young is one of the best-known players in hockey today, even though he is not one of the best. He does not have the stature of great scorers like his teammate Bobby Hull, or Gordie Howe of the Detroit Red Wings. He is not even a spectacularly good defenseman. He is, simply, in a wild, bruising sport, one of the wildest bruisers the game has seen.

With this sort of approach to the game, Young seemed born for the Black Hawks. Rough, tough and talented, they've been called hockey's Gashouse Gang. This year, after a disappointing 1962–63 season, they're battling for first place. They also appear certain to break their own N.H.L. record for total team penalty minutes; they had 1,072 three seasons ago—and that was without Young.

Shortly after the halfway mark of the current season he had already spent 99 minutes in the penalty box. This put him well up among the league leaders, even though the Black Hawks had not been playing him regularly. Last year, as a full-time player for the Detroit Red Wings, he served a whopping total of 273 minutes, shattering the old record by 71 minutes.

It was a tribute to his ability that the Red Wings kept using him despite his penalties. (For all two- and five-minute penalties the offending player is banished to the penalty box, and the team must play a man short until his time is up. For penalties over five minutes he still sits in the box, but his team is allowed to substitute for him.) But in addition to his rough play on the ice, Young continued his spare-time escapades, and Detroit finally gave up on him. When the season ended, he was traded to Chicago.

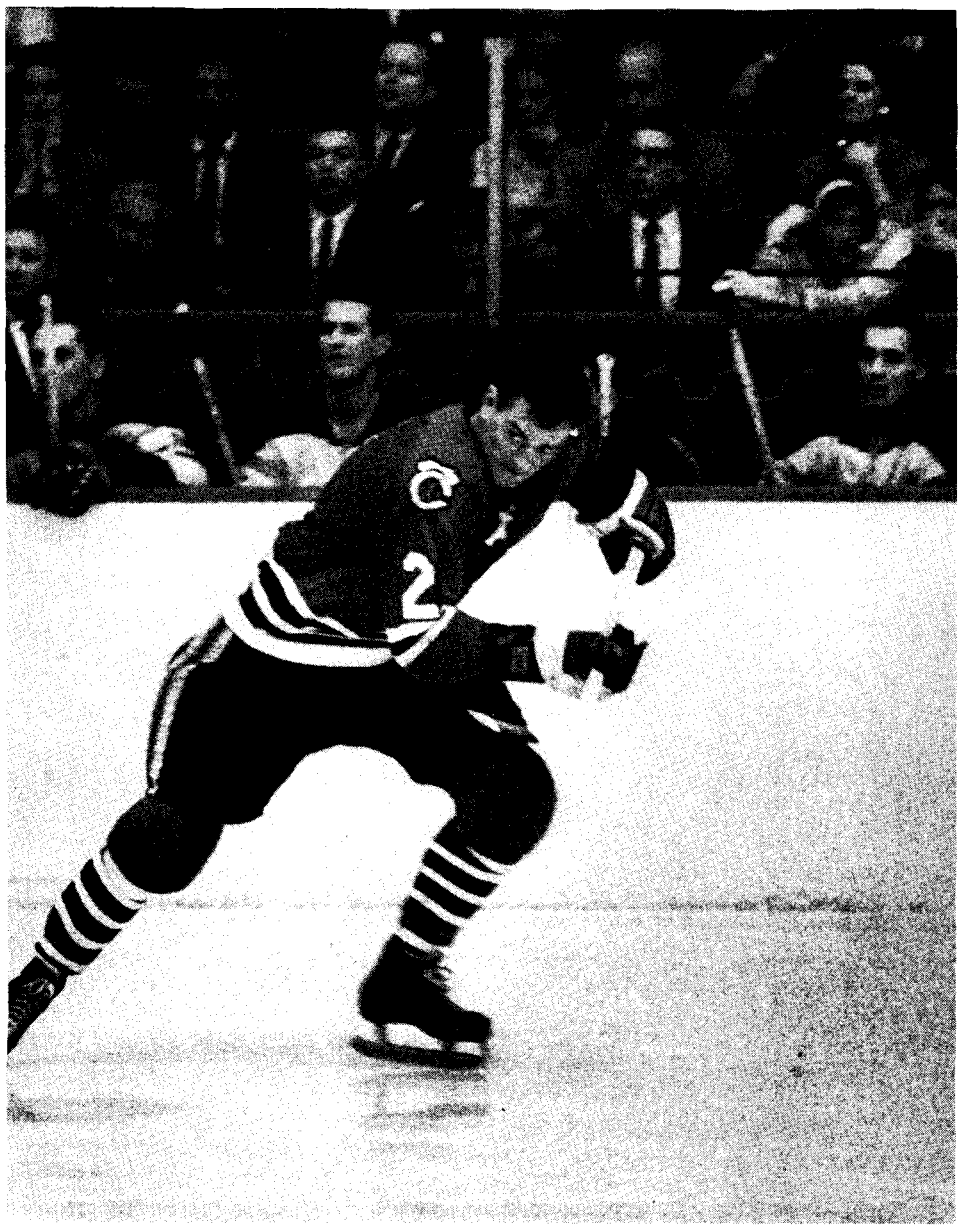
The average Badman is long on muscle and short on Freud, but Young seems to have a compulsion for self-analysis. "I've got an inferiority complex," he says flatly. "I quit school when I was sixteen to play hockey. This game is all I know. When I came into this league, I wasn't sure I had the ability to stay. So to prove I belonged, I played hard. The more penalties I got, the harder I played, trying to prove myself. Then I'd get more penalties. That was my trouble in Detroit. Every time I made a mistake I figured they were going to send me to the minors. So I'd try to make up for it by getting back at the guy who'd made me look bad. And then—Bing—the referee would blow his whistle, and I'd go into the box."

As Howie explains it, the penalty-minded Hawks took a more tolerant attitude toward his style of play. "Now I don't feel that I've got to get back at everybody," he says, "but sometimes I can't help myself. I make a mistake, and I try to make up for it, and . . . Bing, here comes the whistle."

In an early season game Young had the puck stolen from him by Ralph Backstrom, a center for the Montreal Canadiens. Flustered by his mistake, Young reacted by skating hard at Backstrom. Everyone in the sellout crowd at Chicago Stadium saw and heard the collision as bodies, sticks and skates smashed into the white wooden boards which surround the ice. The referee, Vern Buffey, blew his whistle, and Young blew his stack. "I was mad at myself," he says, "and then I got mad at Buffey." When the smoke cleared, he had been penalized 22 minutes: two for charging, 10 for flinging his stick and gloves, 10 more for sassing the referee.

Perhaps Young's most explosive episode came early last month in Toronto. As he clomped into the penalty box after what he terms a "bad call," he was heckled by a group of spectators. Among them was C. Stafford Smythe, the president of the Maple Leaf team. Young turned on his tormentors, shouted obscenely and spat at them.

Clarence Campbell, the league president, suspended Young for five games, adding ominously, "Young is fully aware of the seriousness of his actions as they affect his career now, and as any similar conduct may do in the future." Many hockey observers took Campbell's words to mean that another big rhubarb could result in Young's being banned for life. From his reaction, Young seems aware of this possibility. "I've got to commend Mr. Campbell," he said circumspectly. "I deserved what I got."



Ready for action, Young rips down the ice in first game after a five-game suspension.

Guilt by statistics

He has not always been so tolerant of Campbell. One day earlier this season he mentioned that the "biggest man in the business once told me I was bad for hockey." He shook his head and added, "What am I, a criminal?"

Ironically, the National Hockey League itself helps to create his Badman image. Every week the league announces each player's penalty-minute total. Football never fingers a specific player for a penalty. Football penalty statistics concern teams, never individuals. As a result, football's hatchet men are never branded.

Young at times seems confused by the role in which he has been cast. "Sometimes I'm out there on the ice with all those people cheering me," he said recently, "and I'm thinking, *What am I supposed to do now, carve up some guy? Is that what they want?* It's hard on me. All I want to do is just play the game, man."

This may be what he wants, but it doesn't always seem to work out that way. Young's problem seems to be that once he makes a mistake, he gets carried away. Unlike most Badmen, he seldom uses his fists. ("I need solid footing," he explains. "I slip too much on skates.") Also, unlike some of hockey's most efficient infighters, he is unable to finesse an opponent into the first-aid room. Young simply uses whatever weapon is available: shoulders, knees, elbows, hips—or, if necessary, his hockey stick. For some

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by all odds, a most wild one.

players the stick is a delicate, almost artistic, instrument. For Young it's about as delicate as a fixed bayonet.

Once, when Young was with the Red Wings, he was caught out of position during a 1961 Stanley Cup playoff game in Chicago. To prevent what appeared to be a sure goal, he thrust out his stick at Black Hawk right-winger Murray Balfour. Balfour tripped and skidded helplessly along the ice, crashing into the goalposts and fracturing his left arm.

When the Chicago crowd noticed Balfour, his arm limp, dazedly leaving the ice, they began to chant, "Get Young . . . Get Young . . . Get Young."

"It was like I was a gladiator in Rome," Young says. "All those people wanted was to see me racked up."

Somehow the game ended without any of his blood being spilled, but afterward an angry mob waited outside the arena. According to Young, it took five Chicago policemen to get him into a taxicab without being lynched.

Hockey crowds resemble bullfight crowds—they enjoy the sight of blood, so long as it's enemy blood. In Chicago, Young is a hero. A '64 white sedan was one symbol of his popularity. "I got it from a dealer," he said as he drove away from the arena. "He gave it to me to drive. He actually gave it to me." He paused, caught up in the wonderment of it all. "Imagine all this from skating on a swamp."

The swamp was a 90-acre tract of wilderness outside of Toronto, Canada, where he grew up with his grandparents after his parents were divorced.

As soon as winter came, he was out skating on the frozen swamp, and when he was old enough, he started playing organized hockey. It wasn't long before he was attracting N.H.L. scouts. "When I was little," he says, "I didn't get many penalties. But when I was sixteen, I was put into a league with kids eighteen to twenty. That's when it all started. I didn't think I had enough ability, so to make up for it, I changed my style."

Apparently he has never stopped. No player in professional hockey today can match his penalty minutes: 206 his first season, mostly with Chicoutimi of the Quebec Hockey League; 170 with Rochester of the American Hockey League. In the half season he played with Hershey of the A.H.L., he picked up 160, and then got 108 more in 29 games after joining Detroit. He was exiled to Edmonton of the Western Hockey League, and then came back to score 273 with Detroit.

"We know he gets a lot of penalties," said Tommy Ivan, the Black Hawk general manager, "but we like aggressive players. We don't want guys who get pushed around."

Actually, hockey's biggest concern is not his style of play on the ice but his style off it. Last summer, for instance, he was involved in a foolish scuffle with a policeman in a Detroit restaurant, which resulted in a fine—and headlines. About midway through last season he jumped the Red Wings after a game in Chicago and vanished for three days. "That's when I discovered Chicago," he was saying recently over a beer. "After the playoffs ended, I came back. I really had a blast—for two months."

It may have been his inconvenient fondness for Chicago which encouraged the Red Wings to make the trade. At any rate, Young was delighted. "They're giving me a chance to play after all the fanfare I've had," he says. "That's all I want. In Detroit some of the older players used to tell me to stay out of trouble—you know, for the good of the team. And then I'd run into them in the same places, doing the same things. There isn't anything I've done that other hockey players haven't done."

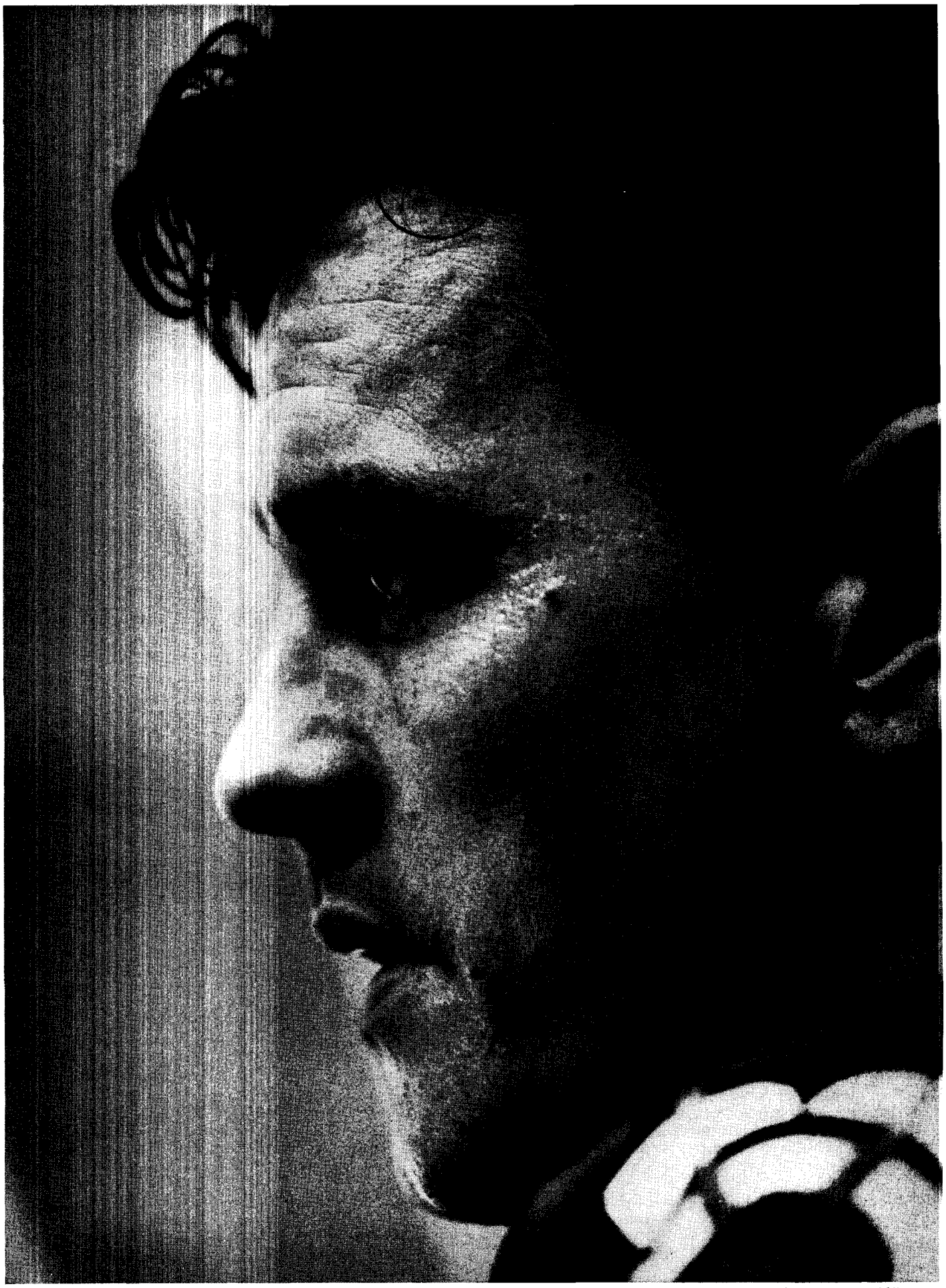
Although he is married, his wife and two small daughters have remained in their Detroit home, while he shared a Lake Shore Drive attic apartment with three young bachelors. "My wife comes to visit me," he explained, "and I see her and the kids when we're in Detroit. I wanted to be alone this season. I didn't want to have any excuses. If anything went wrong, I didn't want to blame it on things not going good at home."

Behind him, scrawled in black crayon on the tavern wall, were the words:

Howie Young is a Bad Boy
But never shall he stray.
Have a glass of wine, Howie,
And in Chicago stay.

"I can't sit around like some guys," he said, straightening his white tie. "Some nights I just got to go. It's an outlet for me."

THE END



Last year he set new record with 273 penalty minutes. "I don't mean to play that way," he says, "but sometimes I can't help myself."

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By Robert Murphy

DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS

Few men in history have seen so much of the adventures and dangers of diplomacy, and taken such an intimate part in decisions that changed the world.

The brilliant Foreign Service strategist who has handled many of our era's hottest diplomatic problems, for the first time reveals the behind-the-scenes story of the Allied invasions; how F.D.R. handled the Russians; the Axis surrenders; the making of the Cold War, and the tragic U.S. failure to meet the arrogant Soviet challenge.

For more than 20 years before 1940 Robert Murphy pursued an auspicious career in the Department of State, advancing in various countries from clerk to counselor of embassy at Paris. But the nature of his work changed abruptly after the defeat of France. President Roosevelt summoned him to the White House for a private conference which transformed the conventional diplomat into the President's own personal representative in French Africa.

Roosevelt's initial assignment, to assess the chances for bringing the African empire of France into the war against the Nazis, expanded into four extraordinary years, during which time Murphy made preparations for the Allied landings in Africa—the first important American combat operation of World War II.

In Europe, in the Far and Near East, in Washington and at the United Nations, Robert Murphy eventually became America's foremost diplomatic troubleshooter. His assignments have been on a global scale and on the highest level. He is now free for the first time to tell what he did and what he saw. The following episodes are condensed from his book, *Diplomat Among Warriors*, to be published this month by Doubleday and Co., Inc.

In the spring of 1940 the "phony war" in Europe became the *blitzkrieg*. On May 14 the French foreign office notified Ambassador William C. Bullitt, my chief at the American Embassy in Paris, that the French were burning their documents, and urged us to do the same. As Hitler's *Panzer* divisions swept across the north, refugees crowded every highway, and panic-stricken Americans flooded our gates. France's Premier, Paul Reynaud, phoned Winston Churchill to exclaim, "We are defeated!"

One day the vast metropolis was swarming with people. Then they were gone, many of them to their death on congested highways. That night I walked along the ghostly boulevards with Cmdr. (later Vice Admiral) Roscoe Hillenkoetter, our naval attaché. We met no one; the few people who remained in the city stayed in their shuttered homes. From the direction of Melun came occasional flashes of artillery fire. The next day at noon I looked up the broad expanse of the Champs-Elysées toward the Arc de Triomphe. The only living creatures in sight were three abandoned dogs.

The first German troops arrived at dawn on June 14. We had been informed that the German Provisional Military Governor, General von Studnitz, would make his headquarters at the Crillon hotel, directly opposite the American Embassy. Ambassador Bullitt instructed me and our military and naval attachés to pay a formal call upon the general, and get as much information as we could.

In the Crillon lobby a French police *commissaire* whom I knew was pacing up and down and perspiring freely. When "they" arrived, he told me, a German colonel had handed him a swastika flag, saying, "Open that hotel. It will be our headquarters. Take down the French flag from the roof, and replace it with this German flag." But the hotel was locked, even to steel shutters on the windows.

"We tried to get a locksmith," the police *commissaire* said. "Precious time went by. Then the colonel summoned me again and said, 'If that hotel is not open in fifteen minutes and the French flag is not down, we will shoot it down and shoot you too!'" Fortunately a locksmith was found in the nick of time. "*Comme j'ai transpiré!*" the police *commissaire* said.

General von Studnitz had ordered champagne from the Crillon's cellars and was in a mood to answer all our questions. Mopping-up operations in France, he said, would require no more than 10 days. Then preparations would begin for crossing the channel to England. He said the war would be over in six weeks.

Soon after the defeat of France, Commander Hillenkoetter made a quick trip to Morocco and Algeria. Contrary to rumors being broadcast from London, Hillenkoetter found that the Nazis had left French Africa almost completely alone. Frenchmen were still administering the territories, about one third of the whole continent, and the military establishment was strong, with about 125,000 combat-trained men on active service and about 200,000 more in reserve. These officers and men had accepted the German armistice and sworn allegiance to the Vichy-based French government under Marshal Pétain, but they were confident they could keep their African empire neutral and independent despite the collapse of the mother country.

"If France is going to fight again anywhere," Hillenkoetter told us, "I believe North Africa will be the place."

Our reports on French Africa were read by President Roosevelt. Suddenly a cablegram called me to Washington: Roosevelt wanted to see me. It was his idea that I should return to Vichy and quietly seek permission to make a thorough tour of French North and West Africa, and to report my findings to him. The President hoped for anti-Nazi action in French Africa, partly because Gen. Maxime Weygand, a true patriot, had recently been appointed delegate-general there.

The President knew, of course, that I had served several years in Germany and a decade in France. He also knew I was a Roman Catholic, and he seemed to have exaggerated ideas of the bond existing among Catholics. In urging me to become as intimate as possible with General Weygand, who was a Roman Catholic, Roosevelt said with a wink, "You might even go to church with Weygand!"

A few months earlier Gen. Charles de Gaulle had broadcast from London his historic denunciation of the French-German armistice; but Roosevelt, in sharp distinction to the British, had apparently decided that he need not consider De Gaulle a major factor in French affairs.

As the President concluded his suggestions for my African assignment, he said casually, "If you learn anything in Africa of special interest, send it to me. Don't," he warned, "bother going through State Department channels."

Thus I became one of President Roosevelt's "personal representatives," assigned to carry out secret missions under his orders during World War II. Roosevelt delighted in bypassing departmental procedures in this way. Our French African policy was the President's personal policy. He initiated it, and he kept it going.

When I arrived in Casablanca early in January, 1941, I was dismayed to receive a telephone call from a German diplomat, Theodore Auer, whom I had known before the war. Since his recent appointment as consul general in Casablanca, it was rumored that Auer was the forerunner of a German group which was to replace the Italians staffing the Armistice Commission in Morocco.

Now Auer wanted to see me. When we got together for a drink at my hotel, he asked what I was doing in Africa. I said that, as he knew, we were a nation of businessmen, and we thought that French Africa might offer a market for American goods. Auer listened to this rigmarole patiently. Then I asked in turn what *he* was doing in Casablanca.

"Murphy," he said, "I will be more honest than you. I came here for one purpose only, to convince that prize ass in Berlin, our *Führer*, of the importance of the Mediterranean and of Morocco in particular. Herr Hitler looks in every direction except south."

My spirits sank; the last thing we wanted was active Berlin interest in the Western Mediterranean. Weygand was expecting a German attack in the spring of 1941, and proposals for American cooperation were based on that assumption. (But in January, 1941, Hitler was already preparing for something much bigger: the attack on Russia.)

After my preliminary survey the U.S. agreed in principle to economic coopera-

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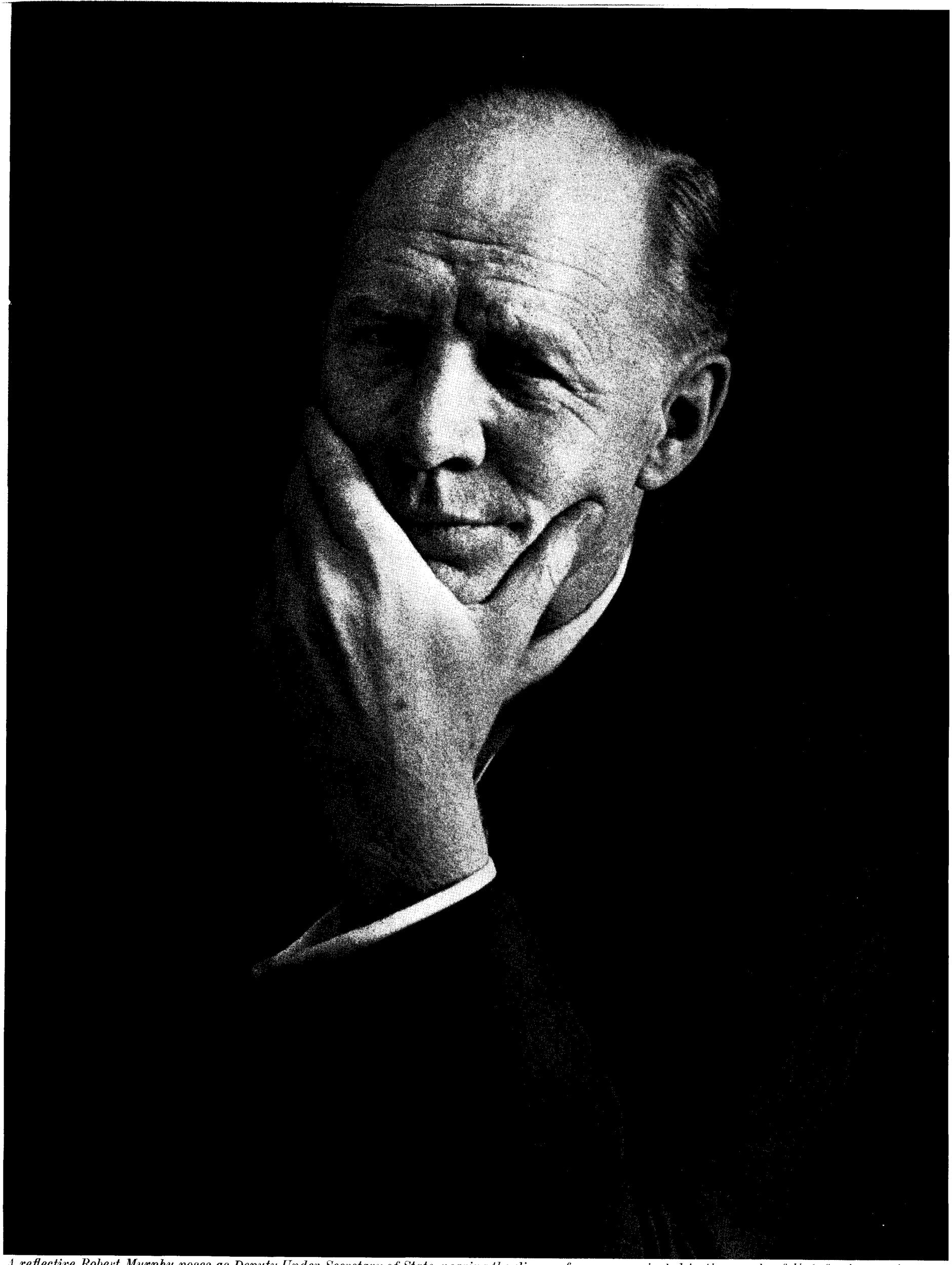

A reflective Robert Murphy poses as Deputy Under Secretary of State, nearing the climax of a career unrivaled in the annals of U.S. foreign service.

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Murphy and Harry Hopkins behind the sultan of Morocco, F.D.R., Churchill.

The subtle arts of warfare and politics.

Murphy talks with Truman before assignment as first postwar ambassador to Japan.

North Africa victory and a Distinguished Service Medal from General Eisenhower.

tion in North Africa, and American supplies were allowed through a blockade set up by Britain. And French Africa did remain neutral and independent.

After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, talks began in Washington and London about a combined invasion of French North Africa, a project which quickly became dear to President Roosevelt's heart. The following summer he summoned me to Hyde Park to discuss the potential complications of sending American troops into a professedly neutral territory, where loyalties were divided between our cause and Vichy.

American commentators, led by Walter Lippmann, had been pressing the President to repudiate Vichy and recognize General de Gaulle, leader of the Free French forces in London, as representing the French people. Roosevelt wished to wait until the French could choose their own government, and although the British were heavily committed to De Gaulle, Churchill agreed that the general should not in any event be informed about the African expedition.

Before the stage could be prepared for Allied landings in North Africa, a perilous problem was presented by Jean Louis François Darlan, a five-star admiral, who had resigned himself in 1940 to a Nazi victory. He clung to his post of commander in chief of all Vichy French forces—navy, army and air. British and American propaganda agencies had denounced him for almost two years as the blackest of opportunists. Yet he had told us secretly that under certain conditions he would be eager to participate in joint French-American military operations. What he wanted, of course, was an American massive landing simultaneously in metropolitan France and North Africa.

Darlan made his overtures through Vice Adm. Raymond Fenard, his agent in Algiers. Fenard kept in close touch with me, as did Alain Darlan, the admiral's son, who seemed ardently pro-Ally. I reported to Washington that these two men begged us to believe that, despite the necessity of keeping up deceptive appearances at Vichy, Darlan was determined to defend both the fleet and French Africa against Nazi seizure.

It was only when planning for the expedition started in earnest that my reports on Darlan were seriously considered in London and Washington. No understanding had been reached with him up to the 12th hour, first, because none of the Allies really trusted Darlan; second, because it had been agreed to include Gen. Henri Giraud in the Allied strategy.

Giraud had been captured in 1940, during the Battle of France, but in the spring of 1942 he had escaped from the German fortress of Königstein in Saxony. Many French generals had been released only after giving their word of honor not to fight against Germans in this war again. Having escaped, Giraud had made no such promise, nor had he sworn allegiance to Marshal Pétain; he was free to organize French resistance.

Giraud was living under cover in the south of France. General Giraud agreed to participate in a campaign in Africa, on the condition that the expedition be entirely American, without British troops, that the Americans land simultaneously somewhere in France, and, as he later insisted, that he be placed in overall command of the entire combined operation—American as well as French troops.

Soon after we began negotiations, Giraud named Gen. Charles Emmanuel Mast to represent him in Algiers. Both Mast, representing Giraud, and Admiral Fenard, representing Darlan, sensed that some kind of decision had been made about a campaign in Africa, and both made new overtures to me. By that time I was reporting on such matters only to the White House and to Eisenhower. On October 17, Adm. William D. Leahy, acting for the President, sent me a cablegram authorizing me to initiate any arrangement with Darlan which, in my judgment, might assist the military operations.

General Eisenhower devised a formula which he hoped might induce Giraud and Darlan to share the top French command. This formula was discussed in both London and Washington, and unofficially approved. Churchill was particularly enthusiastic about the possibility of Darlan's participation. General Eisenhower asked me to arrange a secret meeting somewhere along the Mediterranean coast, to which American officers could come in a submarine.

The place chosen was an isolated farmhouse owned by one of our French sympathizers near the town of Cherchel, about 50 miles west of Algiers. There a French group headed by General Mast met an American group headed by Eisenhower's deputy commander, Maj. Gen. Mark Clark. Since we were under instructions to withhold specific information, our French collaborators assumed they still had months in which to prepare for D day, whereas we Americans knew they had only 16 days. In fact, the first slow convoys were starting from the United States as we talked.

Clark outlined the Giraud-Darlan formula devised by Eisenhower, but Mast objected vigorously. The Allies did not need Darlan, he said, because Giraud could swing the support of the African army and air force, and the navy would soon fall in line. So the conference at Cherchel left Darlan's status unresolved.

Clark later gave a picturesque account of the Cherchel meeting to war correspondents attached to Eisenhower's temporary headquarters in Gibraltar. Since wartime security made it advisable to conceal the serious complications which had arisen at Cherchel, Clark diverted attention from the political aspects by describing some comical aspects of the venture. At one point the local police had burst in upon us, forcing the American visitors to hide in a wine cellar, while I posed as a somewhat inebriated member of a raucous social gathering. Fortunately the police were not looking for military conspirators but for smugglers. They had been tipped off by our host's Arab servants, who suspected that smugglers were involved in the unusual activities around the remote farmhouse, and hoped to collect the generous rewards for information leading to seizure of smuggled goods. This incident made lively newspaper copy, and Clark further embellished his tale by relating how he lost his pants while getting back into the submarine. But the amusing manner in which Clark described the dangerous French-American meetings added unintentionally to the British-American public's downgrading of the importance—actually the vital necessity—of French assistance to our precarious expedition. Few Britons or Americans appreciated at the time of the invasion, or in the months which followed, how serious prolonged French resistance would have been to the Allied operations.

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Soup and Crackers
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First combined Allied operation—spies, invaders and assassins.

DIPLOMAT

The awesome day of invasion, November 8, 1942, arrived at last. Eight hundred and fifty ships, carrying 110,000 Americans and Britons, were converging on landing beaches strung along 1,200 miles of Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. General Eisenhower's staff had flown into Gibraltar to occupy a command post inside the great rock. I was to keep in communication by clandestine radio. Our local plans provided that Giraud would arrive in Algiers the day before the landings, and that British submarines would deliver 20 tons of modern small arms for French underground fighters whom we had recruited.

During the last daylight hours of November 7, many in Algiers learned of a huge Allied convoy steaming majestically through the Mediterranean, said to be bound for Malta. Shortly before midnight our clandestine radio received the agreed code message from London that the landings were beginning. The BBC broadcast was in French: "*Allô, Robert. Franklin arrive.*"

Two hours before American forces were supposed to enter Algiers, I signaled full speed ahead for our local operation. Resistance groups began to seize key points in the city, taking over with little opposition. They soon controlled the police and power stations, military headquarters, communication and transport centers. The hope was to capture Algiers without firing a shot.

Being assured that our plans were going smoothly, I called on Gen. Alphonse Juin, the ranking army officer at that moment in the whole of French Africa. Juin hated the Nazis, but he had been released from a Nazi prison on promising not to fight Germans again in World War II. When I reached his suburban residence, the Villa des Oliviers, Juin was sound asleep, and the place was guarded by tall Senegalese soldiers. The general came to the drawing room in pink-striped pajamas, tousled and sleepy. I told him as calmly as I could that an American expeditionary force was about to land all along the coasts of French North Africa.

Juin was shocked. "But you told me only a week ago that the United States would not attack us!" I replied that the expeditionary force was coming at French invitation to collaborate in the liberation of France. Juin asked, "Who gave this invitation?" When I said it was General Giraud, he asked whether Giraud was in Algiers. I said we expected him to arrive momentarily.

Juin expressed vehement regret that he had not been consulted sooner. "If the matter were entirely in my hands, I would be with you. But Darlan is in Algiers. He outranks me, and no matter what decision I might make, Darlan could overrule it."

"Very well," I said, "let's go and have a talk with Darlan."

Darlan happened to be in Algiers that night, having arrived unexpectedly to see his son Alain, just stricken with infantile paralysis. He was staying at the home of Admiral Fenard, and Juin immediately got him on the telephone. Twenty minutes later he was at Juin's residence.

When I told Darlan the news, he turned purple, exclaiming, "Apparently you have the same genius as the British for making massive blunders!" If the Americans had waited a few weeks, he said, we could have received effective French cooperation.

I reminded Darlan how in July, 1941, he had said that if ever the United States were prepared to send a half million soldiers and several thousand tanks and planes to Marseilles, to notify him, and he would be ready to cooperate. "That moment has now arrived!" I exclaimed. "It is your responsibility to arrange that no French blood will be shed by senseless resistance to the American landings already in progress."

Finally Darlan called in Admiral Battet, his secretary, and drafted a message to Pétain, outlining the situation and asking for a free hand in dealing with it.

The message written, we came next to the matter of dispatching it. Unknown to me, 40 underground men led by a youth in the uniform of a French "aspirant," or aspiring lieutenant, had surrounded Juin's house and captured the regular guards. So when we walked out the front door, expecting to send a naval message to admiralty headquarters on the waterfront, we were stopped by the young soldier and his colleagues.

Everyone turned to me and Juin, and asked, "Does this mean we are prisoners?" I replied that it looked that way, but that I was as much surprised as they. I then offered to have the message delivered by an American official who was waiting in an automobile nearby.

We returned to the house. There began a miserably awkward period of waiting. The message to Pétain never was acknowledged and probably never was sent. The word which did go out to Vichy was that Darlan and Juin had been taken captive and were prisoners of the Americans.

Meanwhile the hour of 2:30 A.M., when American troops were due to reach Algiers, had long passed. I had prolonged the talks with Darlan and Juin as much as I could, expecting every minute that the arrival of armed Americans would lend force to my elocution, but the hours dragged on to six o'clock, and still no word came from the expedition. For many days I had gotten very little sleep, and I hazily began to wonder if I had made the terrible mistake of starting things a day early.

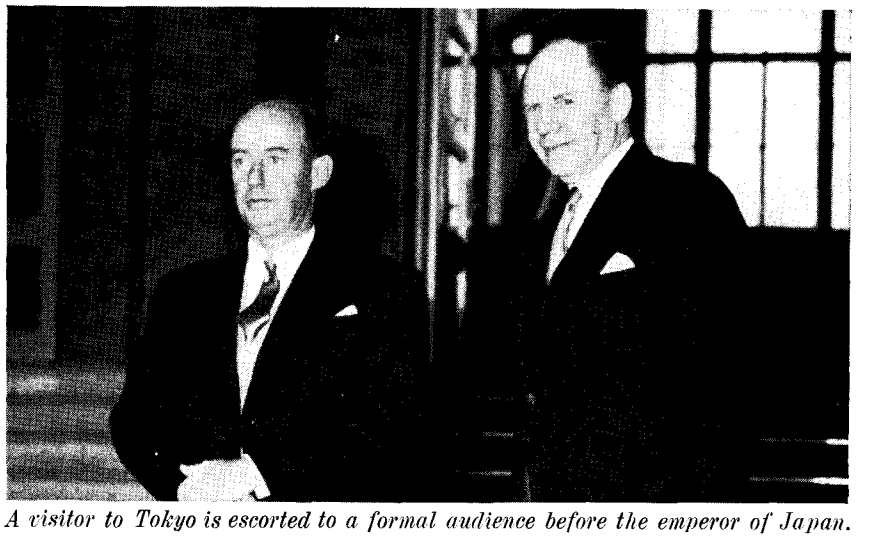
At 6:30 A.M. we heard excited voices outside and discovered that our underground helpers had been overpowered by a group of state police, *Gardes Mobiles*, armed with machine guns. When I went into the garden, a tommy gun was poked in my back, and I was hustled into a small pavilion which served as a guardhouse. A Senegalese soldier, expecting that I was to be shot, offered me a cigarette.

Admiral Fenard got me released some minutes later. The *Gardes Mobiles* explained that in the confusion they had understood we were Germans. Darlan asked Fenard to stay with me, while he and Juin drove off to Fort l'Empereur, the military headquarters in Algiers. They said they doubted my invasion story, for which I did not blame them. Where were the American soldiers?

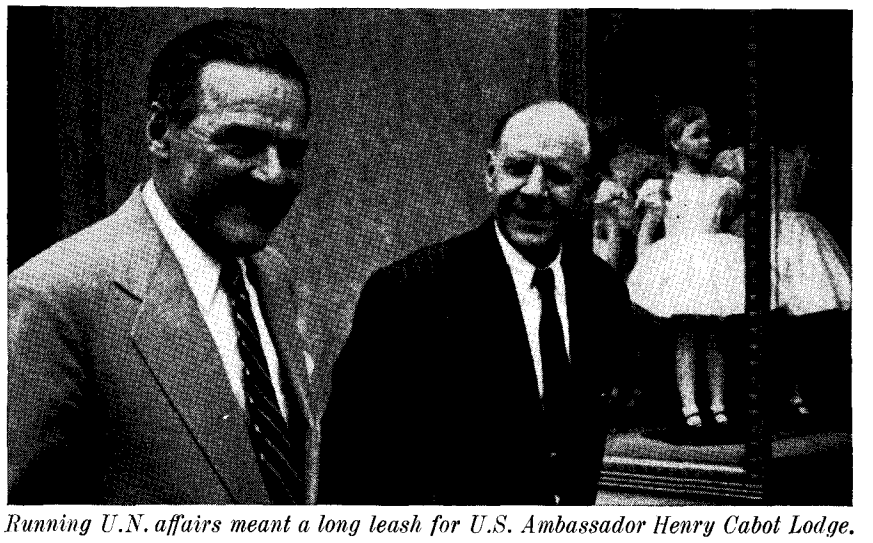
Eventually Juin's headquarters informed Fenard by telephone that Americans were indeed landing along the Algerian and Moroccan coasts. Darlan returned to Juin's house about three o'clock that afternoon and requested me

A joke with Acheson helps celebrate tenth anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty.

Secretary Dulles swears in new career ambassadors Murphy and Loy Henderson.



A visitor to Tokyo is escorted to a formal audience before the emperor of Japan.



Running U.N. affairs meant a long leash for U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

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General Clark pounds on the table.

DIPLOMAT

to establish contact with Maj. Gen. Charles W. Ryder, the Eastern Task Force commanding general, who was said to be on a beach about 17 kilometers west of Algiers. Darlan provided a chauffeur-driven automobile bearing both a French and a white flag.

Before getting into the car, I saw a platoon of American soldiers firing as they advanced in our direction. At the sight of our white flag they stopped firing. I maintained a respectful distance as ordered by the young lieutenant in command, and shouted an explanation of the circumstances. The lieutenant allowed me to walk up to him. I asked his name, and he replied, "Lieutenant Gieser." I could not help remarking, "You are the best-looking Gieser I have seen in a long time!" That seemed to convice him I was a bona fide American. He detailed one of his men to accompany me, and we drove down to the landing beach.

The first person I met on the beach was Randolph Churchill in a Ranger uniform. He took me to General Ryder. I explained the decision of Darlan to ask for a local cease-fire, and said I was ready to drive Ryder at once to French headquarters. When we arrived back at the fort, both parties soon signed a preliminary cease-fire. We also had a tentative promise that similar cease-fires would be arranged throughout French Africa.

The stakes were very high. A cease-fire at once throughout French Africa, and the beginning of a firm working agreement between Frenchmen and Anglo-Americans, would consolidate our military position. Nobody in Africa possessed Darlan's authority with the French military and civil administrators, who could make or break the Allied campaign. For example, Gen. Auguste Noguès in Morocco was directing resistance to the invasion. Darlan was the only man in Africa who could persuade Noguès to stop fighting. The next day Giraud told Clark and me that he would be content to serve under Darlan. He hoped that Darlan would agree to become a sort of high commissioner while he, Giraud, would become commander in chief of the French forces. Thus, without a word of persuasion, Giraud provided a formula for the early weeks of the operation.

During the next few days Clark punctuated his French negotiations with frequent table thumpings and colorful epithets, threatening that unless French commanders composed their differences straightaway, he would put them in jail and impose an American military government over French North Africa. That threat scared me. I tried to imagine what would happen if Americans undertook to fight Germans in North Africa and simultaneously to govern 20 million assorted civilians in a vast territory.

After one such session I accompanied Darlan to his car. Pausing at the door, he said to me, "Would you mind suggesting to Major General Clark that I am a five-star admiral? He should stop talking to me like a lieutenant junior grade."

Fortunately most French officers already were reconciled to fighting with Americans against the Nazis, so Clark's bulldozer methods were suited to an occasion when hesitation could have been fatal. The last obstacle to an agreement was overcome when Nazi troops began to pour into unoccupied France, in violation of the 1940 armistice.

On November 12 all members of the Darlan and Giraud groups agreed to a formula for the French command much like the plan Eisenhower had proposed in London weeks earlier. The supreme command pledged itself not to disturb the French administrative control of North Africa, nor Darlan's status as its highest-ranking officer; Giraud was accepted as overall French military commander.

Apparently nobody in high Allied authority expected the intensity of opposition to this "Darlan deal" in the United States and the United Kingdom. Eisenhower was the first to feel the brunt of public reaction in a spate of messages, headed by inquiries from President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. A less courageous man might have become alarmed by the outcry. But Eisenhower accepted responsibility for the negotiations and made a hasty trip to Algiers to confirm the "Darlan deal" on the spot.

Several times Darlan said to me, "Please tell your President that any time he decides I am more of a liability than an asset to him, I will gladly step down." He even offered to leave with us a signed resignation, undated, which could be put into effect whenever we desired. "All I ask," he said, "is the privilege of visas and transportation to the United States for myself and my wife."

The reason Darlan wanted to go with his wife to the United States was that their son was at Warm Springs, Ga., undergoing treatment at the infantile-paralysis clinic made famous by Roosevelt. Infantile paralysis figured rather importantly in the "Darlan deal." It was responsible for Darlan's presence in Algiers at the time of the invasion, and it influenced the emotions of both the French admiral and the U. S. President.

On December 23, 1942, I lunched with Darlan and a group of Allied naval officers. As we were leaving, Darlan asked me to come with him to his study, saying he wanted to discuss a number of problems. "You know," he began, "there are four plots in existence to assassinate me." He went on in a detached manner, "Suppose one of these plots is successful. What will you Americans do then?" Pulling a slip of paper from his pocket, he said he had listed several names, speculating who might succeed him. The list included De Gaulle. Darlan commented that if De Gaulle came then, we would have trouble. It would be premature, he explained. Perhaps in the spring of 1943 De Gaulle would be possible. As for Giraud, Darlan repeated his opinion that Giraud was only a good divisional commander, nothing more. Darlan seemed sincerely disturbed over the prospect, but as though he were talking about the death of someone else, not himself. Then he shrugged, drew back the pile of business papers before him, and began to take them up item by item.

On Christmas Eve, just 24 hours later, a young man of good Algerian family, and member of a royalist group, shot and killed Darlan. Whoever influenced young Fernand Bonnier de la Chapelle to commit the murder supplied him with a pistol and apparently persuaded him that he

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would be a national hero—this man has never been identified. Darlan's personal assistant, Air Force Gen. Jean Marie Joseph Bergeret, who was completely loyal, summarily ordered the assassin's execution the next day, thus extinguishing the best source of information.

It was at the Casablanca Conference in January, 1943, that General de Gaulle won his first major victory, and that over his fellow Frenchman, General Giraud. Harold Macmillan, who was then my British opposite number in North Africa, told me that his government had backed De Gaulle to the amount of 70 million pounds, ever since the dark days of 1940 when the French general fled to London. De Gaulle was determined to push his own representatives into any future administration of North Africa, and Macmillan said that the British government felt bound to support that objective. When President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill arrived at Casablanca, it was to face a difficult political situation.

"General Giraud," I told De Gaulle, "is interested solely in his military command and has no political ambitions."

De Gaulle smiled thinly and replied, "Political ambitions can develop rapidly. For example, look at me!"

The miscalculation which all of us at Casablanca made about De Gaulle was our belief that winning the war had top priority with him, as it did with us. But De Gaulle's memoirs show that he expected Allied victory anyway, and believed that it was his function to concentrate on restoring France as a great power. Churchill and Roosevelt left the conference believing that they had fitted De Gaulle into a subordinate place, whereas De Gaulle actually set in motion a series of events which soon would confound his French enemies in Africa, and give him absolute control of French African administrations.

But De Gaulle never could have moved so far so fast without the help of another remarkable man, Jean Monnet, perhaps the most influential Frenchman of his generation. It was Roosevelt who first suggested to me at Casablanca that Monnet might be useful in Algiers. I had known him in Paris as a wealthy private banker. In 1940 he was in London, directing the wartime financing of France, when his country's army suddenly collapsed. Monnet did not join the De Gaulle movement. Instead he went to Washington as a member of the British Supply Council, by personal appointment of Churchill. Thus Monnet had no formal ties in 1943 with any French faction, and he had won the confidence of influential Americans, including Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's special adviser.

It was Hopkins who proposed to Roosevelt at Casablanca that Monnet should be appointed political adviser to Giraud. In February Monnet appeared in Algiers with letters from Hopkins to Eisenhower and to me, saying that the President wanted him to have every help we could give him. He told me that he had come to Algiers not so much to serve Giraud as to work for unity among all French factions.

Eventually high-level negotiations started between representatives of De Gaulle and Giraud. As the battles in Africa drew to a close in May, 1943, it became apparent that they were near agreement. Prime Minister Churchill and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden arrived in Algiers to celebrate the long-delayed "marriage," which had been a major British objective. On June 3 it was announced that De Gaulle had accepted a formula much like the one we had proposed at Casablanca five months earlier. Giraud and De Gaulle were to become joint chairmen of a seven-man French Committee of National Liberation.

Three days later Giraud's aide, Cmdr. Hubert Viret, showed me several decrees which Giraud had signed the night before, without consulting either Americans or Britons. Glancing hastily through the pile of documents, I saw that Giraud had, in effect, signed away practically all his powers to De Gaulle. I asked, "Does the old man know what he has done?"

The commander shrugged. I went in to see Giraud and explained the effect of the decrees. Giraud cried, "But I was never told that!" He read the decrees carefully, apparently for the first time. Then he shrugged, saying that Monnet, his political adviser, had informed him that these matters were internal French affairs and therefore required no consultation with Americans or Britons. As I left Giraud, I told him as sympathetically as I could that he had signed himself out of power.

Returning to my office, I called Macmillan and described what had happened. We then asked Monnet to join us, and I began by saying that the three of us had worked closely together for several months and that we had given Monnet our full confidence. Monnet was noncommittal, and in effect told us that he really had no information to impart regarding French internal affairs. Monnet thus politely declared French independence, turned on his heel and walked out.

The Monnet maneuvers were not made public, and it is quite possible that Roosevelt did not realize that Monnet was principally responsible for Giraud's downfall. Having accomplished what Roosevelt did not want to see accomplished in Algiers, Monnet nevertheless returned to Washington late the same year with undiminished influence in the Roosevelt Administration. When Lend-Lease ended, it was Monnet who negotiated a loan to take up the slack in France—a $650 million loan which greeted General De Gaulle when he made a state visit to President Truman soon after the end of the war. Since then Monnet has done more than any other Frenchman to make certain that American money was always available in sufficient quantity at the right time to keep the French economy afloat.

Throughout the North African campaigns and the subsequent invasion of Sicily, the officers at Eisenhower's headquarters had become accustomed to seeing Macmillan and me at their conferences. "If you can restrain the politicians," they said, "we soldiers can win the war." So, after the collapse of Mussolini's government, Macmillan and I went along to the meeting set up to negotiate an Italian cease-fire.

Formal surrender negotiations were begun on August 31, 1943, in an Army camp hidden in an olive grove not far from Palermo, near the headquarters of Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, the British commander in chief in Sicily. Just before we left Algiers, Eisenhower had received from Churchill and Roosevelt two sets of surrender terms, one called the "short term," the second the "long term." The text of the former dealt exclusively with military affairs, providing for unconditional surrender by the Italians. The long-term documents contained detailed political, economic and financial provisions, putting complete control of every aspect of Italian affairs into Allied hands indefinitely. It imposed the harshest kind of peace upon Italy. According to instructions from the British and American governments, Eisenhower's negotiators were not to show the long-term text to the Italian envoys until the latter signed the short-term unconditional surrender. Allied instructions also forbade making the long-term documents public under any circumstances. Eisenhower was not happy about this. He grumbled that it was a "crooked deal," and said that these secret documents would not be published even 10 years after the end of the war. He underestimated the durability of this particular secret; the long-term Italian surrender documents never have been published to this day.

The Italians who met with the Allied representatives in Sicily were all professional army officers and diplomats. After the military discussions, Macmillan and I conversed briefly with the leaders of the Italian delegation. We impressed upon them that this was their last chance, valuable only if seized quickly. We pointed out that if no surrender agreement eventuated here and now, three results were indicated: King Victor Emmanuel would lose all consideration; the Allies would be obliged, as a war measure, to incite anarchy throughout Italy; we also would be obliged to bomb all Italian cities, including Rome.

Full-dress histrionics

But when the Italians arrived the next day at the rendezvous in the olive grove, they incensed all of us by confessing that the king's government had not empowered them to sign any surrender terms, short or long, prior to the Allied landings, which they understood were imminent. This seemed like procrastination and bargaining, and Eisenhower's chief of staff, Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Macmillan and I went into conference with Alexander. We agreed that the British general should pay a formal call on the Italians, whom he never had met, and he decided to make the occasion impressive. Donning his full-dress uniform, with decorations and shiny boots, Alexander assembled his aides.

At this point an incongruous circumstance threatened to mar the formality of the hastily improvised ceremony. A large tent for the Italian delegation had been reserved in the center of the extensive encampment, and the general's own tent was pitched at the rear, just inside the volcanic-rock wall which surrounded the camp and the olive trees. It was discovered that the Allied officers could drive into the main gateway of the enclosure only by first climbing out over the wall and then getting into their jeep. Otherwise Alexander and his staff would have to make an unimpressive approach from the rear. The general and his beribboned staff climbed over the wall, brushed the dust from their uniforms, and drove through the front entrance with great *éclat*.

Presentations were made, and Alexander greeted the Italians cordially but with a certain reserve. He said he was happy to understand that they had returned from Rome prepared to sign the armistice. With voluble protestations they regretted they could not. Thereupon the general staged a magnificent bit of histrionics, declaring that our patience was at an end and that we doubted their good faith. With every appearance of cold fury, Alexander announced that if the Italians failed to sign within 24 hours, the Allies would be obliged to bomb Rome. His motive was to convince the delegation that the Allies could and would do more damage to Italy than the Germans.

Radio communications with Rome were erratic, and it was not until the afternoon of September 3 that the Italian envoys waiting in Sicily received the necessary instructions from their government to sign the surrender. Late in the afternoon Eisenhower flew in from Tunis for the signing of the short-term papers. He still was unhappy about this procedure and stayed only a few minutes, entrusting to General Smith the unpleasant task of handing the Italians the merciless long-term documents.

Two months after the Italian negotiations the foreign ministers of the Big Three—the U.S., the Soviet Union and Great Britain—met in Moscow. One purpose of the meeting was to prepare for the administration of liberated countries. Another was to arrange an immediate conference at Teheran, Iran, among Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin.

It had been arranged that before proceeding to Teheran, Roosevelt would stop for a few days at Cairo, where he would meet Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek of China to discuss the war against Japan. The President asked me to accompany him to Cairo, because the Russians were sending an unofficial observer there, Andrei Vishinsky, vice minister of foreign affairs, who later would be coming to Algiers and Italy.

Since Russia had not yet declared war against Japan, Vishinsky did not attend any formal sessions of the conference, but Roosevelt told me that he wanted Vishinsky to be kept fully informed about what transpired. The President's plan for dealing with the Soviet government was first demonstrated to me at Cairo. It was to make the Russians feel that Americans trusted them implicitly and valued Soviet-American cooperation in war and peace above any other prospective alliance. The President was very pleased that Stalin had sent Vishinsky to Cairo, because he knew that Vishinsky was one of Stalin's most intimate "personal representatives," whose reports would assuredly go straight to the Soviet dictator.

When Roosevelt and Churchill departed for Teheran, I was left in Cairo with instructions to escort the Russian envoy, Vishinsky, and his party of 10 on a tour of Allied-held portions of Italy. I was somewhat dubious when the President first informed me of this assignment, because Vishinsky was notorious as the state prosecutor who had sent to death many pioneer Bolsheviks whom Stalin accused of treason. Vishinsky's reputation led me to expect a steely-eyed, ice-cold individual, but he proved approachable in private relations. His public career seemed to have nothing to do with Vishinsky personally. His manner was a Bolshevik device, put on and off like robes of office. Americans later were to become familiar with Vishinsky's public personality during his television appearances while he was Soviet foreign minister and chief of the Soviet delega-

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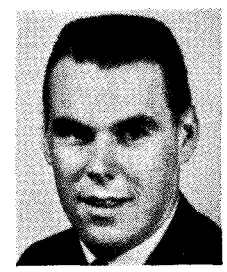

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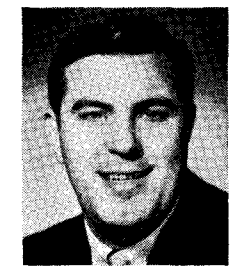

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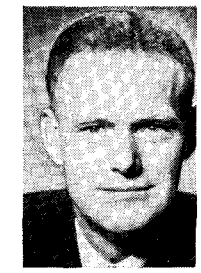

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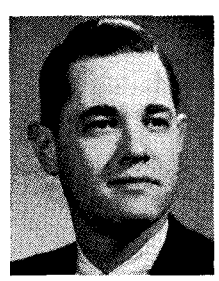

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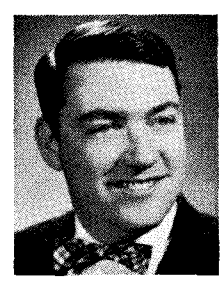

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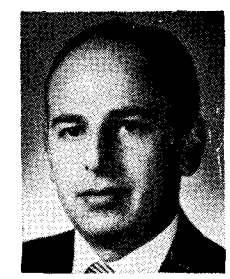

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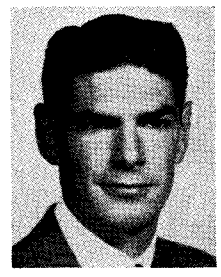

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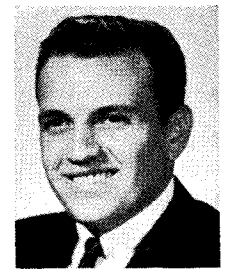

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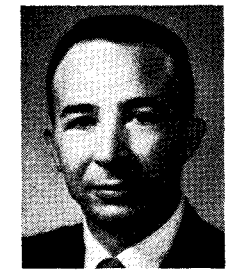

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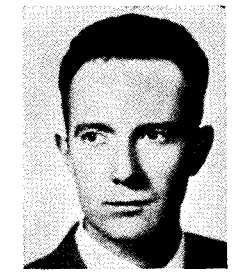

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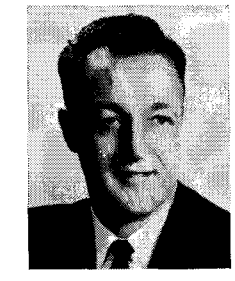

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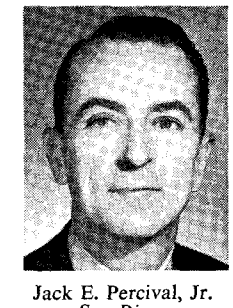

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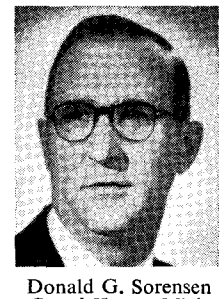

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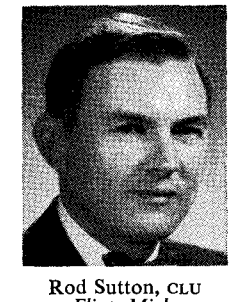

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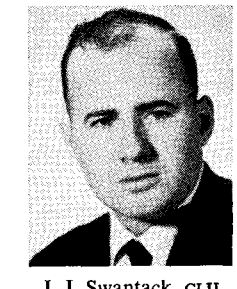

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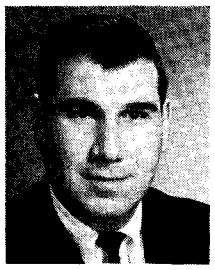

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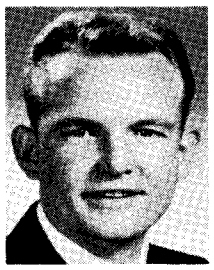

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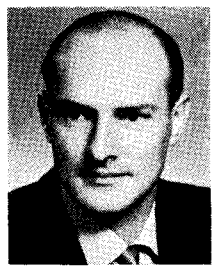

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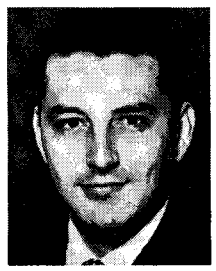

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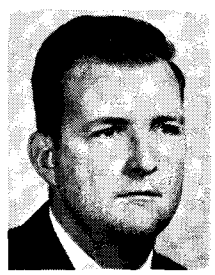

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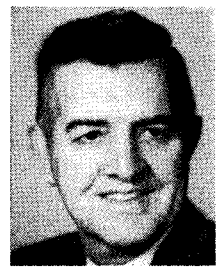

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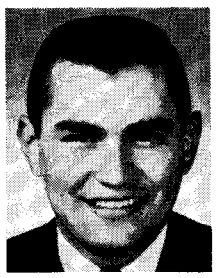

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Blunders behind the Berlin crisis.

Touring Japan, Ambassador Murphy is introduced to subtleties of tea ceremony.

DIPLOMAT

tion to the United Nations. In those U.N. debates I suspect that Vishinsky derived sardonic pleasure by playing the villain for American audiences. Actually, his strong point was not international conferences, which are mostly talk, but undercover maneuvers. In Italy, during a period of five months in 1943–44, I watched with fascination his manipulations which laid the foundation for Soviet policy in western Europe. During that same period Vishinsky organized several satellite governments in eastern Europe so effectively that they remained intact through years of postwar strains.

En route to Italy Vishinsky and I stopped in Sicily for supper at an American Army mess. The Russian was in an affable mood and asked many questions about our operations, including remarks about the GI rations we were eating. To make conversation, I asked whether the Russians were using similar canned-food rations for their troops on the eastern front. Vishinsky flushed and replied rather angrily that the Red Army supplied no canned foods. Surprised, I asked, "How, then, are the soldiers fed?" Vishinsky answered curtly that Russian soldiers were given flour and potatoes; for the rest they lived on the country. Although it had been far from my intention to draw unfavorable comparisons, it was evident that Vishinsky was embarrassed. The fact that the Russians were fighting so well on such meager resources seemed to give him no satisfaction. In the years since then I have had similar experiences with other Soviet officials; they are supersensitive to any suggestion of lack of material things. They never took pride, as the British did, in austerity endured for patriotic reasons.

On September 4, 1944, I flew into Washington to be briefed on a new assignment as Eisenhower's political adviser on German affairs. Paris had now been liberated. Allied armies were advancing from the West, and Russian armies were closing in from the East. The surrender of the Nazi forces appeared imminent, but the State, War and Treasury Departments were still wrangling among themselves about plans for postwar Germany.

The views of the State and War Departments were similar, but the Treasury Department had put forward the Morgenthau Plan, named for the Secretary of the Treasury, and designed to make Germany an agricultural nation. It was Morgenthau's contention that the world could protect itself against a revival of militarism in Germany only by depriving that country of its heavy industry.

Opponents of the Morgenthau Plan believed that the postwar reconstruction of Europe depended on using Germany's resources and skilled workmen, and they were aghast when the President wrote "OK F.D.R." on a preliminary draft. Secretary of War Henry Stimson soon persuaded Roosevelt to withdraw his unqualified approval, and a joint committee tried to reach a compromise.

During those two weeks in Washington I was called to the White House. Roosevelt did not mention occupation policy. Instead, he urged me to bear in mind that our primary postwar objective was Soviet-American cooperation—without which world peace would be impossible—and that Germany would be the proving ground for such cooperation.

Soon after the Nazi surrender I flew to London to find out what progress the European Advisory Commission was making. This was an Anglo-American-Russian agency which had been working all through 1944, trying to decide how to administer Germany. The American member of E.A.C. was John G. Winant, our ambassador to London.

The E.A.C. draft for an occupation program stipulated that Berlin would become the administrative center for the three occupying powers. (France was later to become the fourth.) When I examined the approved map, I observed that Berlin was more than a hundred miles inside the Russian zone, and that no provision had been made for the Anglo-American powers to reach the city.

I felt that our right to access through the Russian zone should be spelled out in the E.A.C. agreement. When I mentioned my concern to some of Ambassador Winant's assistants, I was told, "Yes, that worried us too. But the ambassador does not wish to press the matter now."

This subject was very much on my mind when I was invited to luncheon with Winant. The ambassador talked for two hours about his difficulties with the E.A.C. Finally I suggested that a serious effort should be made to define the right of access from the American and British zones to Berlin. I told Winant that in my experiences the Russians were sharp bargainers who traditionally expected other people to be the same.

To my surprise Winant exclaimed vehemently, "You have no right to come along at this late date and make such a proposal, just after we have agreed upon a draft!"

He went on to say that the agreement had become possible only because, after months of patient effort, he had established a close personal relationship with the Russian ambassador, Fedor Gusev, and gained his confidence. In Winant's opinion, we might upset the hard-won draft agreement if we now belatedly raised the access question. Winant argued that our right of free access to Berlin was implicit in our right to be there. If we insisted on this technicality, we would intensify the Russians' distrust. He would not do it.

So the matter of a defined right of access to Berlin was left hanging, and it is still hanging today. There seems little doubt that the decision *not* to seek a specific written agreement with the Russians on this essential point has had a disastrous effect upon America's entire postwar situation. It was a personal decision based upon the all-too-prevalent American theory that individual friendships can determine national policy. Soviet policy makers and diplomats never operate on that theory.

Six weeks before the surrender of Germany I was again summoned to Washington for consultations. There I learned that an officer of the regular Army, Maj. Gen. Lucius DuBignon Clay, was to become Eisenhower's deputy commander-in-chief for military government. I was slated to be the ranking civilian, serving as political adviser to Clay as well as to Eisenhower. Meanwhile, nobody in Eisenhower's supreme headquarters knew how many million Germans would be in the American zone, or how we were supposed to govern them.

I had been hoping that the President would provide the guidance I sorely needed. In particular, I had to know whether the President still regarded Germany as the testing ground for Soviet-American cooperation. Suddenly I had a telephone call from John Boettiger, Roosevelt's son-in-law; the President wanted me to come to dinner that evening. At last, I thought, I would get the authoritative version of our occupation policy. But when Roosevelt was wheeled into the second-floor study of the White House that evening, his appearance was shocking. This was a mere shadow of the buoyant man who had talked to me so confidently the previous September. He was aware of how badly he looked, and mentioned that he had lost 36 pounds. But he mixed Martinis in his usual jaunty manner, and neither Mrs. Roosevelt nor the Boettigers indicated any anxiety about the President's health. His physical decline was so obvious that I was startled when he exclaimed, "Well, it's almost over!" But he was referring to the war in Europe, not to his own life.

Roosevelt on Germany

Conversation during dinner was inconsequential, and the President then invited me to his study for our serious discussion. But the man who sat across from me that night was unable to discuss serious matters. He talked for an hour, aimlessly. He scarcely mentioned the Russians; the Germans were on his mind. He reminisced about his visits to Germany during his student days, and told how arrogant some Germans had been in their uniforms. He said the important thing was to keep the Germans out of uniform, because "the uniform does something bad to them, especially to the young men."

I tried several times to draw the President out on urgent matters—how the diverse interests of the occupying powers might be reconciled; how the natural resources of a partitioned Germany might be used; how he pictured the future of Europe. But Roosevelt was in no condition to offer balanced judgments upon the great questions which had concerned him so long. Shortly after my return to Eisenhower's headquarters in Paris, I received word of the President's death.

During one of Eisenhower's first visits to Berlin the general told me that he was thinking of extending, through Soviet Marshal Georgi Zhukov, an informal invitation to Red Army personnel to visit the American zone whenever they desired, without any red tape. "That will give them a chance to get acquainted with our people and see how we run things," Eisenhower said. "Don't you think the Russians would like that?" I replied that in my associations with the Russians they always seemed inclined to become suspicious when offered something for nothing. I suggested that Zhukov might be more receptive to a proposal for an exchange of visits between zones. "Now, none of your State Department *quid pro quos!*" Eisenhower exclaimed impatiently. "What I have in mind is a straightforward, unconditional, friendly invitation."

I said, "Well, try it out and see what happens."

A day or two later Eisenhower extended the invitation to Zhukov. There was an awkward pause, and then the Soviet marshal inquired, "How many of your men would you expect us to admit to the Soviet zone?" Eisenhower replied, "I am not asking for any visiting privileges there. What you do about your own zone is your own business."

Zhukov seemed genuinely embarrassed. Finally he said, "In that case I must refer the matter to my government." While Zhukov's reply was being translated, Eisenhower continued to look straight at him, but out of the corner of his mouth he muttered to me, "OK. You win." Nothing more was heard about that offer of hospitality.

The Russians certainly gave us plenty of warning about the Berlin blockade. During the three months preceding the dissolution of the Allied Control Council in March, 1948, Moscow began cautiously to test the determination of the Western Powers to stay in Berlin. Soviet inspectors sometimes would board military trains and insist upon their right to examine passengers. When the Western train commanders reported this, they were ordered to refuse inspection, and delays of several hours resulted.

I attended a private dinner given for a visiting British general where some American and British officers argued that the Western military governments should evacuate Berlin before we were forced out. The guest of honor agreed, saying, "We should pull out while we can still do so without too much loss of prestige. In military terms, our exposed salient in Berlin doesn't make sense." Several of us protested that our rights in Berlin were indisputable, and that to surrender them as a military precaution would be politi-

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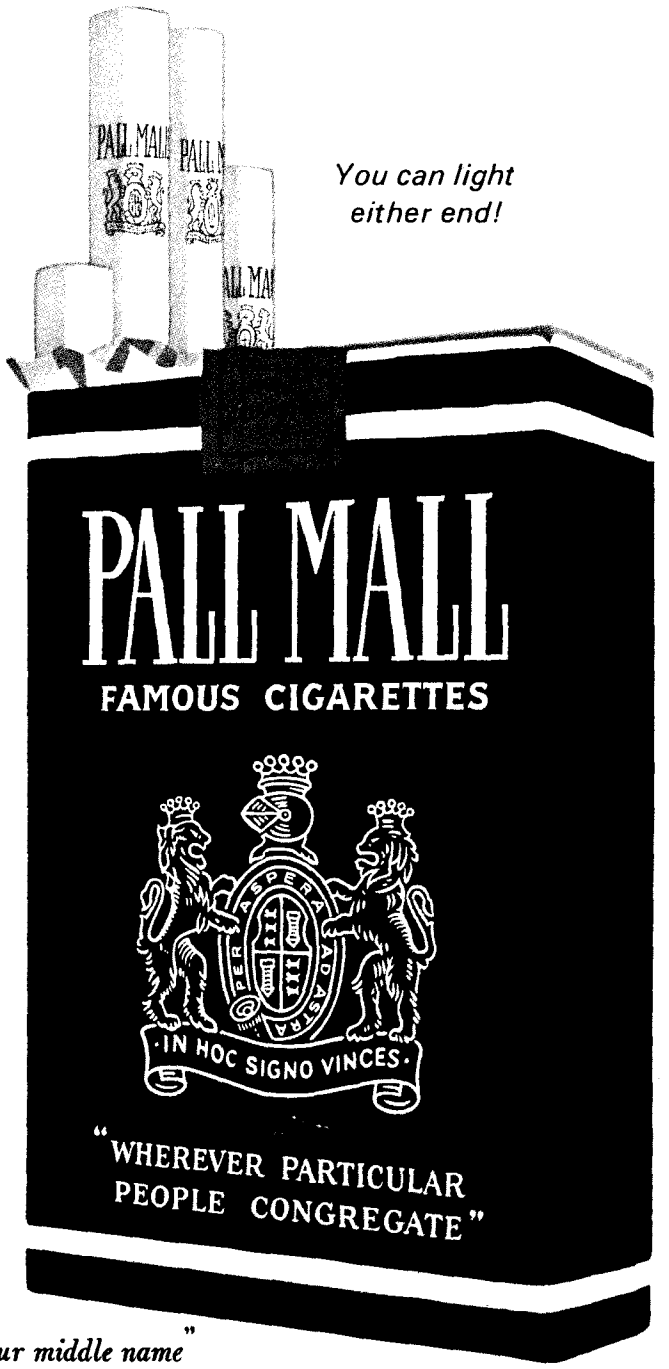

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cally disastrous, but we seemed to be in a minority that evening.

In May the Soviet Military Government imposed impossibly complex documentation for Western freight shipments to Berlin. In June civilian supply trains were held up on various pretexts. Freight and mail cars were detached from trains and got "lost." On June 18 the Russians stopped Western freight and passenger cars at borders of the Soviet zone, explaining that these cars were "out of order."

Another great source of friction had been the inflated condition of German currency. The occupying powers had printed temporary currency for their troops, which the Germans themselves could not use. In 1946 Joseph M. Dodge, then a prominent Detroit banker, proposed currency reforms. At last it was decided to issue Western-backed currency in Berlin, in direct competition with Soviet-backed currency. Our military governor, General Clay, realized that the Russians might make trouble for us in Berlin over the currency challenge. Nonetheless, tons of money, printed in Washington, were secretly transported to Germany. The money was put into circulation in the French, British and American zones on June 20, 1948.

Now on June 24 the full extent of the Soviet threat became clear, when all rail traffic between Berlin and the West was halted "due to technical difficulties." The same excuse was offered for stopping traffic on the Autobahn and canals. This made the blockade complete. Two million Germans in West Berlin were now dependent upon reserve stocks. They had enough food on hand to last about 36 days, coal for 45 days. The Soviet officials in Berlin showed justified confidence in their squeeze play. They had tested our will to insist upon access rights, and the three Western powers had not been able to conceal their doubts and hesitations.

After prolonged exchanges of cablegrams, and Teletype conversations between Berlin and Washington, Clay and I were summoned home to present our views. I had previously cabled the State Department, proposing that we use a small combat force to call the Russian bluff at Helmstedt, where a wooden pole across the road, guarded by two Mongolian soldiers, represented at that time the Berlin blockade. Clay, as I recall, had made the same suggestion to the Defense Department. We discovered immediately that several extraneous factors were influencing the momentous decision.

For one thing, Truman was up for election in November, and all polls showed he was far behind Thomas Dewey. If the President were to approve action in Berlin which the voters considered reckless, his election chances would diminish still further. In spite of his personal predicament, Truman was more disposed than his military advisers to take chances. The Joint Chiefs of Staff were extremely conscious of how inadequate our Armed Forces were, owing to headlong demobilization, and they considered our defenses much too weak to enter into any contest against the Red Army.

Secretary of State George Marshall, who had been a soldier all his life, was naturally inclined to give more consideration to military factors than a civilian secretary might have done. Marshall told me that the Joint Chiefs estimated they would need 18 months to prepare for what might happen in Berlin if the Russians were challenged there. Truman reluctantly approved this opinion of the JCS, although he said that if the JCS would put a paper before him ordering what Clay and I proposed, he would sign it. Strangely enough, nobody, either military or civilian, mentioned that the United States Government in 1948 possessed a growing stockpile of atomic bombs, while Russia had none yet.

The final decision about Berlin was made on July 20 at a meeting presided over by President Truman in the Cabinet Room of the White House. From what I had heard from the Secretary of State and from friends at the Pentagon, it was a foregone conclusion that no decision would be taken affirming military action at Helmstedt, because of determined opposition by the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Whatever persuasive powers I possessed had been insufficient. Adherents of the Grand Design of U.S.-Soviet cooperation prevailed, and so did the military. During that last meeting, Secretary Marshall gave me a fair chance by asking whether I wanted to add anything to my previous arguments, but in my discouragement I declined.

The Berlin blockade, which began in June, 1948, was met by the year-long airlift, whose achievements astonished even our own generals. The airlift saved Berlin, and the Russians lifted the blockade, but I was still troubled over our failure to assert our access rights by force.

There always is the question what a career official should do when his government adopts a policy which he believes is a tragic mistake, a policy which he cannot in good conscience support. Discussing this subject in Berlin later, a prominent American publisher told me with some asperity that one of the defects of public service in the United States is that very few officials resign from their jobs as a matter of principle. There is much truth in this view, but because of the career principle I have little sympathy with a foreign-service officer who resigns because he disagrees with some policy. A professional diplomat understands when he accepts government service that he is obedient to official policy, no matter how repugnant a particular line may be to him personally. In this respect a career-diplomat's position is comparable to that of a Regular Army officer.

But the Berlin blockade is the one occasion in my long career where I feel I should have resigned in public protest against Washington's policy. My resignation almost certainly would not have affected events, but if I had resigned, I would feel better today about my own part in the episode. I suffered anguish over this decision of our Government not to challenge the Russians when they blockaded Berlin, and I still deeply regret that I was associated with an action which caused Soviet leaders to downgrade United States determination and capability, and led, I believe, to the subsequent Communist provocation in Korea.

In the spring of 1952 I was asked to become our first postwar ambassador to Japan, and to return to Washington for intensive briefing about the Far East, which I had never even visited. In fact, I had never even set eyes on the Pacific Ocean. The task of cramming information into me, which was the responsibility of the long-suffering Asian specialists in the State Department, did not shrivel their sense of humor. It was not flattering to be told by them that the reason I had been selected was because I was an ignoramus about the Orient. Developments in Asia had aroused such partisan controversies that many senators were wary of diplomats with Far Eastern experience. Secretary of State Dean Acheson wryly remarked that the Senate probably would confirm me speedily, because I never had occasion to express an opinion about Far Eastern issues.

Before departing for Tokyo, I had a valued talk with President Truman, who was friendly and practical as always. But I felt that I also should call upon Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who had commanded the occupation forces in Japan. MacArthur, although aware that Truman was opposed to extending the Korean War, still going full blast, wanted to pursue the Red Chinese across the Yalu River to their air depots in Manchuria. This policy conflict between the general and his commander in chief could be resolved in only one way: MacArthur was abruptly relieved of his Far Eastern duties by the President on April 11, 1951.

A bitter pill in Korea

After a few minutes of amenities, including a reference to his Milwaukee beginnings and mine, MacArthur began a distressing recital of his wartime experience. His review revolved around his sense of injustice against what he regarded as the prejudice of "the Marshall cabal." He condemned our Government's decision to undertake the North African operation under the command of General Eisenhower—whom he included as a member of the cabal—and declared that the African strategy was an egregious blunder which defeated his own plans in the Pacific. MacArthur ignored the necessity for the operation, its spectacular success and, incidentally, that I had been a proponent of the venture.

By the time Gen. Mark Clark and I arrived in Tokyo, the Korean armistice discussions had spun out for almost a year. Clark had succeeded Gen. Matthew Ridgway—who had followed MacArthur—as supreme commander in Tokyo. And Clark favored immediate resumption of a drive to unite Korea. I shared his conviction that we should fight to win our objective.

After on-the-spot studies, General Clark recommended to the Joint Chiefs much the same strategy which General MacArthur had proposed a year earlier, even including the use of Nationalist Chinese divisions from Formosa. This recommendation, rejected when MacArthur proposed it, was rejected again when Clark revived it.

I believed we were being bluffed out of a well-earned victory in Korea, as I felt we had been in Berlin. The United States had the military capacity to drive the Chinese "volunteers" into Manchuria, but for various reasons we were holding back. However, neither Clark nor I was a policy-maker. In the absence of a national determination to win the war, the United States accepted a stalemate.

After the 1952 elections John Foster Dulles, the new Secretary of State, offered me an assignment in Washington as Assistant Secretary of State for United Nations Affairs. We packed our personal effects; my wife and daughter, both named Mildred, flew home; I made the customary farewell calls; and I arranged to fly back to Washington. Then I received a cable asking me to stay in Tokyo as General Clark's political adviser—a familiar role!—during the final stages of the Korean armistice negotiations.

This was the fourth truce negotiation in which I participated. Always in the past, with the French in North Africa, with the Italians and the Germans, we had victory as a base to stand on. This time we did not have a victory or anything resembling one. For almost two years, ever since Washington indicated willingness to compromise, the Peking regime had recklessly expended the lives of Chinese troops to kill as many U.N. soldiers as possible, thereby increasing the eagerness of U.N. governments for a cease-fire. We were instructed to push hard for a settlement, and we did so, although this was a bitter pill to swallow.

I was finally recalled to Washington in 1953, and I flew back home anticipating with pleasure my first real vacation in 11 years. Stopping in Milwaukee to renew ties with family and old friends, I was in my hotel exactly 25 minutes when a telephone call came from Secretary of State Dulles in Washington. He expressed agreement in principle with the general theory of vacations and said he understood mine was long overdue. But, he remarked, that could be taken care of later. Right then he was faced with a difficult problem in the Korean debate which was coming up in the General Assembly of the United Nations in just 10 days. There was an immense amount of work to be done in preparation for that meeting, and nobody else in the department had my firsthand recent experience. So would I please proceed to Washington by the first available airplane?

Personally, I never regarded the U.N. as a divine machine from which happy solutions to our problems would miraculously flow. Nor have I feared the consequences even if the U.N. should collapse utterly. The other day a friend exclaimed, "That would be the end of everything!" But it just wouldn't be the end of everything. I always have tried to take a practical view of the U.N. organization as an apparatus which is, or can be, useful to the United States in its diplomacy. This also was the policy of Secretary Dulles, who was active from the outset in the wartime planning of the U.N. and its establishment in 1945. Dulles respected the U.N., but he also regarded it at times as a receptacle where almost any thorny problem could be unloaded and stored away for a year or longer. Dulles occasionally liked to operate in that manner, so he found the U.N. particularly convenient. When somebody would complain to Dulles, saying, "Why haven't you done something about this?" the Secretary of State could explain, "But the U.N. has the matter under advisement. They are handling this problem."

When I flew into Washington to my new post as Assistant Secretary for United Nations Affairs, I was surprised

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Free to all Californians 65 and over and their sons and daughters

A complete folder that tells you how you can get more liberal health insurance with fewer restrictions

A new health insurance plan called Western 65 will be available March 1 to every Californian 65 or over. Here are some of the amazing facts about it:

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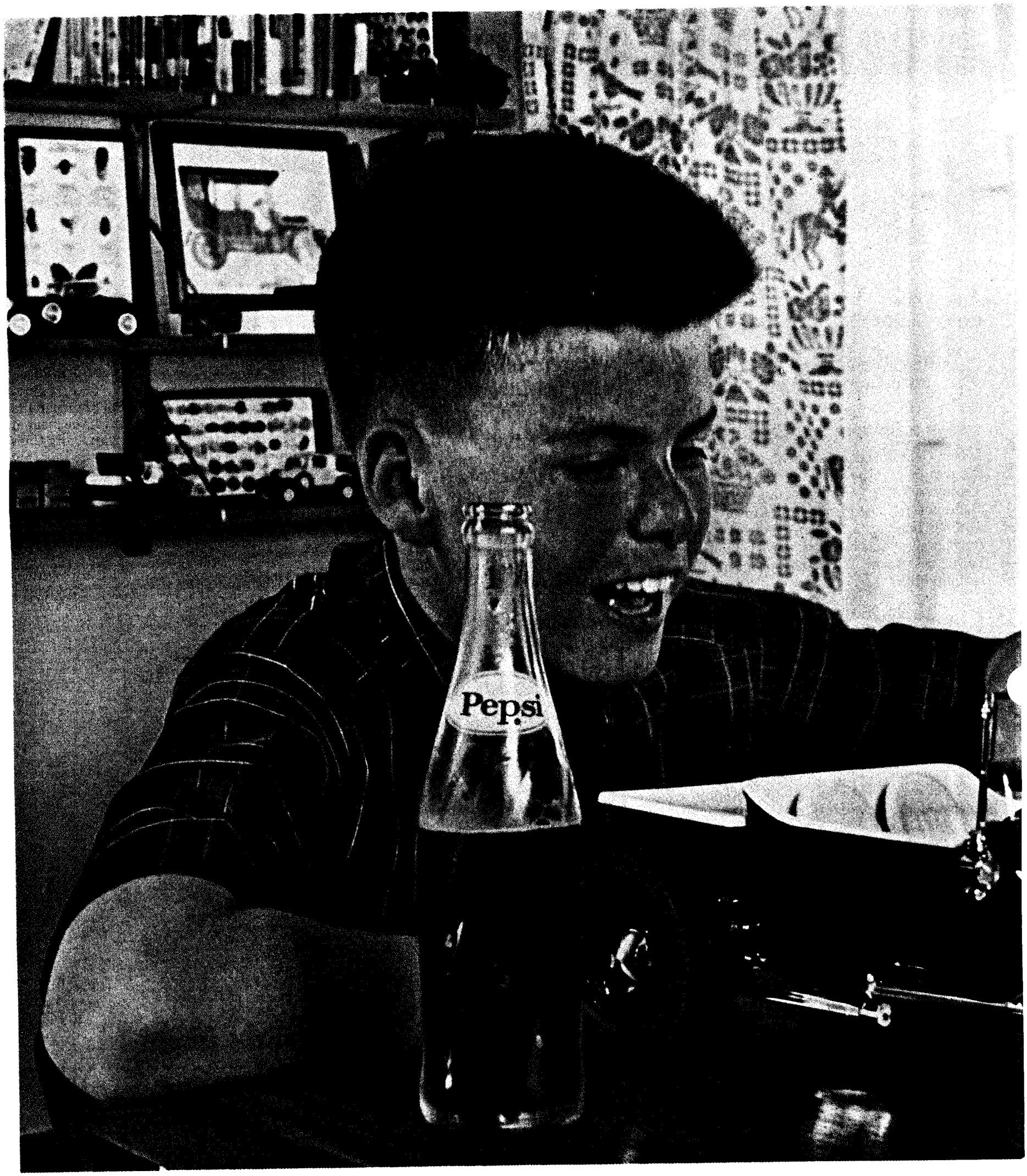

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

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hinking young's the style today with parents as well as youngsters. hat's why any age is the right age for Pepsi. Its sparkling-light aste is so inviting, so clean. And ice-cold Pepsi-Cola drenches your hirst, refreshes like no other. So think young... say "Pepsi, please!"

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As U.N. delegate, Lodge refused to heed the State Department's orders.

DIPLOMAT

to see that I was to be in charge of about 140 men and women.

It took no time at all for me to become aware that the morale of my staff was low, and I was not surprised. For three years a Senate subcommittee headed by Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy had been investigating alleged penetration of the State Department by Communists and fellow travelers, and attention had been concentrated particularly upon people assigned to the Office of U.N. Affairs. Having lived abroad for years, I was startled when an old friend greeted me in Milwaukee with the question, "Bob, how can you bring yourself to work in that nest of Commies and homosexuals in the State Department?" I thought perhaps he was making a poor joke, but found he was entirely in earnest.

While the Office of U.N. Affairs at the State Department in Washington was thus being half smothered under a cloud of innuendo, the American delegation at U.N. headquarters in New York was flourishing. Aware of Roosevelt's high hopes for the world organization, Truman decided in 1946 to enhance the status of the American ambassador to the U.N. by informally ranking that official practically as a member of the President's cabinet, and he appointed to that post Warren R. Austin, a statesman of great dignity and charm who had been senator from Vermont for 15 years. This selection by the Democratic President of a Republican ambassador was indicative of the intention to lift United States policy at the U.N. indisputably above domestic politics.

Later, however, when the ambassador to the U.N. was ranked formally as a member of the cabinet, the Presidents who followed Truman selected only members of their own party. Eisenhower named Henry Cabot Lodge Jr., and Kennedy named Adlai Stevenson.

I quickly learned that in my new post I would have to practice an unusual form of diplomacy. During the Korean debates a resolution was proposed on which the vote promised to be closely divided. There were discussions at the Office of U.N. Affairs in Washington about how the United States should vote, and after due consideration we decided that the American vote should be "yes." Secretary Dulles approved our conclusion, so instructions were sent to the United States mission in New York: Vote "yes."

The next morning I was dismayed to learn that Lodge had voted "no." Telephoning him, I said, "Apparently our instructions failed to reach you."

"I am not bound by instructions from the State Department," Lodge said. "I am a member of the President's cabinet and accept instructions only from him."

"But you also are head of an embassy," I protested, "and our ambassadors accept instructions from the Secretary of State."

After a moment's pause Lodge replied, "I take note of the department's opinions."

I was flabbergasted. As an ambassador myself, I had acted under instructions for many years. "This is a new situation to me," I said. "I'll have to discuss it with the secretary."

Lodge replied coolly, "Yes, do that. He will set you straight."

When I reported to Dulles, he said, "This is one of those awkward situations which require special consideration. If it happens again, just tell me, and I'll take care of it."

Lodge would tolerate no poaching on what he considered his own preserve. He was as anxious as anybody to promote a consistent American foreign policy, but he believed that his position entitled him to help formulate policy as well as execute it. As the years passed, Lodge's exceptional ability and political influence gradually transformed the American delegation at the U.N. until our mission there behaved less like an embassy than a second foreign office of the Government. But I always have believed that this development of a two-headed American foreign office can seriously hinder the coordination of our foreign policy, and is potentially dangerous.

In 1953, the same year I returned to Washington to work on U.N. matters, I was given another new post as Deputy Under Secretary of State. This led to six years of intense activity. The Suez crisis of 1956, when British and French forces invaded Egypt, brought me once again into close contact with my wartime associate, Harold Macmillan, who shortly became prime minister of his country. Two years later, as Arab machinations continued to flourish in the Middle East, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt was reported to be fomenting an armed rebellion in Lebanon, a country once divided almost equally between Christians and Moslems, but recently distorted by the presence of 300,000 Moslem refugees who had fled from Palestine.

Suddenly the situation exploded. King Faisal of Iraq and his family were brutally murdered on July 14, 1958, by a group of army officers, who proclaimed a revolutionary pro-Nasser regime. President Camille Chamoun of Lebanon, fearful that his country's independence was now in the gravest danger, requested American military intervention. On July 16, with scarcely a few hours' notice, President Eisenhower sent me to Lebanon as his personal representative, with conveniently vague instructions to promote the best interests of the U.S.

By the time I arrived in Beirut, almost 7,000 Marines had landed and were patrolling the vicinity with tanks, armored amphibians and self-propelled atomic howitzers. As our forces had come to Lebanon at the invitation of President Chamoun, the first thing I did in Beirut was to pay my respects to the president at his official residence. There I found a tired and worried man, who for 67 days had been a self-made prisoner. Apparently he had not so much as looked out of a window during that time, and this undoubtedly was wise, as his chances of assassination were excellent. Under the Lebanese constitution the president of the republic was limited to one term in office, but Chamoun was proposing to amend the constitution and seek a second term, and this issue was one of the main reasons for the incipient civil war.

Since Berlin in 1945 I had not been in a more trigger-happy place than Beirut was at that time. Wild fusillades, bombings and arson were the order of the day and more especially the night. Lebanese disputes were not limited to major political differences and division between Christians and Moslems. There also was factional strife within political parties and between religious sects. Lebanese tradition required that the president must be a Christian and the premier a Moslem. However, the premier was the target of rival Moslems, who had set fire to his home and burned it down, with the loss of most of his possessions.

Centuries of alien military occupation evidently had caused every Lebanese to desire some type of firearm, preferably a rifle or a pistol. Most of the men are good shots, and they enjoy using their guns. I began to call upon Chamoun once or twice daily, in company with American Ambassador Robert M. McClintock, and I also had daily conversations with Adm. James L. Holloway Jr., commander of our forces landing in Lebanon. We agreed that much of the conflict concerned personalities and rivalries of a domestic nature, with no relation to international issues. Communism was playing no direct or substantial part, although Communists no doubt hoped to profit from the disorders. The outside influences came mostly from Egypt and Syria.

Evidence on tape

From talks with Chamoun, McClintock, Holloway and others, my estimate was that arrangements should be made for an immediate election of a president by the single-chamber parliament

Arrangements for assembling parliament were difficult to organize, because many members were hiding with the rebels, and Chamoun continued to keep his own intentions under a veil. It was not easy for him to withdraw as a candidate for a second term, and he never said he would support anyone else for the presidency. But Chamoun finally told me that he would not try to succeed himself. From that moment I knew the worst was over, and after congratulating the president on a statesmanlike decision, I said good-bye to him with a light heart. An orderly election soon transferred the presidency to Gen. Faud Chehab, a moderate acceptable to all factions, and ended an inflammatory civil war.

The 102-day American "occupation," it was estimated later, cost the United States $200 million. That financial reckoning reminded me of a call which I had received while in Beirut from the Turkish ambassador there. He told me he was delighted with American military initiative, but said jocularly that the United States should have bought off the Lebanese—it would have been much cheaper than sending in the fleet.

In 1959 I was promoted to Under Secretary for Political Affairs, the No. 3 spot in the Department of State and the highest post to which a career diplomat may reasonably aspire. It was a period of constant and almost routine friction with the Russians, and sometimes our Government was compelled to pay a high price for the privilege of maintaining diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. One such instance occurred when a C-130 heavy transport plane, with 17 American Air Force men on board, strayed about 40 miles across the Soviet frontier while en route from Turkey through the Lake Van region. Flying conditions in that area are notoriously bad owing to weather, but in this case there was some indication that a false radio beam was transmitted and that the American pilot mistakenly followed it. Without warning, Soviet fighter planes attacked the unarmed transport and shot it down in flames. All 17 airmen perished. The Soviet government ignored requests from the State Department for permission for American representatives to visit the scene to verify what had happened and to recover the bodies. Weeks later six badly mutilated corpses were sent to the United States. The Soviet government declared it had taken proper defensive measures to protect its air space, which the American plane had violated, and it warned that future offenders would be treated the same way.

By fortunate circumstances a radio operator in a nearby country made a tape recording at the time of the shooting, so we had a clearly audible record of the voices of the Soviet pilots and the orders emanating from their base. The conversations of the Soviet airmen included expressions in Russian such as "This time I got him!" "Down they go!" and similar excited comments. When the State Department received this tape-recording, I invited Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov, together with his air attaché, to come to my office. I explained the purpose of my invitation, and the tape recorder was started, Menshikov jumped to his feet, protesting that he would not listen. He became vehement, almost incoherent.

Continued efforts by our Government brought no apology or any other satisfaction from the Soviet government. Nevertheless, the Administration decided not to retaliate. We in the State Department could only speculate what effect this incident might have on the Russian mind—this knowledge that a brutal attack against unarmed Americans could be committed with impunity.

I had never dreamed that I would remain in the Department of State until my 65th birthday, the automatic retirement age for career ambassadors. At about that time I was offered an appointment to succeed the American ambassador to the German Federal Republic, David K. Bruce, who was resigning. I declined the honor, because I believe the automatic-retirement provision is wise. Among other things, it offers incentive to younger men. When I first went to work in Washington, the civil service had no pension plan, and every morning I would see employees hobbling on crutches to their offices or even being pushed along in wheelchairs. It was said in those days, "Few die, and none resign!"

The quality of the men and women in our foreign service today is excellent. They have been drawn from every section of the United States, and most of them are well educated and widely experienced. A new generation, competent and resourceful, is overcoming prejudice and doubt. In linguistics, in technical knowledge, in quality of reporting and negotiating, in promotion of the national interest, our foreign service now rates with the best. THE END

On the hot-war front again with General Mark W. Clark before the Korean truce.

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FICTION Although Peter Sourian left Boston six months after he was born there (April 7, 1933), and was raised in New York City, he returned to the Hub and graduated from Harvard in 1955. His first novel, "Miri," was published in 1957 — the date he went into the Army for two years. His second book, "The Best and the Worst of Times," appeared in 1961. Now a part time N.Y.U. instructor, he is at work on his third.

THE SECRET TOURNAMENT

She described the adventure to him and he had to try it on his own.

By PETER SOURIAN

Illustration by David Blossom

Get up." His oldest brother stood over him. Blanchet turned his face into the bed, but his brother ripped the cover off, grasped him by the hair, and pulled him up without a word.

Out on the meager meadow that morning it was damp and hot. His father, after leaning on his pitchfork and glaring at the sky, decided it might rain. So they sent Blanchet back to fetch the horse and wagon. He put the harness on slowly, calculating how much work he might escape until at last it would be time to put on his good clothes and leave.

Blanchet's father had told him the night before at supper that he was to take a suitcase his uncle Albert had stored in the loft for several years and travel by bus with it to the military sanatorium in the Alps, where Albert stayed. Uncle Albert had written that he was lonely for someone from home and that he would pay for the trip. He had been a sergeant in 1940. After the war they had made him a warrant officer, and then came the tuberculosis. He was the brother of Blanchet's dead mother.

Blanchet's mother had died nine years ago, the winter he was eight. Wistful for months afterward, he sometimes suddenly whispered *Mama* and cocked an ear, as if to trick reality, catch it by surprise. Silence then reminded him altogether as well as merely in his brain, that she would not come to him again. The week after she died, when the cold was less severe and the ground therefore less hard, the priest whose pastorate lay in that desolate part of France appeared, and she was buried. Uncle Albert had been in the village on leave at that time, and Blanchet still remembered a beribboned tunic, hung over the back of the chair at the fireside.

Now his father led the horse, and Blanchet followed along behind, heaving forkfuls of hay onto the creaking wagon, watching his brothers to see they did their share, as they watched him. He was glad it was hot—unless it rained, his brothers would be sweating in the afternoon sun while he rode grandly in the bus, rolling cigarettes and smoking them. There were only a few clouds, low in the southwest. His oldest brother would surely ask Martine Houlet to dance that evening. He wondered if she would, or if she would stay with the plain girls on the benches along the wall. His father kept taking drinks of wine out of his straw-covered bottle.

"Papa, I better go get dressed up. It'll be time for the bus."

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"He has a lot of time yet," Blanchet's old-
st brother said, but his father waggled the
ottle at Blanchet in dismissal. He plodded
o the house, stopping once for a moment to
vatch the men, bending and rising.

He held his breath, submerged his face in
he washbasin for a moment, and then wet his
ead in it. Then he put some grease on his
air, combed it, and got into his Sunday
lothes. He walked with Uncle Albert's heavy
uitcase up to Martine's house.

He looked down to the field which lay out
eyond it. Martine's mother wanted the two
enteen-year-olds to marry. She probably
new what they'd been at lately, down in that
eld. His father wanted them married too,
ecause of the value of the field. But then
lanchet would have to live in this house,
ith Martine's mother in it. Through the door ajar he heard the old widow rattling on. As he went inside, Martine was dutifully nodding. He got her out as quickly as he could.

The boy and the girl walked heavily along the road to Goublot's café, where the bus stopped.

"You dance with my brother tonight and you'll be sorry," Blanchet said. "Don't dance with anyone if you know what's good for you. I'll be back maybe in two days." He bent down to wipe the dust from his tight black shoes, and when he stood up again they saw the bus coming.

"Good-bye," he said. She looked thoughtful.

"I'll dance if I want," she said, as he turned his back to her. He pretended not to hear.

She came to the window at which he sat and said, "I like your brother. I'll dance with him all night." He grinned securely. Her face turned angry as the bus moved.

After a while Blanchet fell asleep to the sound of the motor, and when he woke up it was already late afternoon and the rain was coming down. The bus climbed up a steep winding road. He had never seen such hills before. The road became level again, and far off he thought there might be mountain peaks, but he couldn't be sure, because the sky was nearly the same color as the dim phantom shapes. It might be clouds, he thought. The bus didn't seem to be getting any closer. The road passed through a little valley. He drew from his pocket a crumpled slip of paper which Goublot had handed him the night before. He must change buses at a place called Le Fayet.

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SECRET TOURNAMENT

Now the mountains were definitely there, rising over the flat land.

The bus swung into a little square—Le Fayet. He got out last, thirsty from smoking, and waited until another bus came, older and smaller.

"Does this go up to Praz-Coutant?"

"Yes," the driver said.

"How much?"

"Eighty francs."

"To the army sanatorium?"

"That's a hundred francs. It's just above Praz-Coutant."

"How much farther is it past Praz-Coutant?"

"Four kilometers by the road. Less than one if you climb straight up," the driver said.

"Here's eighty francs. I'll get off at Praz-Coutant."

The bus went along a dry river bed for a while. Then it began to climb a grade steeper than he had ever seen before. The turns were sharp, and on one of them the driver had to stop the bus and back up, go forward, stop again and back up again, before going on.

At Praz-Coutant the driver bent forward to point up at one of several strange long buildings painted pink, light blue, light gray, with many little porches on them. Each building rose separately and large out of the pine trees above. It had begun to grow dark.

Blanchet got out and watched the bus disappear at the next turn. Then, finding a steep path going up the side of the slope, he ran along, slipping often, grabbing at roots, branches, and even tufts of grass, in order to keep his balance. He was soon tired and he stopped. The valley below him stretched out flat. He saw the roofs of many little wooden houses, and it was not yet too dark to see smoke from a chimney. He had never seen the land before from high above. He took many deep breaths. The air was cool and dry. Martine would be at the dance now.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"In weather like this, chains are an absolute necessity."

At the other side of the valley a great mountain loomed, snow-covered, a soft white in the light that remained. He went on, more slowly than before, often setting the big heavy suitcase down.

Inside the sanatorium a little nun, who wore very thick eyeglasses, led him through softly lit corridors with many closed doors. He wondered if he would get any supper.

"Number seventeen."

"Thank you, Sister," he said and waited for her tiny figure to slip away before he opened the door. The room was dark. It opened onto a little porch, and he saw two figures seated at a table there. They were eating.

"Uncle Albert," he murmured.

Albert stood up, came back into the room, peered at his face and then said, "Hello. Good. Was it a good trip? I'm glad you came."

Blanchet tried to think of what he had to say. "Here's the suitcase," he said.

"Thank you. Set it right there," Albert said and led him onto the porch. The other man, who seemed to be in his early twenties, had turned around and was looking carefully at Blanchet. He stood up to a great height and put out a long-fingered bony hand.

"Hello. I'm de Marcy. Albert's told me about you." Blanchet wondered what on earth Albert might have told this beak-nose man.

"Have you had an injection?" de Marcy asked. "A BCG?"

"What is it?" Blanchet looked back into the darkened room. There was a bed, a chair, a chest of drawers, and a sink with a faucet for running water.

"For tuberculosis," de Marcy said. "Everyone here is sick, you know." Albert laughed, making a short noise through his nose. "You don't want to get sick. You should have an injection," de Marcy said.

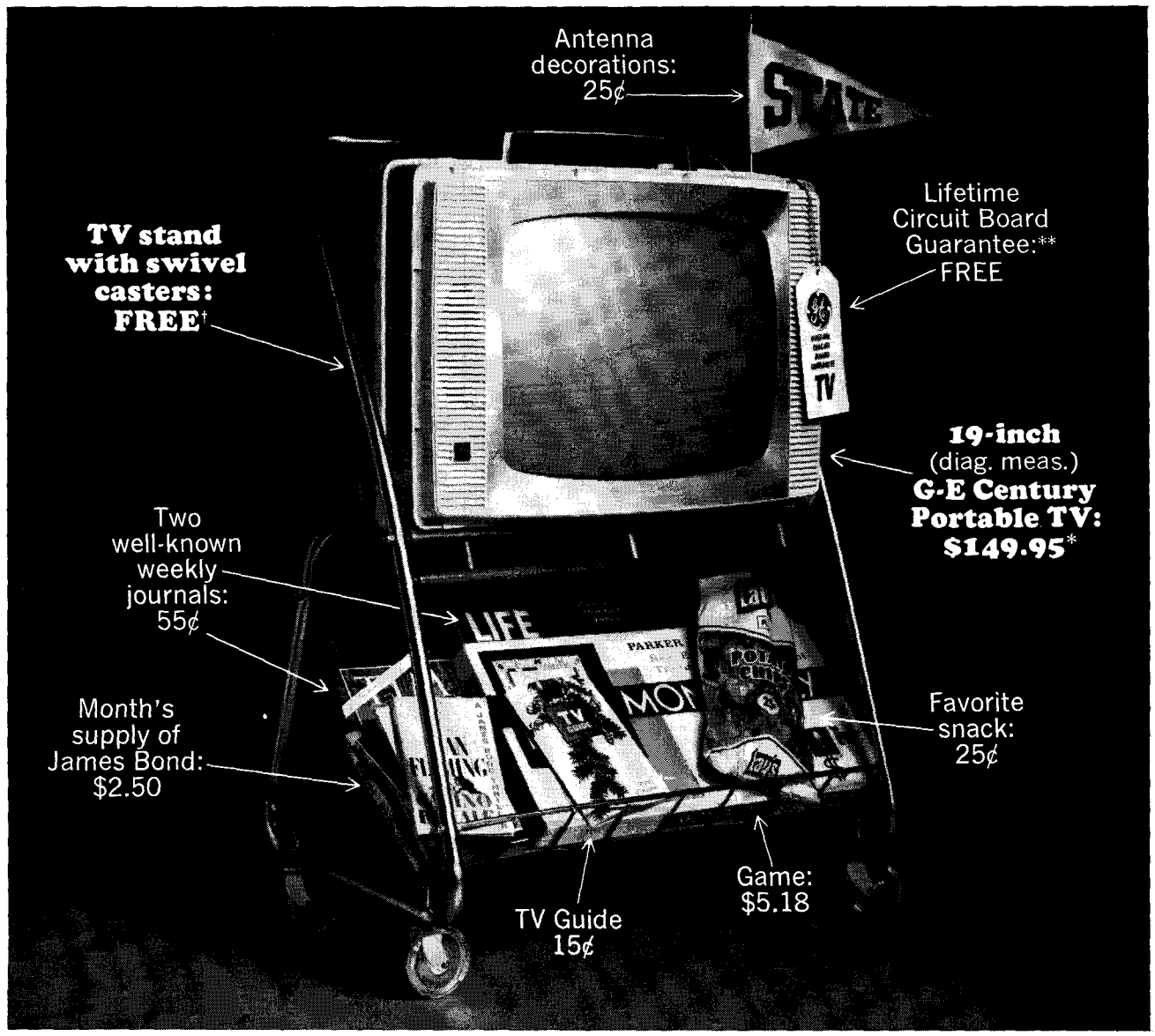
"Yes," Albert said. No one spoke for a moment. Blanchet was not about to speak.

Finally de Marcy said, "You're not afraid, are you?"

"No."

"Well," de Marcy said, smiling softly, "this injection is so that you will receive the germ of tuberculosis within your body. It will be isolated there, and then when you're exposed to other tuberculosis germs, you'll be immune to them."

"Immune means you won't get sick from it," Albert said.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Now all the fun rolls right along with you. Into the living room. Out to the porch. Off to the bedroom. A portable TV with console-sized 19" screen (diag. meas.). You'd pay $149.95* for comparable big portables *without* the stand. But now General Electric includes a beautiful Roll-around Coordinate—made with gleaming nickel-plated tubing and 3" caster wheels—at the same low retail price! Like all G-E TV sets, this handsomely styled Century includes a Lifetime Circuit Board Guarantee.** The offer is limited, so head for your G-E TV dealer's while his supply lasts.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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"I've never been sick," Blanchet said.

"Seriously," Albert said. "You should have one. We'll have the Sister take you to the laboratory tomorrow." Blanchet was hardly listening now. He wondered how long Albert would have to stay here. He looked all right.

"What do you do here all day long—if you don't work? That seems funny," Blanchet said, looking at Albert to reply.

"No. It's not funny," de Marcy said. "You get used to not doing anything and then it's not funny at all."

"Oh, we play games a lot. Morpion. That's a game you play with pencil and paper. We have a billiard tournament going on now," Albert said.

"We always have a billiard tournament going on," de Marcy said. "Do you play?"

"Yes."

Albert's eyes sparkled. "Goublot's. You learned to play at Goublot's café."

"Yes."

"I remember," Albert said. "Yes, I would play a game there now and then, in the old days."

"See this scale," de Marcy said, looking down now at the tabletop. He fingered a small scale and said, as if to himself, "We have to weigh our food on it every day this week, before every meal. What a devil of a thing for a man to have to do."

"The doctors are making experiments," Albert said. Albert went to his dresser inside the room and got out some bread and some dried-up bits of cheese. "There's some wine over there," he said, nodding back toward the table.

Blanchet began to eat and drink, sensing de Marcy's eyes too much upon him. "Well, good night," de Marcy said at last. After he had left, Albert seemed more relaxed.

"You know, de Marcy's a count. Nobility. I like him," he said.

"A count? What's he doing here?"

"Talk softly. He can hear us from his porch. . . . He was in the army, first in Morocco and then with the Alpine troops. A great mountain climber. Then he got sick, like me. See that mountain? That's the highest one there is—Mont Blanc. He's climbed it probably a dozen times, and all the other mountains around here." Albert leaned across the table, and his voice became confidential. "He's really a count, but I'm pretty sure he doesn't have much money. Have you ever heard of the Grimaults? Château Grimault Cheese? He's marrying the daughter. She's worth a fortune, and she's up here visiting him. They spent the whole time talking about climbing mountains—the whole time."

Then Albert asked about their own village. Blanchet couldn't think of much, and when he stopped, saying, "I don't know; there's nothing else to tell," Albert said, "Well, what's everything like?" Finally Albert handed him a blanket. "I didn't know when you'd come," he said. "If I'd known, there would have been some supper. Tomorrow you'll get to eat a lot, because we'll pay the girl who brings me food something extra."

"But I have to go back tomorrow."

Albert stared down at the tile floor, and didn't look like the soldier-uncle Blanchet remembered. "I didn't want you to come just because of the suitcase. I wanted someone from home. We sit around all day up here, and we're not supposed to move. We're supposed to lie still on that cot out on the porch all day—that's where you'll sleep at night while I sleep in here—and we just lie there. The others read, like de Marcy; and anyway, his girl's here staying with her aunt at the hotel down at Praz-Coutant. But I don't like to read. De Marcy keeps suggesting books to me and teaches me games. Living right next to me, and eating his meals on the porch with me, he's gotten used to having me around. He and I won the last billiard tournament together. . . . Look, stay a few days if you can."

"Well, Papa wouldn't ——"

"I'll write and explain to him."

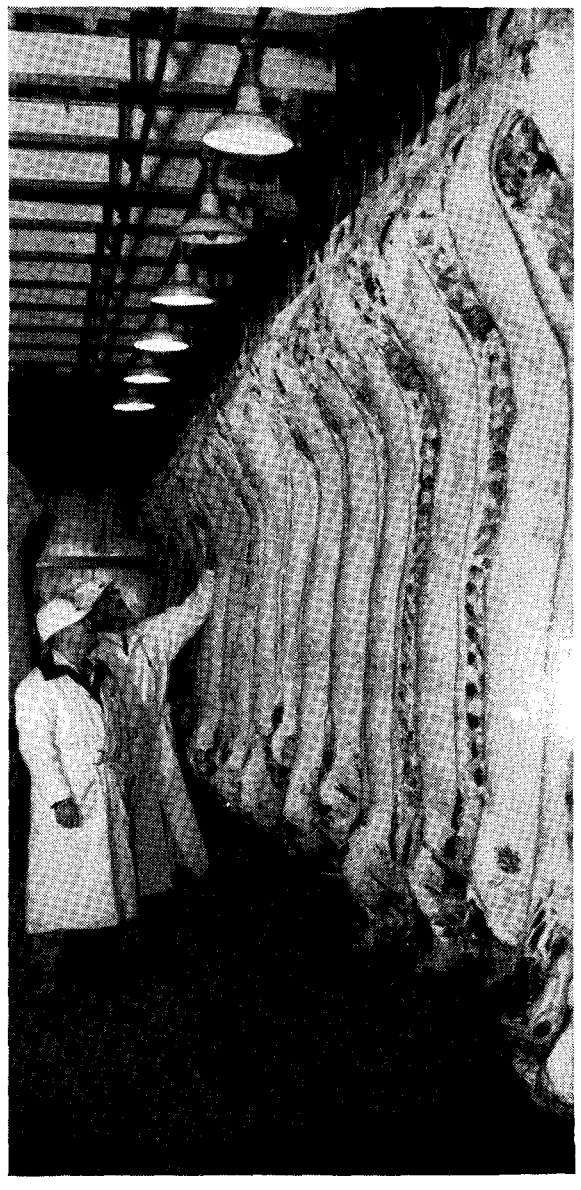
"I'd better go to sleep," Blanchet said.

He lay on the cot, looking dully at the mountain that faced them all. The mountain glistened softly under the big moon, and only the night before, he had caught sight of a rabbit in Martine's field under the moonlight. I'd like to stay, he thought, and then he pictured his father, leaning forward, studying the green billiard table at Goublot's, with the electric-light bulb hanging above his head. He wondered what kind of food there was in the sanatorium—if there was a lot of it.

He opened his eyes, and, as he turned his head, the first thing he saw, beyond the large thick wooden railing of the porch, was the mountainside, now bright white. He lay back again, almost realizing that here he was not obliged to get out of bed. He moved his eyes past the overhanging roof above the porch until he saw the clean sky. He turned his body, making as little noise as possible, though the joints of the cot squeaked. He watched Albert's blanket move gently up and down. The door opened, and a woman dressed in white came in with a tray. She passed through the room onto the porch

Above—*Joe O. Neuhoff, left, discusses the Neuhoff Brothers' cattle feeding operation near Milford, Texas, with Bill Moon, Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer. Neuhoff Brothers are currently fattening 30,000 cattle on their 150 acre feed lot, one of the most modern automated feeding operations in the nation. 300 tons of feed are required each day.*

Below—*Joe B. Neuhoff, Head of Beef Department, and Dave Handley, Neuhoff Brothers' Safety Director, examine hanging hooks in the beef storage room.*



Wausau Story

How we cut our lost-time accident rate 38%

by **JOE O. NEUHOFF,** *Secretary-Treasurer, Neuhoff Brothers Packers, Inc., Dallas, Texas*

"Providing meat for America's tables is a lean profit business. The industry average is only .7 of 1%. So we have to pay close attention to every phase to have the necessary capital for expansion of operations and employee benefits. And, of course, lost-time accidents play hob with profit margins.

"In May, we at Neuhoff Brothers sat down with Employers Mutuals' people and planned a new safety program. First we established a management safety committee. These men wrote a statement of safety policy, set objectives and outlined a program to carry them out.

"Our Safety Director, working with our Employers Mutuals Safety Engineer put the program to work. All accidents were investigated and steps taken to prevent their repetition. We awarded free dinners to departments that went from 90 to 150 days without an accident depending on the risk factor involved. Winning departments were widely publicized.

"Literature, posters and special efforts of the committee and department heads helped keep safety in everyone's mind.

"Thanks to this continuing program and the fine cooperation of our employees, we cut our lost-time accident rate by 38% over the previous corresponding yearly period."

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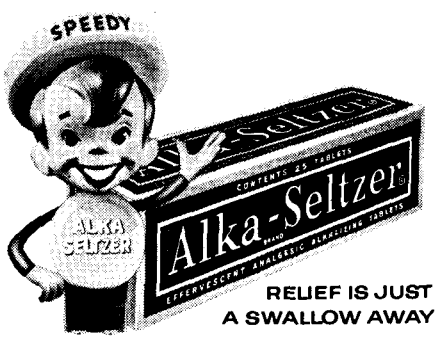

RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

SECRET TOURNAMENT

and set it on the table. She smiled and said "Good morning." Blanchet nodded. He waited for her to leave and then jumped out of bed toward the smell. There was a large pot of coffee, a small one of hot milk, some bowls, bread and butter. Butter, he thought, putting on his trousers. As he sat down and began to eat, Albert arose.

"Good morning," he said.

"I think maybe I'll stay a day or two," Blanchet said, munching.

"Good. The air's cold up here, but it doesn't make you feel cold, does it?"

"That's right," Blanchet said. Albert took a white bathrobe out of a closet and put it on. "What's that?"

"It's a bathrobe. They give them to you. De Marcy has two that he brought up himself. They're his own. One's green silk and the other's wool."

As Albert finished his coffee, the tiny nun came in carrying a bottle full of clear fluid with a rubber tube attached to it. She hung the bottle on a hook set in the wall above the bed. Albert lay down, turned his head away and held his arm out. She stuck a needle into it. Blanchet winced. The level of the fluid in the bottle slowly descended. The nun took the needle out of Albert's arm and left with the empty bottle.

"You're lucky you're not sick. I'll never be well," Albert said as he dressed, and at this Blanchet felt embarrassed, so he pretended to be looking out over the valley.

The Count de Marcy came in, and after a few minutes the three of them went down the corridor to the billiard room, where the count took up a cue and, chalking it carefully, asked Blanchet if he would play.

Blanchet kept winning and the count kept saying, "Fantastic," smiling. Soon the tiny nun came in and told the count that his fiancée had arrived and was waiting in his room. They racked the cues and went back down the corridor. The count opened the door to his room, and Blanchet glimpsed a girl in brown and green seated with her back to the door. "We'll see you at lunchtime," the count said.

When they were back in the room, Albert said, "How about some belote?" Blanchet won the first few hands. After scoring each hand, Albert would look up with a sad expression on his face. Sometimes after playing a card he suddenly showed anger and swore briefly but bitterly.

Blanchet was losing a hand, partly on purpose, disgusted by the fits of anger, when they heard a knock at the door. It was de Marcy and the girl. Blanchet heard the girl's soft voice say urgently, "Don't get up, don't get up!" What does she mean? he thought.

"Ah! Belote!" the count exclaimed. Blanchet knew the count was standing right behind him. Now Blanchet wanted very much to win the hand he had begun so listlessly, during which he had thought of returning home right away after all. What does she look like? he wondered, sure that a count's fiancée would be beautiful.

"You don't play bridge by any chance, do you? I don't suppose so," the count said.

"No. Just this," Blanchet said, staring hard at the table.

"You should learn. I'd like to see how you would play bridge. If you knew, then the four of us could play. I taught Albert."

"It's a nice game," Albert said, "but I don't play too well."

"I'm sure you play very well," the girl said.

Blanchet lost the hand. Albert stood up, and then he did.

"My fiancée, Lucienne Grimault," the count said. Nodding and mumbling, Blanchet moved backward and hit his elbow against the white sink. They all sat down on the porch. While the others talked, he sat staring down at the table, hardly listening, looking up sometimes, glancing at the girl when no one noticed.

"What's life for, after all, if you can't live it?" the count was saying, his voice strong and resonant.

"Oh Robert, please," the girl said. "If you wouldn't talk about things all the time, you'd probably get better more quickly."

"I can't ever get better. All they can do is stabilize the thing; then one day it'll get out of equilibrium, and I'll be back where I started. God! I can't even play *tennis!*"

"Please stop distressing me this way," Lucienne Grimault said. "You're so pessimistic. . . . Oh, I'm sorry. Let's talk about something else."

But the count and Albert kept on talking about tuberculosis until lunchtime. Blanchet stopped listening altogether, as they became more intense and more obscure. The girl dealt out a game of solitaire. She did not finish the game but gathered up the cards and idly began to shuffle them. Blanchet watched her hands. Now she began to look up at him from time to time, brief glances describing exasperation. He began to return her looks, and once he shrugged his shoulders. He could not really believe in this sickness. The two men looked as healthy as anyone else. They smoked; they talked with energy.

Lunch was brought in by the woman who had brought breakfast. "We even have to do ridiculous things like weighing what we eat and putting it all down in a notebook," said the count, grimacing with disgust. Yet he and Albert set about this work with so much concentration that when Lucienne Grimault murmured, "You actually look as if you're enjoying it," neither of the men heard her.

There was stew, and Blanchet ate rapidly, with his head down, until he sensed that the girl was watching him eat. He looked at the others. They were eating more slowly. The count did not touch his bread. They were not using their spoons, but forks.

After lunch the nun came into the room and out onto the porch. As tiny as she was, she seemed to look down upon them from a great distance. "Our visitors will have to leave until the gentlemen have had their rest cure. And you must go to your room right this minute, Monsieur de Marcy. Now don't gossip from one porch to another. . . . They always do," she said, turning to the girl. "Your fiancé is a frightfully talkative young man."

"Yes, Sister, he certainly is," the girl said, laughing.

"Lucienne, in the meantime, why don't you take Blanchet to where we went yesterday," the count said.

"All right."

They walked slowly, she on one side of the dusty road and Blanchet on the other. She half-called across the road, "They take this rest cure and they mustn't speak or play games. They don't even read. My fiancé's turning into such a baby up here. He's really not very sick. Just a touch of it, that's all he has. I think it's all exaggerated, don't you?"

She left the road and went along a path in the woods. He followed her into a clearing. They were on a cliff overlooking the valley and facing the mountain. She pointed to it. "That's Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. My fiancé and I climbed it together. He's a very good Alpinist. At least he was. Oh, I like the mountains so much better than the seashore. I'm in love with them."

She stepped gingerly toward the edge of the cliff. Then she leaned forward and peered down. "Look! Isn't that nice and frightening?" He came beside her and took two steps farther, nearer to the edge. Dark great gray rocks, some smooth and massive, some jagged, lay below, surrounded by the green mass of clustered evergreen treetops. "I'm afraid to go this close to the edge. It takes my breath away," she said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can you hear me, chief? I ran into a little problem out here at the zoo."

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"Yes!" he said suddenly and definitely. He took another step which brought the toes of both his feet beyond the edge. The girl stared at him.

"I'm not like you," she said. "I try not to be afraid of looking down, but I can't help it. It's vertigo. That's what some people have, and they just can't help themselves. I guess you haven't got it."

When they had walked back to the path, Blanchet motioned toward Mont Blanc with his hand. "You've climbed that. You must be a good climber."

"No, I'm not. Even though it's the highest, in a sense it's the least dangerous. I mean, it's difficult mostly because it gets you tired. At the top there isn't too much oxygen, almost five thousand meters altitude, and sometimes you get sick. I felt a little sick up there. But there isn't much bad climbing."

They came out of the woods again and the girl pointed away from Mont Blanc to a cliff that jutted above and around them. He could see a small waterfall at the center of it that emptied onto the green steep meadow also far above them. "Now look at that cliff," she said. "It's not even above the snow line. Far lower than that. But it's very hard to climb. As a matter of fact, only one person's ever done it by following the waterfall. That's the only possible approach to the top from this side. Guides won't even take you up there."

"Who did it?"

"A man named Clay. An army officer. He's a friend of ours. He's sort of a wild adventurer. Very brave. And the most amazing thing is he did it alone, just in sneakers, and not even with a rope."

"It doesn't look too hard to me."

She laughed. "You just try it. It's shale, and you think there are a lot of places to hold on, but if you hold on to what looks like a nice place, all of a sudden the hold crumbles, right in your hand. The guides all think he's a little crazy. But they respect him."

"He sounds crazy to me."

"Well, let's go," the girl said. As they walked back, she said nothing. He supposed he had insulted her in some way. Maybe because he had said he thought Clay sounded crazy. He wished he hadn't, and turned his head sometimes to look back at the waterfall above and behind them.

They found Albert and the count in the billiard room with the tiny nun, who glanced at them as they entered. "Has the boy had an injection?"

"No," Albert said.

"You should know better than that. We mustn't take risks. Come along with me, young man." The nun led him briskly down the corridor to the laboratory. What will Papa say about my staying so long? He was worried, but he knew that now he would not return immediately, not to the haying, not to his brothers, not to Martine. He stood waiting as a fat nun put the needle in his arm, held it there, and then slowly drew it out. He went back to Albert's room, holding a gauze patch over the red dot on his skin. Now I have a reason to stay, he thought, for the fat nun had told him it would take time to see that the injection worked.

After supper the four of them sat on the porch, playing the game called morpion. Then the count and the girl said good night and went into the count's room.

Blanchet hesitated, then asked Albert: "How old is she? I can't tell."

"Seventeen. Some old aunt of hers staying with her at the hotel at Praz-Coutant. She was up here for a while the first day. But I don't think she likes to take the walk up here."

"She acts older than seventeen," Blanchet said.

"Sure. She's upper class. They do that."

There was a soft knock at the door. It was the girl. "He fell asleep right away," she said, looking at Albert. "I wonder if your nephew would take me back to the hotel?"

"Sure," Albert said.

They hunted their way down the path through the darkness. For the first time Blanchet tried to think of something to say that she would like. They went on and on in silence, and his need to speak grew into a kind of panic. He told himself that he didn't care, he didn't care. At last, just as they reached the hotel, he said abruptly, "I could climb that waterfall. And I don't know anything about it. But I can see it wouldn't be hard for me."

She laughed. "Don't be silly. You'd kill yourself."

"I could do it."

She laughed again, and skipped up the hotel steps, leaving him alone in the darkness.

The next morning, sitting with the count and Albert, on the porch, smoking army cigarettes, already rolled, Blanchet thought, I will leave soon, wondering how he could bring himself to leave, now frightened, not knowing what to do.

"Lucienne!" The count suddenly leaned over the railing and called to her as she came up the path. She waved, a sliver of dress in the sunlight, a dozen meters away.

"Guess what!" the count cried. "Look at this telegram." He took a piece of paper from his shirt pocket and handed it to her. She read it, then handed it back up to him and clapped her hands.

"Oh, wonderful! Clay is coming! And he promised to take me climbing with him!"

"He'll be here this afternoon," the count said.

Blanchet looked at her. He was holding his breath, afraid of this Clay coming.

Clay arrived just before supper, driving a Citroën. He embraced the count, and they both laughed heartily. Then he took Lucienne's two hands in his and looked directly into her eyes. "Last time I saw you, you were bundled up in a horrible gray coat, your hair was a mess, you were fifteen years old, and you were buying postcards in Chamonix, choosing the ones with the most abominable colors. But now look at you!"

"They were for my aunts and uncles and cousins, who have a taste for such colors," she said, and smiled at him.

Blanchet wondered if Lucienne would ask him to take her back to the hotel that evening, then thought of Clay's Citroën and knew she would not.

"Lucienne," Clay said, "are you going climbing with me tomorrow? I'll take you up the Belvédère."

"Yes."

"Good," Clay said. Then he told a joke which Blanchet did not understand. The others laughed. Blanchet turned to look out at the valley. Then he forced himself to turn and walk heavily past them to the door. He opened the door, walked out of the room, went down the corridor. When he was outside, he sat down on the steps, took out his knife, picked up a stick and began to whittle, cutting more and more violently into the wood. He waited until the air turned chilly and the sky began to

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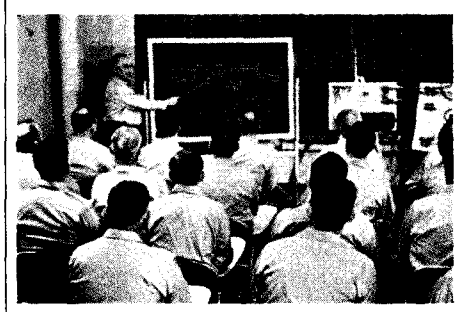

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darken more rapidly before he went back inside and stood in the corridor for a while, not knowing where to move. The tiny nun passed by and turned to look at him. "Is anything the matter?" she said.

"No." He went back outside. He sat down on the steps again, opening his knife and closing it many times. At last Lucienne and Clay came out. "Good evening," she said. Clay nodded. Blanchet nodded back. Clay opened the door of the Citroën for her, then went around to the other side and got in himself. Blanchet watched the car disappear around the corner; then he went back to Albert's room. When Albert had turned out the light, Blanchet lay down on the cot. I can't fall asleep anymore, he thought, amazed.

In the morning Lucienne and Clay came up and had coffee with them. She was wearing a neat new-looking blue parka with a hood. Their boots had laces and straps and shining metal hooks at the tops. Clay's hobnails clicked on the concrete floor of the porch. The count kissed Lucienne on the cheek. "Sorry I haven't shaved yet," he said, with a grave look. "Take care of yourself. Don't let her do anything foolish, Clay."

"We'll be back this evening," Clay said. "I don't want to wake up stiff tomorrow. We'll just do a quick little climb."

And then they were gone. Blanchet waited a few minutes. The count looked pale to him. He was smoking a leather-covered pipe, and a lock of black hair hung down over his forehead. "How about a game of billiards?" he said, staring suddenly at Blanchet.

"No, thanks," Blanchet said, and he went outside. Alone, he looked up at the green meadows high above him. It was a warm morning; the grass up there seemed cool, and suddenly nice to roll around in. The sun had long since carried off the dew. Above the strips of meadow the line of cliff rose evenly and cleanly, forming an arc like the rim of a bowl. The line of cliff was not as far away as the mountains across the valley. It seemed higher, and he saw why it might be difficult to climb. Mont Blanc seemed big and soft. He yawned, his body nervous, directly faced the waterfall that split the bowl, and began walking toward it. The sun kept annoying his eyes. He went into a little wood and stood before the motionless water of a little pond and saw the tops of the little pine trees and the tops of other trees reflected on its surface. He was all alone, and it was very quiet, and he made no noise.

He looked up again—his fists slowly clenched tighter and his legs trembled a little. Silently his body convulsed now, and then some tears came slowly from his eyes, and he did not seem able to make his body stop, although he did not move his feet from where they had been placed.

He began to run in the direction of the waterfall, around the pond, straight into the mazed undergrowth. The soles of his shoes were slippery on the grass. The bed of the stream was almost dry. He followed it, slipping and falling once into what water there was. He lay there a moment, and then got up, ran on, glad to be alone, sometimes forcing his body to make his eyes look up into the sun and catch the glimmering cliffs which did not seem to get closer. There were large dry white rocks and dark wet ones. His lungs and his throat ached. When I reach the strip of meadow I'll rest for a while, he thought.

The count awoke and found his hands clasped tightly together as if in prayer. The blanket lay twisted on the floor. Five minutes later the gentle bell rang, announcing the end of rest cure. He took his high-powered binoculars from the bureau drawer, hung them about his neck and went out to the back of the sanatorium, wondering why Albert's nephew had not appeared for lunch, and scanned the cliffs idly. Then suddenly through the lenses he saw a figure standing on the steep ground at the base of the waterfall. He focused.

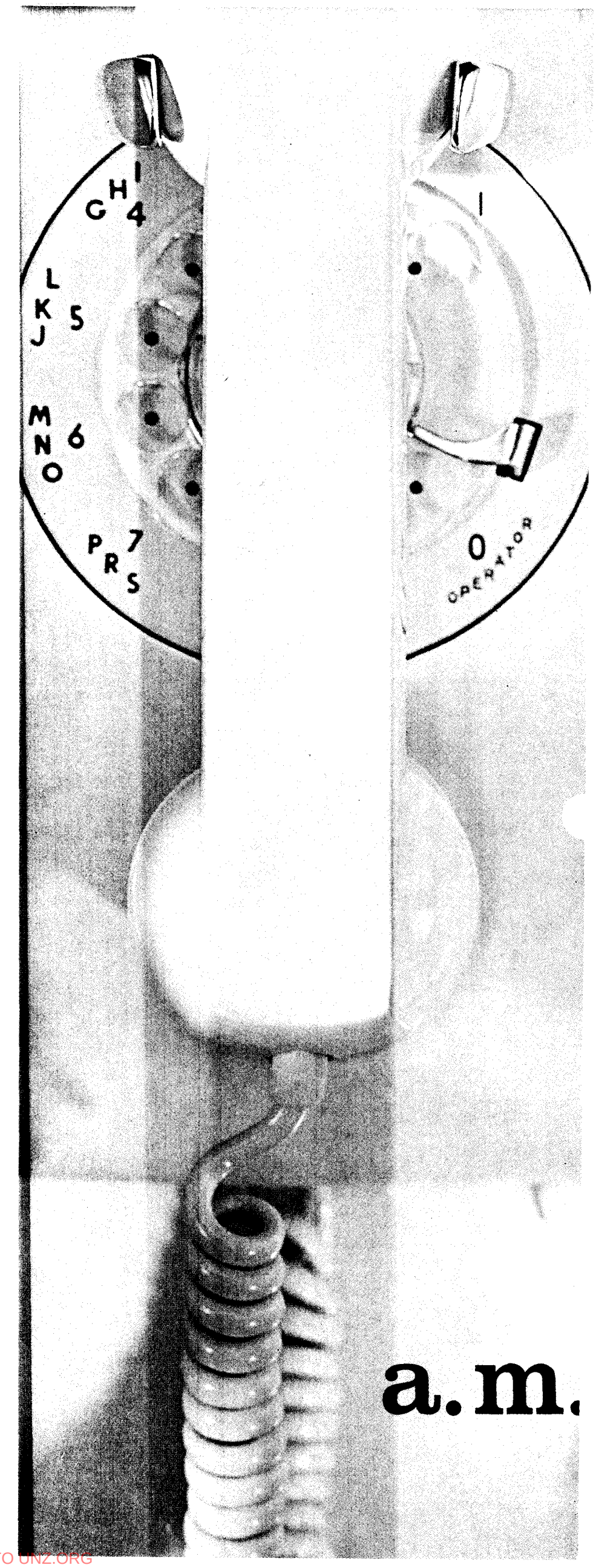
It was unmistakably Blanchet, who stood still for a moment, then, seeming to have decided which way to go, moved close to the face of the rock, slowly put his hands out, feeling for places to hold. How on earth, Count de Marcy thought, does he expect to climb in such impossible shoes?

Now Blanchet stood with his back to the rock on a narrow ledge which led to the trickle of water wetting the rocks, making them slippery. He was looking down at the grass below. He pulled off his sweater and stepped carefully along the ledge until he had gone up about twelve meters. He looked down again, slowly took off the stiff leather-soled shoes, and placed them on the ledge. He took his socks off and bent carefully down to put them in one of the shoes. De Marcy could see his face again as he straightened his back, then turned slowly to study the rock. He put a hand against it, and as he took a step, his handhold crumbled, tumbling the shale to the ledge and to the ground farther below.

Another ten meters. The bright light had left Blanchet's part of the sky. Now his hands were groping for a hold above his head on an apparently smooth surface. De Marcy gasped. Blanchet's feet had left the ledge, and were moving jerkily along the rock face, seeking. He was hanging by his arms. Only his feet moved. Then they stopped moving, having found no place, and the body rose, first in a jerk, then more and more slowly, until the motion upward seemed to stop and both arms were bent. At last the motion began again almost imperceptibly, until one elbow, then the other, rested on the higher narrower ledge. The body hung in that fashion for a time, until one knee found the ledge, then the other. Now it rose to its feet. It stood some twenty-five meters above the grass, and only one obstacle prevented it from reaching the top. But Blanchet had taken the wrong way, and de Marcy knew he could not possibly succeed. De Marcy let the binoculars hang from his neck and hurriedly lighted a cigarette. Then he took them up again in time to see that the boy was standing motionless, facing the face of the rock, holding his head as far from it as he could, studying its deceptive wealth of handholds. De Marcy knew how treacherous the shale was, how easily it crumbled in the hand. He'll come down now, de Marcy thought. But Blanchet's hands groped higher. A small shower of stone fell past him. His hands began again to grope. More stones fell.

At last the boy seemed to have given up, for he began his descent. One step. Then he stopped, retraced the step, had changed his mind, for now he groped again with his hands, and seemed to have found holds—he raised a bare foot, placed it against the rock face, raised the other foot. Then he fell, first to the ledge, then to the ground far below.

The count stared for several minutes through the binoculars at the inert body.



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Then he walked slowly back to his room, sat down on the bed and reached over to the night table, taking a book from it, remembering, as he had at other times, how glad he was that he would never climb again, now that he was safely and honorably ill. The Sister came to leave some clean towels on the dresser. After she had quietly departed, he began to turn pages, wondering what he ought to do.

"Supper's come." It was Albert, leaning over the railing of his own porch, calling. The count sighed, placed the book on the bed and went into Albert's room.

They spooned the food onto the nickel plates, weighed it, and the count put down figures in the little notebook.

"Why don't you take some more meat?" Albert asked solicitously.

"We'll save it for your nephew. He missed lunch, and besides, you know I can't work up a decent appetite here doing nothing."

Then Lucienne and Clay arrived, both looking red around the eyes. "Quite a wind up in the Red Needles," Clay said, as Lucienne went quickly to de Marcy, knelt, and put her hands upon his knee.

"Oh, it was wonderful," she said. "And the best was that, high as we were, I wasn't really a bit afraid looking down this time. I had the rope around me, of course. And we had cold tea when we got to the top, out of Clay's flask, and somehow that was the best of all. I felt as if I'd earned it, and my mouth was so dry."

The count put a hand out to her blond hair. "So you had a good time," he said. "But you must be tired. Why don't you go back to the hotel with Clay and have some supper? You deserve it."

"Hungry, Lucienne?" Clay said.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Mr. Geegle fell into the mimeograph machine!"

"I certainly am," the girl said. "But let's stay awhile before we go."

A few minutes after they had left, someone knocked at Albert's door. "Come in," Albert said. The door opened and two women were standing in the corridor, the older one dressed in black. A black shawl framed her fleshy face. The young girl kept her head down. Albert rose, bent forward, and peered at them.

"Monsieur Albert?" the older woman said.

"Yes."

"I am Madame Houlet. We are looking for your nephew. His father says he came up here."

"Yes."

"I don't want to bother you."

"Well, it's a pleasure to see someone from home," Albert said.

"You see, Monsieur Albert, we have a problem ——" The mother glanced at de Marcy, who rose quickly and excused himself. He went back to his own room and stood silently on the porch, staring up at the summer stars, listening.

". . . And we came on the bus. His brother wants to marry her, and I agree that's the best, but she made me come up here first. She says she doesn't want to marry the brother. She says she wants to marry this one. She says this is the one that made her pregnant. His father wants him home too."

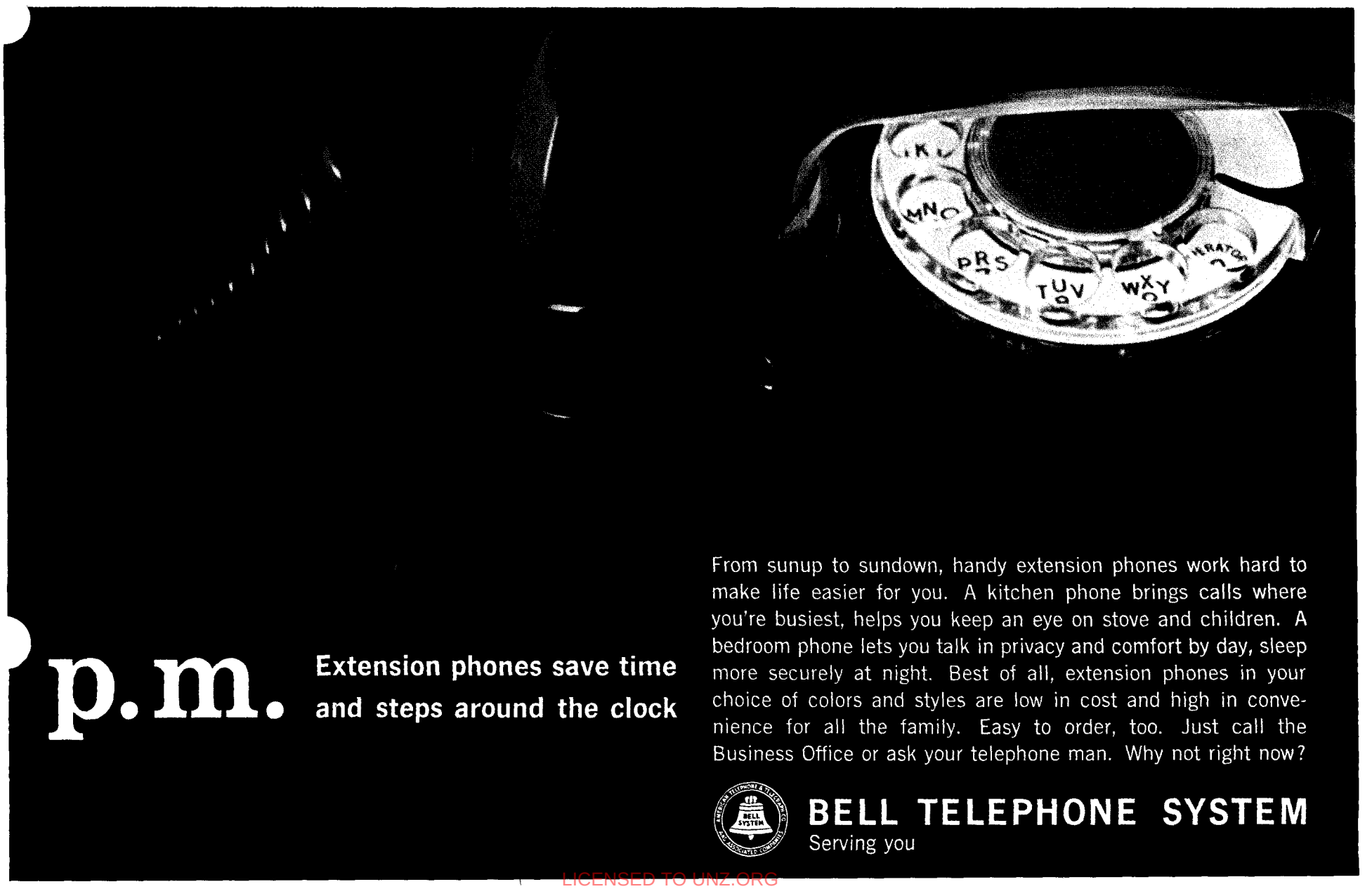
"He was out all day, but he'll be back in a little while. He hasn't had any supper yet."

There was a silence.

"He's *special!*" The girl cried out suddenly, in a defiant tone of absolute conviction.

"As for you," her mother said, "the cause of the trouble, you and him, and dragging me up here, and the money it cost, you can just keep your mouth shut."

The count heard them settling down to wait. He fumbled two sleeping pills out of a vial on his night table, swallowed them with a little water, undressed, and went to bed. Ill-equipped, untrained and ignorant, he thought. He did, however, certainly hope that the fool had died instantaneously—yes, yes, he was surely dead. Tomorrow, de Marcy told himself, he would scan the cliff line with his binoculars and discover the body. But until daylight came there was nothing to be done. THE END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A Family Man

"Every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way"

Sparling sat at his desk in the main office of the international bank he had been with for seven years and sipped his third coffee of the morning. There were two other desks in the room, both vacant at the moment but both ready to serve any other returning overseas branch officer. The room, numbered 703, was in fact a kind of pipeline depot. That Sparling had been in it for almost four months, longer than was the rule for overseas personnel awaiting reassignment, was due to a personal crisis rather than any review of his professional performance. The bank liked the job Sparling had done for them in Honduras, but Sparling was being divorced, and until that was settled there was nothing for him to do but wait in Room 703.

He had taken the desk a week before, following the departure of the last other man to share the room with him. It was the nearest desk to the window, and from it Sparling could look down into the building's plaza, a generous cavity in the architect's ground plan, where at lunch hour clerical employees gathered and idled under a sun tunneling down to them past fifty-four floors of glass and sectional steel.

The only piece of paper on Sparling's desk was a list of names and telephone numbers, a list unconcerned with banking. Each name had been checked off and a dollar amount or, in two cases, a dash penciled beside it, with the exception of the last: Wexler, Louis.

Sparling drank the rest of his coffee, lit a cigarette and picked up the phone.

"Yes?" asked a girl's voice.

"This is the last one, Elaine, honest," he said, and gave her the number.

He sat back, drawing on his cigarette while the relays clicked.

"Raleigh Mills, good morning."

"Hello. I'd like to speak to Mr. Wexler, please. Mr. Louis Wexler."

More clicking, then a third voice sounding no different from the first two (raising a bizarre vision—the one and only all-American switchboard operator faking the whole routine from a single huge board): "Mr. Wexler's office."

"Is Mr. Wexler in? This is Avery Sparling calling."

"Let me see," and a moment later, "Go ahead, please."

"Hello?"

"Louie, this is Ave Sparling, from St. Andy's. How are you?"

"Ave, for Pete's sake! I'm fine. She said Avery Sparling and I thought it was some eager-beaver insurance man working a list. It just didn't connect. How are you? Or wait a minute, maybe you *are* selling insurance."

"No," said Sparling with a slight laugh. "I'm with the United Trust. But you weren't too far wrong. I am after your money."

"So it's come to that, has it? Overextended yourselves with that new office building."

"Wrong again. I'm not calling professionally. Louie, you know that Joe Trumbull died, don't you?"

There was a moment's silence before Louie's voice, now bouncing low, said, "Joe? No, I hadn't heard. Gosh that's awful. How old was he?"

"Fifty-three, I think. He died—oh, about four weeks ago. He got caught in a storm up in Maine waters—you may remember, he was quite a sailor—and he must have got hit by the boom or something. Anyway, they found the boat capsized and Joe floating not too far from it."

"Oh gee, Ave, that's awful. I can't tell you how sorry I am to hear it."

"Well, you know, Louie, he was someone I guess we all thought was pretty extraordinary, quiet as he was. I don't suppose there was another master who was held in more affection by our class."

"No, I guess not. Gee, that's terrible news."

"Anyway, a couple of us got the idea that it might be nice if the class could donate some sort of memorial to the school in Joe's name. Naturally the first thing we thought of was Joe's woodworking shop. You may remember how old and pretty well shot most of those tools were. That one band saw was almost a joke, the way it couldn't hold a blade, and even the chisels had had about two inches honed off them. So we came up with the idea of complete new equipment—hand tools, a new band saw, lathe, drill press and maybe even a planer—and then putting up a small plaque, nothing large or too obvious, saying that all shop equipment was a gift of the Class of 1950 in memory of Joe Trumbull."

"I think that's a swell idea. At this point I wouldn't know a lathe from a planer, but it sounds to me like a perfect gesture."

"You're the last one to be called, Louie—you know, going at it alphabetically—and if we could count on you for twenty-five dollars we'd have all we need. Only two fellows, two out of the forty-five we've been able to locate, have turned us down."

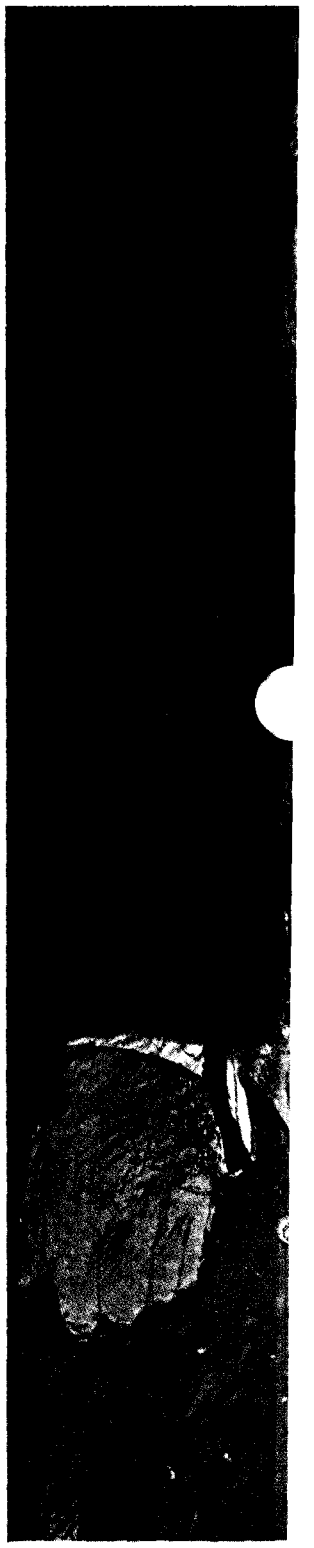
"You've sold me, Ave, don't worry. I'll write out a check today."

"That's great, Louie. We can go ahead then with the actual gift. My address, by the way, is ——"

"Ave?"

"Yes?"

"Listen, tell me about yourself. I don't think I've seen you since—gee, I guess it's since graduation. Are you married?"



By DONALD HUTTER

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—but what a variety of special ways of being unhappy families seem to find nowadays.

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POST FICTION Donald Hutter, whose first published work was a children's book written at the age of 13, was born in London and lived in Spain, Austria and Switzerland before coming to the United States in 1938. ("German, my first language," he recalls, "was forgotten in a crash program to teach me English.") After Princeton, he spent two Army years in Korea. He is now an editor with Charles Scribner's Sons and lives in Connecticut.

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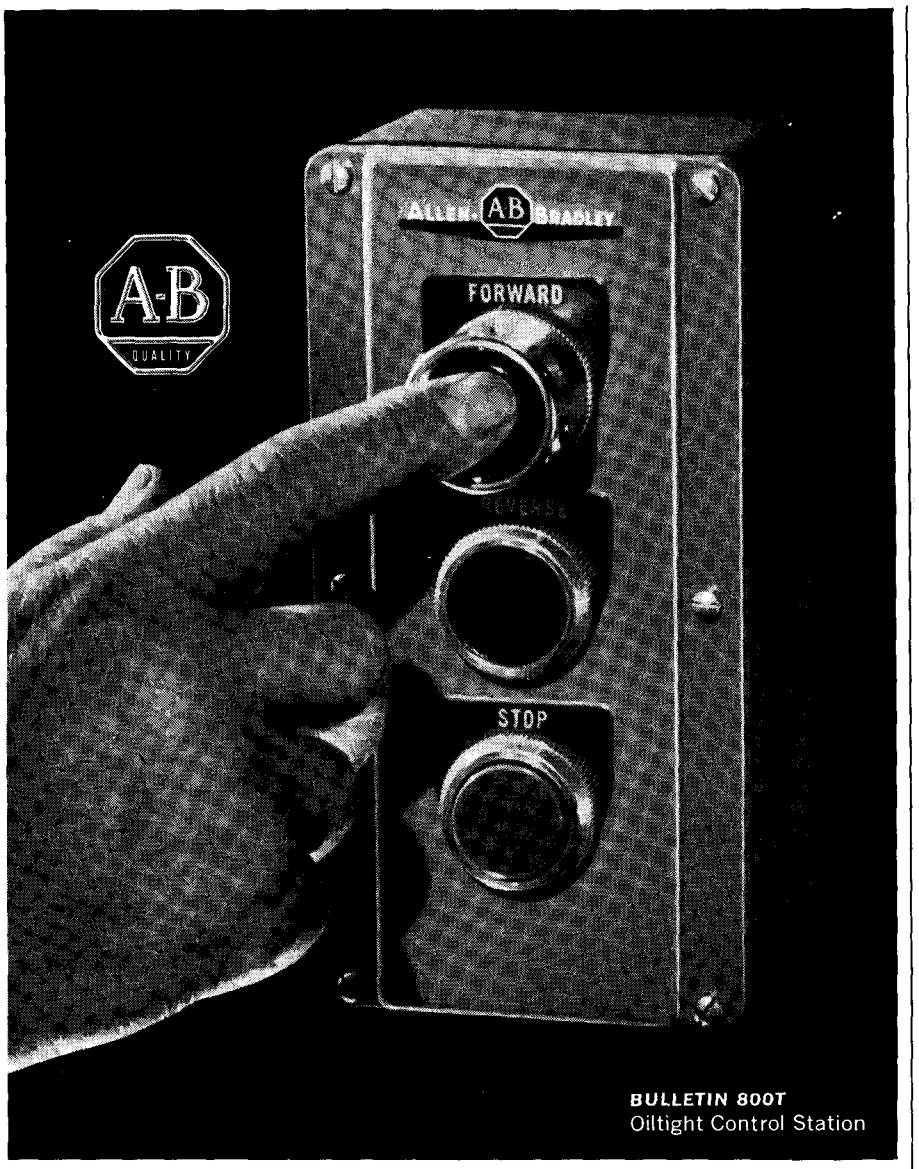

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FAMILY MAN

Sparling reached across the desk to extinguish his cigarette. "I have been married, Louie, but very soon I'm going to be divorced."

Predictable pause, followed by predictable commiseration.

Sparling went on. "It's not anything sudden. We have no children, so it's only a matter of two people going their own ways after a good try. I don't think I told you I'm in United's overseas division—we had two tours, three years each, one in Costa Rica and the last in Honduras, and I suppose you can say it just wasn't the right life for her."

"Well, as you said, there are no children and that's a blessing—I mean, as far as ——"

"Sure. So anyway, I'm waiting for the final papers, and after that I'll be reassigned."

"How is it with the bank?"

"Fine. Everything's going very well. I've had some luck, I guess. It's all been a mighty help in—well, keeping these last years from seeming wasted."

"I'm glad to hear it. Where are you staying, Ave?"

"At the Harvard Club."

"Say, listen, you wouldn't by some chance be free tonight, would you?"

Sparling considered. Of the many St. Andrew's classmates with whom he had failed to keep in touch, Louie Wexler had been more a case of circumstance than choice. He had some happy memories of Louie.

"Yes, I am free."

"Wonderful. You didn't have a chance to ask about me, but it's mostly been very humdrum and domestic. Married, one child, another in the oven. Come on up tonight for dinner. You can meet my dependents and receive directly the fruits of your shakedown."

Sparling accepted Louie's invitation, and after getting an uptown address and a time of eight o'clock, he drew the call to a close. Upon hanging up the receiver, he checked Louie's name off his list, wrote $25.00 beside it, and slipped the paper in the center drawer of his desk.

For the next half hour Sparling sat with the wooden swivel chair pushed back to its maximum angle, resting his crossed legs on a corner of the desk and picking his way through some of the mass of reports and memoranda whose digestion and comprehension were at present his only responsibility. Much of the information was familiar to him, having in some manner been tossed into the river of paper flowing between United New York and United Honduras, a fact unknown to whoever had compiled his reading. He was fighting sleep when the phone rang.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Wallace on the line."

"Good, put him on."

Wallace was his lawyer, an astonishingly efficient and impersonal savior recommended by Larrabee, Sparling's immediate superior. His news, fully expected, gave Sparling no elation, no sense of relief, in fact, no feeling at all: The agreement with Alice had been settled and was ready for his signing.

"It's what we stood by," said Wallace. "Three hundred dollars a month exclusive of medical payments, as long as she's not working. Half that once she takes a job."

"Didn't she try for more?"

"She tried."

Sure she tried, thought Sparling, like a mouse paralyzed by sight of the trap.

"So what's the next step?"

"She's already signed it. Once you sign it, that's it."

"Shall I come to your office?"

"No, it's too hot a day for you to g forty blocks. I've already sent it down town by messenger. You should have it in the next hour. There are four copies and each has to be signed in three places, wherever I've checked with a pencil. But read it over first, and call me if there are any questions. Forget about the notary; we'll take care of that."

So here it was, the old stroke of the pen. The moment called for something more than the perfunctory thanks of a client, but that was all Sparling had in him.

However, if the reaction of his emotions was nil, the reaction of his conscience was formidable. Repeatedly he had to tell himself that three hundred dollars a month was the most he could afford, at least without knowing where his next assignment would take him, and whenever he sensed his mind ballooning with a fanciful picture of Alice alone in Reno, possibly prey to the canned comforts of some divorce-ranch cowboy, he forced himself to try to puncture it flat with another, altogether unfanciful, picture—Alice and Tito Estrada naked together in his bed.

That afternoon, the divorce agreement in the inside pocket of his jacket, Sparling wandered uptown and entered the first movie house he encountered. He had had no trouble checking out with Larrabee, that understanding man, who should also have been told that the agreement had finally come through, so that the bank might get on with Sparling's reassignment. Sparling had not told him, nor had he signed the agreement. He craved distraction as he had not craved i in weeks. His task of raising money for Joe Trumbull's little memorial was completed. His old New York and Harvard friends had done well by him, but under the cloud of his difficulties invitations had trickled down to nothing. Entering the lobby of the theater, he began to warm genuinely to the prospect of seeing Louie Wexler again. Louie didn't know it but Sparling had seen him once since their St. Andrew's days. It had been in the Harvard stadium, after a game. Louie was in a crowd jammed around an exit several sections from Sparling. He was laughing alongside a short, bewildered-looking girl (Sandy?) and was wearing a green Tyrolean hat with the inevitable brush tucked in its band. Sparling had called out, but Louie and his girl had almost immediately disappeared into the dark maw of the exit. As he took his seat, Sparling recalled as a rather indifferent afterthought that in their class of forty-nine boys, Louie Wexler had been the only Jew.

It was a new apartment building, one of the kind that reminded Sparling of a Roman town. The neighborhood was unfamiliarly far north, but he saw that the immense structure was like a number of others going up or just completed along the former el-blighted boulevard of Third Avenue. Its principal material was the same sandy-colored brick, and every façade—there seemed no limit to the number of corners—was studded with identical terrace platforms like stepping-stones for the convenience of a gargantuan cat burglar. If he had not come up in a cab he would have been at a loss as to where he should enter, but the cabbie

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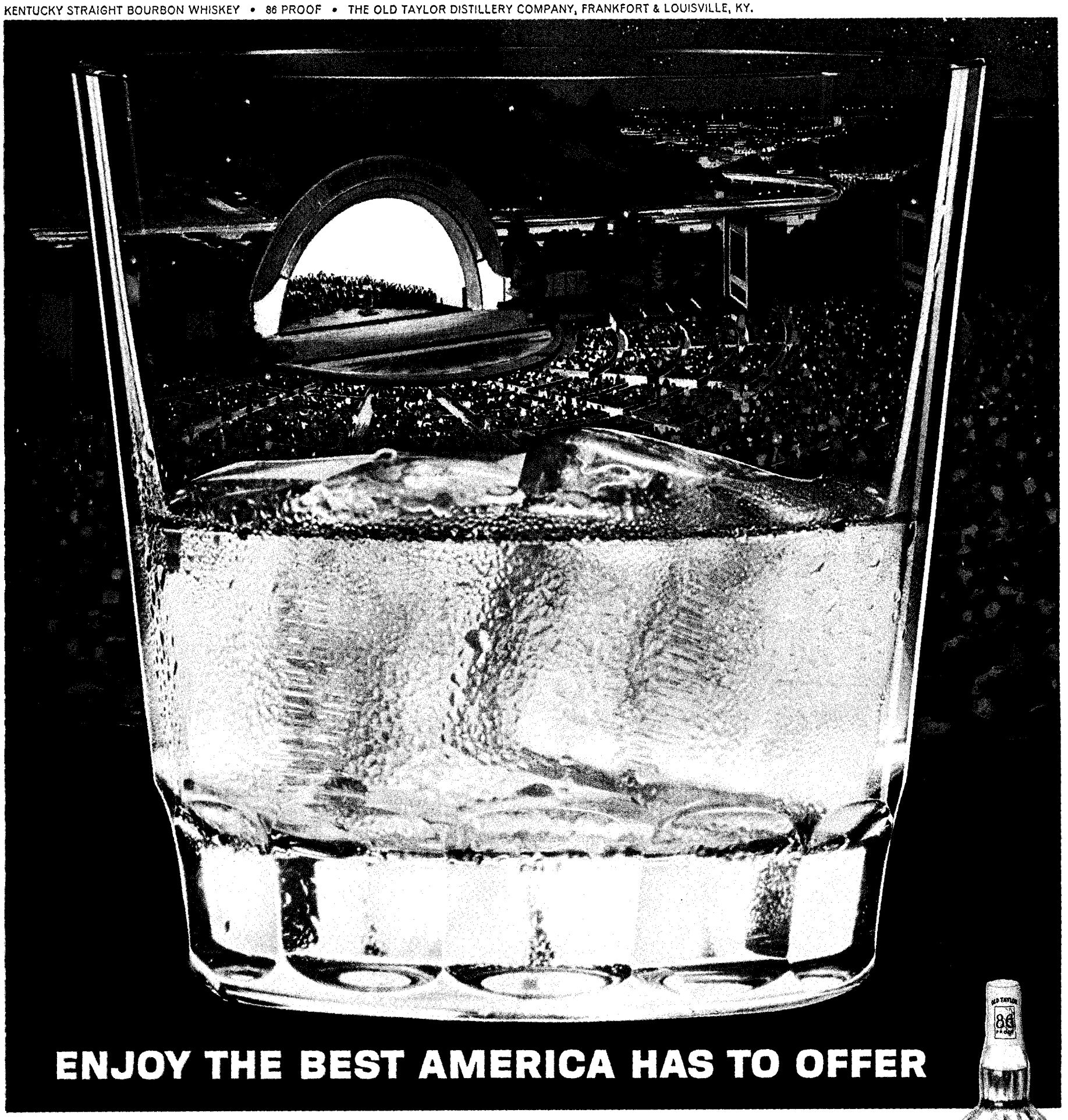

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was knowledgeable and without hesitation swooped down a narrow driveway branching off Eighty-first Street and deposited him *under* the building, before a glass-curtained lobby.

It was not a simple lobby. It had corridors and exits—to "the gardens," to a restaurant, to mysterious connecting passageways and management offices—and at least two large atriums with illumined waters and couches so low and flat it was not unthinkable that someone might miss one and trip over it. Sparling got his bearings from a tall, lantern-jawed doorman, and was directed to an elevator designated "A-F."

He ascended to the discreet strains of a string ensemble piped out of a modest firmament of stars blinking, blinking above him.

Louie's apartment was 4D: There was no question of that, for his name was on the door. Behind the door a heldentenor was straining at high volume. With Sparling's second ring of the chimes, someone turned down the sound, and Louie's voice was heard calling, "That must be Ave." A few seconds later the door was opened and bantam Louie Wexler was grinning up at his old classmate.

"Well, well," he said, hand outstretched, jacketless. "Fourteen years, would you imagine that's how long it's been?"

"Good to see you, Louie," said Sparling, taking his hand for two quick pumps. Sparling noted that the other held a short glass filled only with well-melted ice cubes.

"Sandy," Louie called back over his shoulder, "come on out here and meet Ave."

From an invisible quarter a low-pitched yet girlish voice answered, "In a minute, darling. I'm putting something in the oven."

"Tonight's the maid's night off, wouldn't you know it," Louie said, closing the door.

"You should have called me back and we could have made it another time."

"Oh, listen, it doesn't matter. Sandy actually loves to get a chance in the kitchen—the maid was really more her mother's idea—and after all, this is an occasion. Say, you know you're looking darn well."

Had he really seen him yet, to say that? "Thanks, you don't look too bad yourself."

"My one object in life is to be well taken care of. That's my secret. Come on in and sit down." Louie emphasized the suggestion with a hand on Sparling's back.

They had actually been "in"—that is, in the apartment's one immediate, visible room—all the time. Sparling was versed enough in the code of demarcations for New York apartment layouts to appreciate that where they were standing, a spot distinguished only by naked vinyl tile, was the foyer or gallery, and that by moving a few steps onto a large broadloom carpet they had entered the living room.

Trying not to ogle, Sparling took in the fact that the Wexler's living room had been Decorated. Most of the pieces were bulbous *bombé*, cream white and decorated with gilt carvings. Among others, unclassifiable, were a large green sofa that negotiated one corner like a boomerang, a complementing kidney-shaped coffee table of brown marble (bearing bowls of potato chips and cheese dip), and a camel saddle serving as a low seat. Somehow they all seemed compatibly suited—mutually tamed, as it were—allowing even for the room's four table lamps, none of which stood under three feet. On the walls were hung several landscape oils, all of an insipid bucolia that Alice would have dismissed as calendar art, all lighted by individual gallery lamps. The one other picture in the room was a photograph standing on a side table, a gold-framed wedding portrait of the girl Sparling had seen with Louie in Harvard stadium.

"These are our lodgers," said Louie, indicating a stupendous wire birdcage Sparling had missed. Inside it were three benign, multicolored parakeets, two asleep and the third blinking. "I usually mix up the names, but I think this is John, this one's Foster and this is Dulles. Before we married, Sandy swore she'd never have a pet, but guess who brought these three home one day."

Before Sparling could comment, they were joined by Louie's wife. As she came up to Sparling, all shy smile and pregnant middle, he realized just how short a girl she was (but of course; she had stood in the stadium that day a good head *shorter than Louie!*). As she was altogether in good proportion, little as well as short, and possessed a lovely ingenuous face with a milky glow, Sparling found her highly attractive.

"I'm glad you could come," she said, her voice, now vis-à-vis, definitely low-timbered. "I haven't met many of Lou's school friends. (Lou, eh? Sparling would stick with the Louie he knew.) But I'm angry with him for not telling you to come up earlier. Then you could have met David."

"That's our son," said Louie. "Three years old and good as can be. Seven o'clock is his bedtime; you barely have to nod in the right direction and he's on his way."

"Darling, please turn that off."

Louie moved to the hi-fi and took off a record. "You like opera, Ave?"

"So-so."

"I could listen to it endlessly. To me it's the most *complete* drama there is. Of course the singers have to be good. Say, how stupid of me, let me take your jacket and make you a drink."

Sparling kept his jacket but agreed to the drink. "Whatever you're having."

"Martini on the rocks. That OK?"

Sparling nodded as Sandy told him to sit down, *please*, and she would duck out for a moment to get the hors d'oeuvres. Louie hadn't finished mixing the drinks before she was back with a plate of tidbits—sausage slices on Ry-Krisp, toasted cheese and something wrapped in rings of bacon. After a tingling sip of Louie's cold and very dry Martini, Sparling tried one of the little mysteries and found it to be a water chestnut, warm and delicious. He complimented Sandy, now settled on the floor with all her lower torso concealed under the tent of her maternity blouse. Soon he felt most comfortable, deeply impressed in the soft green field of the sofa, and for the first time in many hours his sternum began to unknot.

Louie carried most of the conversation, prompted by Sparling's leads. He had gone on to Tufts, along with Barney Childs—he was one of the fellows they hadn't been able to locate.

"I don't know as I'd have been any help to you, Ave. Barney pretty much went his own way at Tufts. In fact he dropped out in his sophomore or junior year. Headed out to the West Coast, I believe. Say, won't you have some of this dip?" springing up and helping himself.

Sparling declined—the Martini would do its best work undisturbed, save perhaps for a few more water chestnuts. So what had Louie done at Tufts? How had he liked it?

"It's a good place. It was what I wanted—a small campus, good faculty. I mean, it's nothing to compare with a university like Harvard. And there's a lot of that silly fraternity crap that becomes sort of a second religion to most of the guys."

"You didn't join one?" Sparling asked, reasonably sure that Tufts, like most fraternity colleges, would have at least one Jewish frat.

Louie smiled and finished his Martini. "I didn't have to. I met Sandy when I was a sophomore. I would work hard during the week and even on some weekends—I got to be a real grind, Ave, at least for

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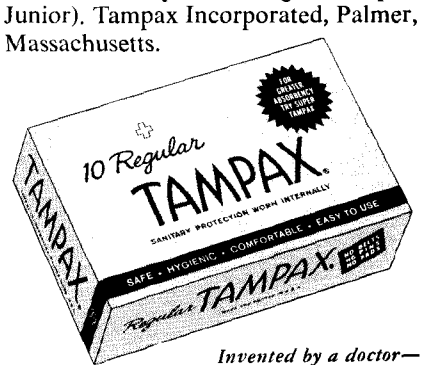

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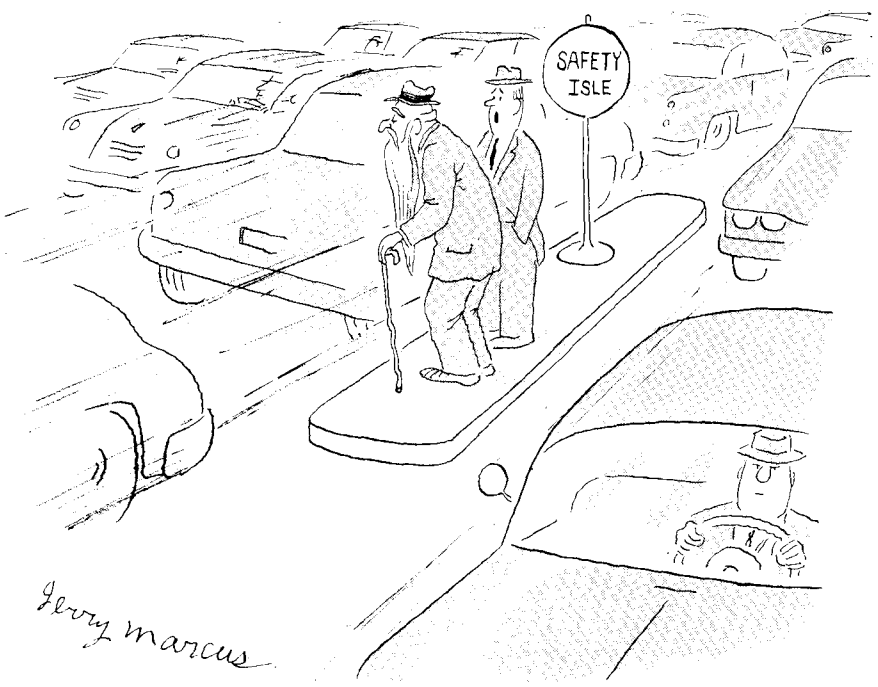

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Excuse me, sir—but how long have you been waiting to get across?"

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FAMILY MAN

the first three years—and then on other weekends I'd be with Shirley Temple here. It was a good-enough life. Let me get you a refill, Ave."

Sparling was barely half done with his drink. He said not yet, and Louie got up and went to the liquor cabinet.

Sandy watched her husband working over the Martini pitcher. "I was only a junior in high school when I met Lou," she said, turning to Sparling. "The first date was more or less arranged by our parents, so I guess he was expecting a miserably dull time. I know I was."

"Sure," said Louie. "Ave must know how these things work out. Noble results from ignoble beginnings. Anyhow, there's nothing very exciting to tell about a seven-year engagement."

"What was your major?" Sparling asked.

"Government. Tufts was one of the few places with a government department—sort of a mishmash of history, current affairs, politics, diplomacy. I managed to make it only through good old sweat of the brow. I tell you, those first three years were brutal, at least they were for me."

Sparling remembered that Louie at St. Andy's had been their foremost debater. For two years he had held the anchor position of rebuttalist on an otherwise mediocre team. His counter-arguments—dogged, shrewd, at times flamboyant—had saved a number of matches.

"And in senior year you coasted."

"Not exactly. You see, most of my grinding was with the foreign-service exam in mind. I took it junior year, passed everything except the second-language part. Hell, you remember me in Bisbee's French class. About the only thing I retained of French was that battle cry of those schoolboys we read about in some reader—*à bas les lentilles!*'" He raised his glass and repeated mock-heroically, "'*A bas les lentilles!*' Anyhow, after flunking my foreign service, it all became kind of pointless. I mean the goal had sort of vanished, and in that sense I coasted. Besides, if I hadn't let up I think I would have been weaving baskets before long."

"Can't you retake that exam?" said Sparling. "I was an English major, but a friend told me about it and what a monster it was. Seems to me most of the fellows taking it and passing were actually in grad school, or else pretty bright seniors."

Sandy regarded him steadily and said, "Lou would have had to take at least two years of language before trying it again. Also"—breaking out a dull smile—"I was getting a little tired of knitting socks in that decrepit lumpy armchair Lou had in his room and watching him humped over his desk driving himself on."

"My nurse," said Louie.

They covered in the same random mood Louie's somewhat implausible Army career. Having been assigned from basic training to duty atop a Chicago hotel manning a Nike radar station, he had persuaded an incredulous S-1 major to have his orders switched with those of a newly married barracks buddy unhappily destined for shipment to the Far East. After sixteen months in a wind-swept valley in Korea, Louie had hurried home to Sandy and a job with Raleigh Mills, determined henceforth to look out for himself. By the time Sandy excused herself to see to their dinner, Sparling was more or less certain of two things: that Louie had advised his wife of Sparling's marital crisis, there had been such delicate little inquiry in his direction, and that Louie was working on his fifth Martini. He had also experienced a profound and rather awed attraction to Sandy Wexler. She was little, she was young, but she was paramountly woman. As she went off to her duties, Sparling watched the strong, almost blocky muscles of her calves, wondering whether agony or joy lay between them.

The dining table had been extended with the addition of a center leaf and fully set before his arrival. It stood in an alcove off the kitchen, and in no time Sandy had it replete with food. The main dish seemed to be a seafood casserole.

"How about some wine," said Louie, "some nice Wente Brothers?"

Sandy looked up from the salad bowl and said, "I don't think so, darling . . . unless you'd like it, Ave."

Sparling said no. They sat down, Sandy between the two men and with her back to the kitchen. Louie served the casserole while Sandy passed hot rolls and the endive salad.

"It's not much," she said, "but we prefer light dinners in the summer and, besides, there's a rich dessert."

"Let me guess," said Louie, "a mousse?"

Sandy merely smiled.

The casserole was superb. Alice's casseroles had always been a bit gluey, but this was like a fondue, smooth as cream and with a complex underground of flavors. Louie dispatched his as if it might evaporate given the slightest delay. All had seconds, Louie sheepishly had thirds. The conversation played around politics—Sandy was with a young reform group active in district affairs—and, following the arrival of a strawberry mousse, around the halcyon days of St. Andy's. Sparling was surprised and amused at Louie's nostalgia—he couldn't recall reading any note Louie had sent in to the class column of the alumni bulletin, yet here he was, going on about a St. Mark's game and about the student body lusting after the school dietician, all with a fervor that would have been embarrassing at a class reunion. Louie halted finally to serve brandy and to retrieve two cigars for the men. When he had returned and was again seated, he said nothing for a long while, seeming lost in the oral ritual of his cigar.

Presently he said, "You remember, Ave, when I first came to St. Andy's?"

"Not too well. You came as a sophomore, didn't you?" Louie nodded, smiling distantly. "I was in Winthrop that year," Sparling said. "You were in a different house, which one I can't remember."

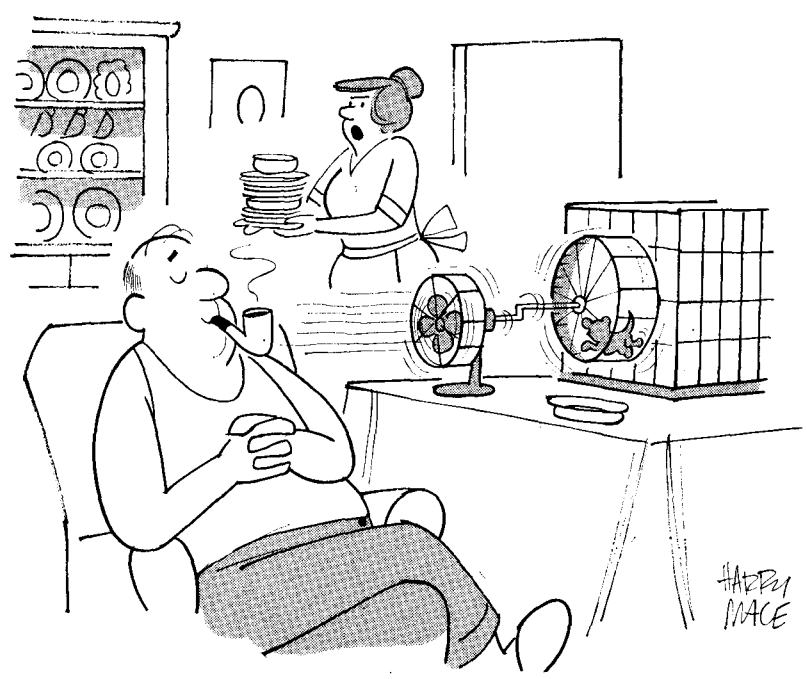
"It was Bancroft. No, we didn't get to know each other right off, in fact, not for quite a while. I roomed alone that year, as I did the other years. But I wasn't homesick or lonely. Gee, for me, being on my own, out from Papa and Mamma, was about the greatest thing that had ever happened. Of course coming in late after most of the groups and friendships had been formed put me on my own with a sort of vengeance, but I didn't mind. Even when one of the guys—I can't remember for sure who it was, maybe Roy Decker, he had that kind of sense of humor—stole my skullcap and put it on the head of Milton—a *bust* of Milton, honey, on a shelf in Mr. Adams's English class—you know, I really didn't feel bad. The whole business was so new to me, so *exotic*, it didn't seem quite real, like landing on a new planet, something that would take a lot more *observing* before I really knew how I stood."

"Did everyone think it funny, that joke with your *yarmulke?*" Sandy asked.

"Honey, I was the only Jew in the class, maybe in the whole school."

"No," said Sparling. "I think there was a senior. Soloman?"

"You see, honey, St. Andy's is an old New England church school. High Episcopal. Traditionally straight W.P.R.—White Protestant Republican. Only times were beginning to change when we were kids, and I guess the trustees figured they had better catch up with the enlightenment. So they took in Soloman—are you sure about him, Ave?—and me, and for all I know, by now they may have twenty Jews there along with a couple of colored boys. But I tell you, I was some *rara avis*. Mamma had insisted I keep up my training, so every Saturday Mrs. Henning, our housemother, would have to drive me almost twenty miles to the nearest



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just how much electricity do you figure you're saving?"

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synagogue for my shul. The first couple times I kind of dumbly wore my cap into the car—this was before Decker's little joke—and what with having to wait for Mrs. Henning to get herself together I collected quite a crowd of the Bancroft curious. By the time we pulled out, you'd have thought it was Napoleon going off to Elba. But anyhow, as I've said, it never really *got* to me. And in less than a month something happened that very definitely changed things for me. That was when I got to know you, Ave, and I guess most of my classmates. Remember Flag Night?"

"Of course," said Sparling. "How could I forget it?"

"Spare us," said Sandy.

"Flag Night was a big traditional riot night at St. Andy's," Louie explained to his wife, as if she had not just spoken. "The flag was actually a pair of red drawers that the junior class had one of their members put on, usually someone like an assistant manager of the squash team. He wore nothing else, only a tin cup underneath for obvious protection. A circle was outlined on one of the athletic fields, and he would have to stand inside it. His classmates would form a ring around him and then it was the job of the sophomores to break through, get the flag off the poor idiot inside, run about three hundred yards to the school flagpole, pin it on a lanyard and run it up. Meanwhile the president of the senior class would be stationed in the chapel tower. If he could make out the red flag on top of the pole with his naked eye, then the sophomores had won. The other seniors would be down on the field acting as referees—breaking up any fist fights and untangling pile-ons—and the freshmen would be just standing around with their mouths hanging open. Of course, if the sophomores got the pants off, the juniors could still win if they got their hands back on them and ripped away enough so that there was nothing to be seen from the tower. Boy, I tell you, it was some brawl."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"This little jacket comes with it in case you chicken out."

Sparling remembered that night clearly. Nothing could have made him interrupt Louie's telling.

"It started off and went on for a while like a real stalemate. Our class at first used the old spearhead tactic—moving around in groups, trying to find some weakness in the defenses. Only whenever they formed a concentration, the juniors would concentrate their own forces there and stand them off. Then they tried opening up a gantlet for a couple of guys to run through—a bunch blocking in one direction and another bunch blocking in the opposite direction—but the juniors would just open up, grab the two guys as they came in, and throw them back out of the circle.

"Now in those days I wasn't much smaller than I am now. I weighed about the same, maybe five pounds less, but I was compact and really quite wiry. I had come down in a pair of short-cut Levis and at first joined in like everybody, with no idea of what I was doing. Here were all my classmates whizzing around me, yelling, 'Hey, Jim; Hey, John; over here; get behind Fred,' and so on. Everybody was wrapped up in some kind of grim strategy, everybody but me, it seemed, and nothing was working. To hell with it, I thought, and pulled out of the mess to join the freshmen and watch my insane classmates trample each other. But then, as I stood off to the side, I noticed a funny thing. My whole class was marshaled behind two guys, the only two sophomores to make first string on the football team, both big burly linemen, and on the other side of the juniors' circle there was no one. Not only that, there were only two juniors left there to defend, and even they were looking back at the big melee."

He paused, rolling his cigar lightly between thumb and forefinger, his eyes steeled from Sandy.

"I put my hands in my back pockets and just sort of sauntered over there as if I was an observer from the U.N. I walked past the two juniors and in no time I was standing right next to the guy wearing the flag. Maybe somebody saw me, maybe not, but anyway, *who the hell knew me?* The guy had his back to me and was all tense, waiting for the breakthrough. I tripped him up and had the shorts down to his knees before he knew what was happening. Then he started to kick, but that only ripped them open and made the rest of their removal a simple matter. I had them in my hand and was looking

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up. It was only a fraction of a second, but I could sense that the wild noise had suddenly cut down to almost nothing, and I saw the two juniors I had walked past now standing there frozen, staring at me. I was up then like a fiend, running *at* them. I don't know what they expected—I had my head down, figuring that the time for observing was over. I smacked into one of them going full tilt and heard a big gasp. The blow staggered me off at an angle, but I didn't fall. I knew I was in the open and that I had to make a wide turn to get on line with the flagpole. I ran—boy, I don't think I ever ran harder in my life. The noise was back again wilder than ever and now it was all coming at me. I had to look back, and when I did, do you know what I saw?—I saw these characters who had stared at me like a freak when I was sitting in Mrs. Henning's car, all blocking out juniors so that I could make it to the flagpole. They were all falling to the ground, and even after they had fallen, they'd get up on their knees and yell and yell after me—I couldn't hear what they said, but their mouths were all open and yapping. Seeing that, I think I could have run six hundred yards. There was no one really near me, but I still ran so hard that after I had gotten to the flagpole, pinned the damn flag on and hoisted it to the top, everything that was in my stomach came up and I chucked all over the base of the pole."

By rights, thought Sparling, he should be out cold now. He had drunk enough to lay low both of them.

"When my class caught up with me there was pandemonium. My back was pounded and suddenly there was an arm under my leg and I was being lifted onto a couple of shoulders. All the wheels of the class were there, cheering. Ave here, he was one of the wheels. In fact, it was you who said the first words that anyone could make out over all that din. Do you remember?"

Sparling knew what was coming but could only smile and nod, knowing that just as on that Flag Night fifteen years ago, Louie would not be stopped.

"You raised your arms and soon everything was more or less quiet. I can see it as clearly as I can this table. You raised your arms, and then when everyone was listening you yelled, 'Hurray for Louie the Jew! Three cheers for Louie the Jew!'"

She was looking at Sparling as if the sun were in her eyes. For once he had no resources. He could think only of homilies or lame, false protests. They were all boys then, weren't they? But no, for her they would be their parents' children, infected with life's most vicious proposition.

She turned her head and spoke between the two men: "I think that's the most mortifying story I've ever heard."

"Oh, honey, it's not that at all. I was as new to them as they were to me. So I was Louie the Jew. So how many great princes were called 'the Bastard'? It's not what you're called, it's what you're thought of."

"Listen, there's nothing you can't be 'thought of' if you meet the price. Your whole little saga is in truth a thoroughly degrading confession of how you used some rite out of *Tom Brown's School Days* to prove that you belonged among the goyim."

It was then, at last, that the liquor seemed to catch up with Louie. His jaw began to tremble, and the conviction, or rather the strong, ear-true rhythm that had carried him through his story, went out of his voice. He mumbled.

"You don't understand. You just don't understand. After that night it didn't seem to make any difference. I mean I was just one. . . . Like on the debating team. I was good, I really was, and when we won a debate I was . . . you know, everyone was as happy as if I had scored a touchdown in a football game."

"You said before that you roomed alone all three years. Did anyone ever ask you to room with them?"

"Well, no. But that's the way I liked it. I mean, I wanted to have my own quarters, and I think all the other guys knew that."

Sparling spoke up: "Louie was in our house senior year. When you get to be a senior, house groups are formed almost in the same way rooms are. There wasn't a senior in Peabody who wasn't glad Louie was living in the house."

"Wait a minute," she said. "Listen to what you just said, listen to it and *hear* all the implications—'in the same house' . . . 'glad he was living.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Thanks for calling, but it isn't one of ours."

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"All I'm trying to say is that when you're that age, the prejudices can't be big enough to blot out the essential, basic qualities of a person, once those qualities have had a chance to come out. Louie made his chance—in a kind of Jack Armstrong way, I'll admit—but after that, it's right, he was just another member of the class, and a pretty popular one too. Lord, Louie the Jew was a term of affection. Anyone with real prejudice wouldn't be that blatant to a man's face."

"They wouldn't? What about you? Are you prejudiced?"

"Honey," said Louie, "Ave's our guest."

"No," Sparling said to her, "I'm not."

"I don't believe you."

"There's no reason you have to."

She didn't speak immediately. She took a cigarette from a small silver cup and lit it. "I don't believe it from your appearance and from what little I know about you. You obviously come from a wealthy—what did he call it, W.P.R.?—background, probably New York or Boston, maybe Philadelphia or Baltimore."

"No, as a matter of fact, Cleveland."

"That's all right too. Lots of W.P.R. in the Midwest. You go to a New England prep, attractive, sure of yourself, you get a little circle of attractive, sure-of-themselves cronies and you become a wheel. The wheel rolls on to Harvard, perhaps with some of the old St. Andy's circle, and becomes even more attractive and sure of himself, despite having to share his new campus with a good number of lunchy undesirables. Perhaps one night he even tells some recent cronies about a quaint character back at prep school named Louie the Jew. After Harvard comes a small obligation—the Army, where there are certainly lots of Louie the Jews but maybe also a few of the old axis to bend an elbow with at the officers' bar and share dreams of all the assemblies and deb parties you're missing for your country's sake. Then maybe back for business school, or maybe it was business school before the Army—doesn't matter. You find yourself a sweet, mindless little post-ante-post deb, marry her and arrive on Wall Street, knowing you'll probably have to work with some Louie the Jews, banking being banking, but you also know—guess what—the old circle will still be around and, after all, New York was Fitzgerald's town. And oh yes, I almost forgot, that sweet little deb gets rather dull and boring after a few years so you drop her back into the post-post-post deb hopper and start going around to the old parties again."

Sparling saw that Louie had left the table. He was standing by the hi-fi, his cigar dead but still in his mouth. He was holding a record casing and gazing at the carpet. Sparling felt that his brains were on the table.

"First of all," he began, "what you've just presented is as cruel and stupid a cliché as the old hook-nosed, usurious cartoon of the Jew, which, in a way, you probably lean on more heavily than ninety-five percent of the W.P.R. population. So I won't try to sort out my fact from your fiction—it would take us too long and get us nowhere. The only thing I'll answer is the last item, your mindless post-deb whom I married and am now discarding. She was a schoolteacher I found in a bar up in Cambridge. She has enough mixed blood in her to include, for all I know and care, a fair Jewish strain. You're much her superior on looks. Our married life was spent not in New York but almost entirely out of the country, in Central America. We both wanted children and we couldn't have them. Why, we still don't know. Without a child, she had nothing down there, no life to speak of. She had an affair. When she knew that I knew, she said it was because she was sure that I was the impotent one. However farfetched this, I could not entirely doubt her, even when she went on and had other affairs, until one time I discovered she had a native for a lover."

"*Well!* You mean a Spick."

"No, that's not what I mean and let me finish Let me finish. It should be obvious to you that a child by a dark-skinned man couldn't very well be passed off as our own. I had to believe that she was finally, simply promiscuous. I couldn't live with her any longer. I'm letting her sue me. I don't understand her because I think she still loves me. I don't know what *I* feel, I just don't know. I don't understand." Looking at Louie's wife, at her set, unreadable face, unable to hate even this one, he felt a revulsion of himself and a pity for all men. And because the evening had become a dream, he couldn't believe there was a child standing in the room, complaining that he could not sleep.

When Sparling stepped out of the elevator into the lobby, he was met by the same doorman who had directed him up.

"Mr. Wexler just called down," he said. "He'd like you to wait for him."

Numbed, Sparling waited until a blanched Louie stepped out of another elevator.

"Listen, Ave, I want to apologize, God I want to apologize. I can't tell you how sorry I am about tonight. It wouldn't have helped if I had tried to stop her. It would only have made things worse."

Sparling nodded.

"Anyway," Louie said, "I didn't want to forget this." It was a check made out to Sparling for a hundred dollars.

He said, "Louie, this is much more than we need. It should be for twenty-five."

"Well, you said a couple of guys had turned you down, and then there were a few you couldn't locate. This'll make it seem like a hundred percent."

He didn't want to argue it, nor to tell him that the check should not be made out to his order. He smiled, pocketed the check, and shook Louie's hand.

"So long, Louie. And don't think about tonight."

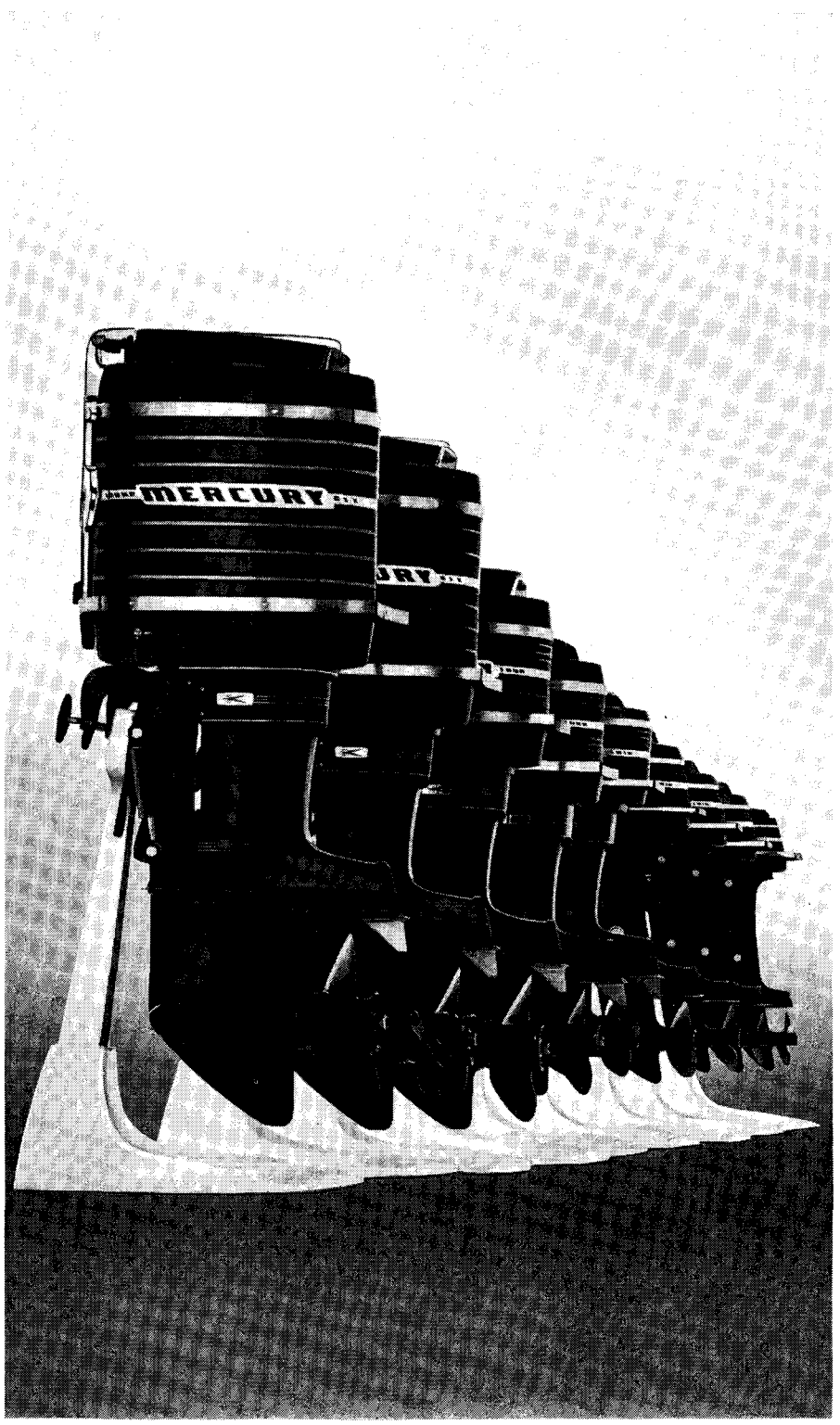
He was almost to the door when Louie called after him. "You're going to be in town for a while longer, aren't you, Ave?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure."

"Maybe we can have lunch together someday. I'll give you a call."

Bantam Louie, no jacket, sober after five Martinis, standing across that gaudy lobby. "Sure," Sparling said, "do that."

When he got back to the Harvard Club, he did not immediately go in. He wandered off to stand in the shadows of a closed entranceway until he had managed to stop crying. It hardly mattered when he returned to the club, for only the night clerk was there to see him, and he was reading a paper. Up in his room, Sparling took out his pen, endorsed Louie's check, and then signed his divorce agreement twelve times, wherever there was a penciled checkmark. He had a cigarette, after which he took off his clothes and got into bed. Before going to sleep, he did some praying. As a boy he had prayed, but always for things or achievements. Now he prayed for people. He prayed first of all for himself, then for Alice, and then for Louie the Jew. THE END



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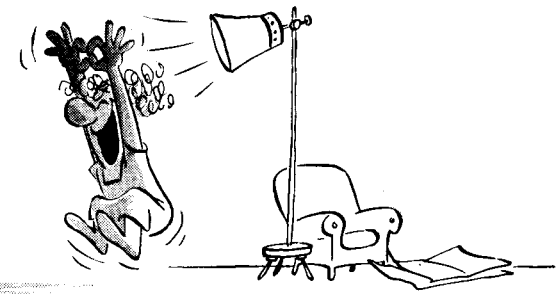
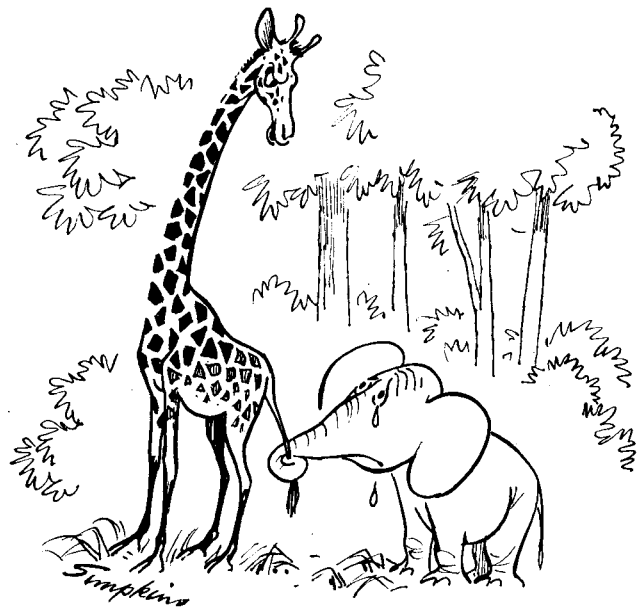
post scripts

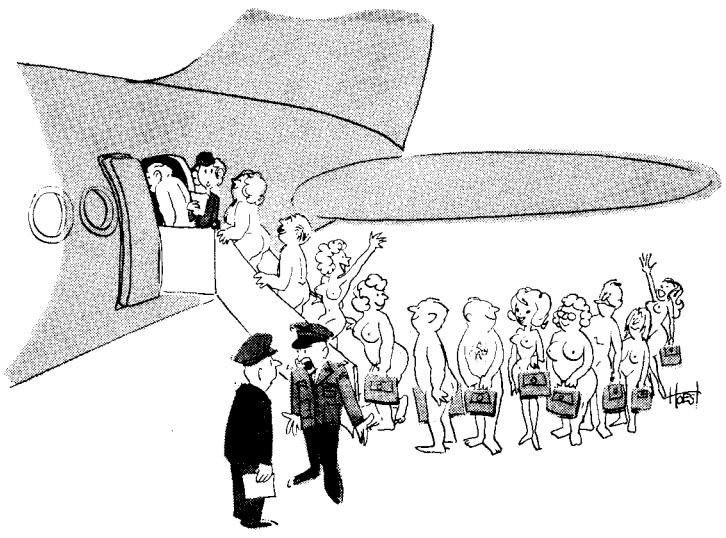


"Now, are there any questions?"

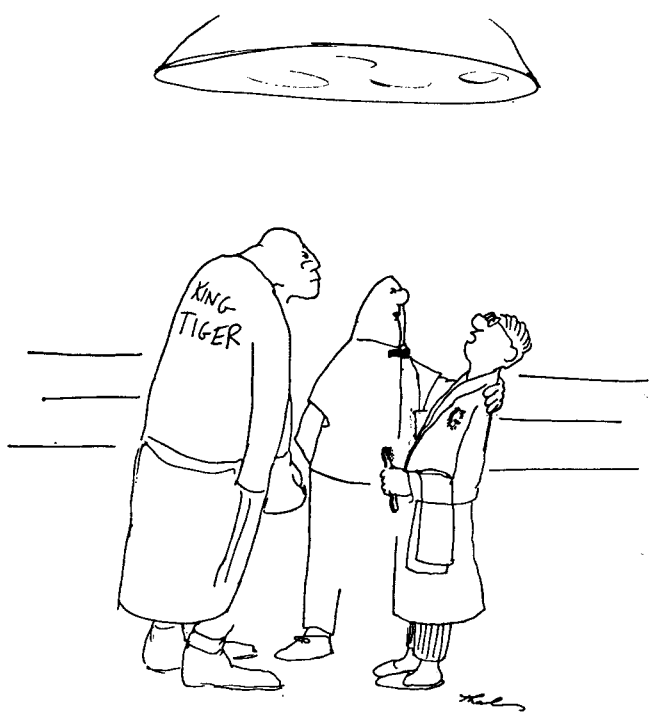


"I'll sure be glad when we find your mother."

"You realize, Fogarty, as a bird watcher you're washed up!"



"I know it's a group flight. But did you ever think to ask the name of the group?"



"There must be some mistake."

"You knew I wasn't perfect when you married me."

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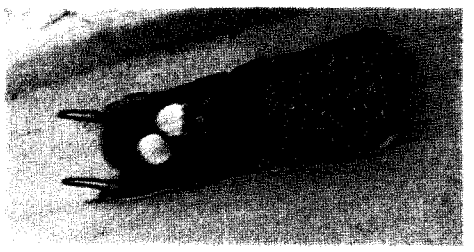
'64 OLDS



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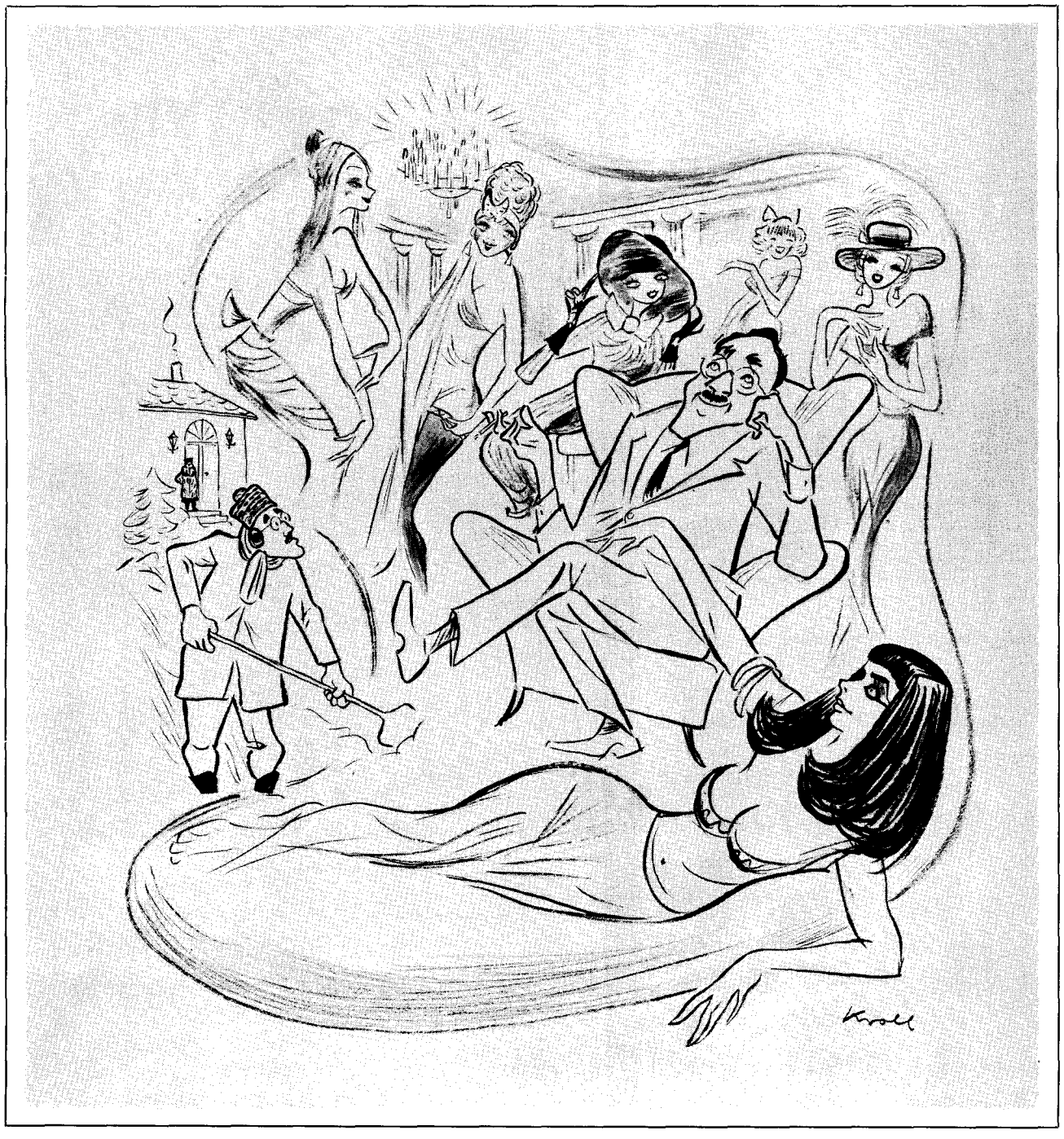
I WAS A SLAVE OF LOVE

By S. J. Perelman



Had you been a turkey buzzard lazily circling over Tinicum Township in eastern Bucks County last Friday—a possibility, by the way, that shouldn't be excluded until you can establish proof to the contrary—you might have observed beneath your talons the prelude to a dramatic event that occurred later that morning. A portly householder whose nose resembled an exploded boysenberry was engaged in clearing away the snow piled against the entrance of his stone dwelling, his pulses throbbing in the dry, frosty air like the royal Watusi drums. One two, one two, the shovel flew in a great flashing arc at the behest of arms that put toothpicks to shame. At the count of six he straightened up, exhaled and, carefully placing the shovel behind a syringa bush where it would be available for spring planting, went into the house.

I describe the foregoing because, in a roundabout way, it gives an insight into the dark intricacies of the feminine mind. Hardly had I scuffed the snow from my boots, brewed a milk punch, and curled up before the fire with Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, concealed within it a photomontage of Balinese maidens hulling rice, when my wife entered. Before I could wipe the steam from my bifocals, she had launched into a philippic worthy of Cicero or Senator Dirksen.

"I know—I've only myself to blame!" she wailed. "My family saw through all those fine promises of yours thirty-five years ago. They warned me you were a loafer and a Lothario, that you'd never lift a finger around the house. Other women have husbands—I've got a cheap facsimile of George Brent, a cluck too lazy to put up a clothesline."

A less gallant person might have pointed out that he had dug the place out of a blizzard, but I scorn cheap victories. "Goodness, my dear Xantippe, you look upset," I said. "Whatever is the matter—or is it only the ravages of time?"

The woman regarded me with an expression of reproach no Saint Bernard could ever have hoped to equal. "How many times have you promised to hang up my moth bags?"

"Moth bags?" I repeated, unable to credit my ears. "A moth couldn't survive ten minutes in this weather. Look at the drifts—it's like the Chilkoot Pass!"

"That's what you said last year," she flung at me. "Next thing I knew, all my dresses were chewed to bits, my Italian stole, my sweaters, my wool hose, everything!" But far worse than my apathy, she rushed on, was my contrariness. "For all you care, the roof could fall in," she snuffled. "I beg you to carry the ashes out of the cellar, to put in a few pothooks, to sweep the leaves off the porch, and what satisfaction do I get? *Nyet*—all you do is lie there guzzling over your pinups while the moths and silverfish eat us out of house and home!"

Realizing that the poor soul's obsession might become paranoid unless I humored her, I laid aside my book, procured a bag of camphor balls and ascended to the attic. Even a magpie, and a slovenly one, would have been dismayed by the sight that confronted me. Since 1952, when I had left the place in apple-pie order, some vandal had been systematically creating a replica of the Paris Flea Market. Piles of moldering luggage I had never seen before lay stacked against the eaves; the floor was strewn with an appalling mulch of old fly screens, Victrola records, lamp

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shades, tennis rackets, overshoes, hot-water bottles, and Ayvad's water wings; and to compound the havoc, my wife's discarded finery—which I had painstakingly isolated until fashion made it practical again—had been exhumed from steamer trunks and streaked with rust. Fortunately, my New England upbringing had taught me never to flinch at chores, however unpalatable. Selecting those key areas in which moths were most likely to hatch, I sprinkled them liberally with the repellent, nailed the attic door shut, and returned to the fireside, where, over the balance of the punch, I pondered my wife's extraordinary behavior and tried to assess two-score years' experience with the opposite gender.

This lackluster drudge I beheld every morning in my shaving mirror, his forehead corrugated into wide-wale corduroy—could he possibly be the virile, dynamic Casanova, I asked myself, who in youth had ravished so many feminine hearts? Woeful that an Adonis gifted with the intellect of a Gibbon—the historian, that is, not the ape—should have become such a door mat, yet it amply illustrated the power of womenfolk to destroy a man. Even at 19, at the dawn of the Jazz Age, I recalled that the comeliest of their sex were already pursuing me, eager for the honey of my kisses. A sophomore at Brown, I used to frequent a pleasure dome called the Arcadia Ballroom in Providence; and when, attired in my green Norfolk jacket and Scotch-grain bluchers with brass eyelets, I toddled to the strains of *Dardanella* and *Stumbling*, shopgirls and society women alike turned into bacchantes. So unbridled was their behavior, indeed, that the dean begged me, in the interests of public morality, to restrict my appearances to Saturday nights only. The establishment's receipts, naturally, shrank to a trickle, and in the wave of female suicides that followed my graduation, was forced to close its doors.

The stripling bent on making his mark as a comic artist who arrived in Greenwich Village in 1925 was too innocent to gauge the perils awaiting him. Wherever I turned, I was beset by women—models, aspiring actresses, rich socialites—all of them hungry for love. In vain I tried to convey to them that my career was paramount, that sensualist though I appeared, I was at bottom deeply ascetic. Deaf to my entreaties, they resorted to every underhand device to beguile me. They bribed my landlady, secreted themselves in closets and laundry hampers, even masqueraded as Western Union messengers. Ofttimes, striving to work at my drawing board, I would discover two or more of the creatures on my lap, beseeching me for caresses. It was typical of their shallow natures that once they had attained their ends, they cynically cast me aside. Eventually, on the verge of distraction, I washed my hands of the lot and sought refuge in Paris.

Like most impulsive gestures, this one proved a near-fatal blunder. I had not reckoned on the hordes of beauties crowding the French capital, the saucy midinettes straight out of *La Vie Parisienne* swinging their hatboxes, the pert grisettes swinging their derrieres, the elegant *poules de luxe* ambuscading me at Maxim's to buy them lobsters and champagne. If I so much as entered the Café de la Paix or Des Ambassadeurs, an uproar of oo-la-la's greeted me and I was smothered with feminine embraces; dry-clean them as I might, my clothes exuded a sickening scent of patchouli, musk and heliotrope. At last my concierge took pity on me.

"M'zoo, you are too patient wiz zem, all zat *canaille*," she said. "Zis godlike beauty of yours could easily *cuire votre l'oie* (cook your goose). *Peut-être* if you tell zem you are passionately *enchanté* wiz someone, zey weel desist."

Relieved, I let it be bruited about that I was head over heels in love with a certain Baronne Solange Finisterre de Couzé, a noblewoman I invented on the spur of the moment. What was my dismay when, the very next morning, a perfumed envelope bearing the Couzé crest—entwined hearts on a field of lilies, with a goat rampant—arrived by messenger. Its contents left no doubt regarding the writer's intentions toward me. With an ardor verging on idolatry, Solange confessed that she had been infatuated with me from the instant I had set foot on French soil. The ecstasies she promised if I granted her a rendezvous (date) made my cheeks flame, and I foolishly agreed to her proposal. While I found her personable—a blend of Sophia Loren and Anouk Aimee, though more voluptuous—the predictable happened: her passion for me grew insatiable. She began babbling my praises so widely through the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and even the Bon Marché department store that her husband's seconds finally waited on me and demanded satisfaction. Inasmuch as I had given the baroness plenty, I felt that I had done enough for the family, and left posthaste for England.

To recount my progress through London, Rome, Madrid and elsewhere would be mere repetition; on every hand I left behind languishing, inconsolable ladies to whom I had at least brought a glimpse of paradise unattainable. Meanwhile, in the fatuous belief that I could discourage their fervor if I chose another identity, I laid aside my velvet tam and Windsor tie, forsook the brush for the quill, and became a writer. The ruse succeeded until 1931 when the wheel of fortune revolved and deposited me in Hollywood, a scenarist for the Marx Brothers. Possibly I was drawn there by boyhood devotion to Billie Dove, Priscilla Dean and, above all, to Corinne Griffith, renowned as "the orchidaceous star" and unquestionably the most beautiful woman who ever lived, with the possible exception of a Eurasian I saw dealing blackjack in Manila in 1949. In whatever case, I soon discovered that I had leaped from the fryingpan into the fire. The ambience of celibacy Groucho had promised me if I worked for the troupe was a fiction made up of whole cloth. As I should have guessed, the man carried with him a pocketful of whole cloth from which he made up such fictions. Our conferences and shooting were constantly disrupted by the shriek of starlets evading Harpo's onrush, and Chico and Zeppo, while not quite so impetuous, also bore little resemblance to Cotton Mather. Small wonder, hence, that, surrounded by honeybuns like Thelma Todd, Lilyan Tashman and Toby Wing, my moral fiber should have begun to disintegrate. Less and less I found myself at home dreaming over Spenser's *Epithalamion* and the essays of Bacon; a strange restlessness gripped me that could only be assuaged by tooling a white Duesenberg along Sepulveda Boulevard at 70 mph with a platinum-bobbed head on my shoulder. It was, as I look back on it, a period of—how shall I say?—self-exploration, of coming to grips with things.

Subtly, and quite without any awareness on my part, the icy reserve I had always shown the opposite sex, a trait doubtless inherited from generations of Spanish hidalgos, began to be undermined. It became manifest when, in 1943, I joined with Kurt Weill and Ogden Nash to fashion *One Touch of Venus*, a musical comedy starring Mary Martin. Never before could wild horses have dragged me backstage; the idea of being pawed and fought over by a corps of scantily clad dancers that included Sono Osato, Pearl Lang, Allyn Ann McLerie and Nelle Fisher would have revolted me to the core. A decade in Hollywood, luckily, had inured me to *zaftig* female epidermis en masse, and so, if I had nothing better to do—which was rare—I strolled into the wings and allowed the coryphées to cosset me. It detracted nothing from me, and it gave them an illusion of bliss they could not otherwise obtain in their drab lives.

Thus it was inevitable, nay, foreordained, that, like Sherlock Holmes's ultimate confrontation with his adversary Professor Moriarty, I should at last come face to face with my nemesis, the Serpent of Old Nile—Elizabeth Taylor. She, whose witchery fuses cash registers to white heat, and I, proud, remote, disdainful, had originally met in the orbit of Mike Todd when I wrote the screenplay of *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Those at the encounter will attest that not a muscle flickered in my lean visage, although her lips parted in stupefaction, enabling her to hurriedly spoon in several gobs of pistachio ice cream. From time to time thereafter our trails crossed and I read fear in those magnificent orbs, the knowledge that I had only to crook my finger and it would stay crooked. To protect herself against that fear, she threw herself heart and soul into an intrigue with an actor named Bolton or Benton, some kind of Welsh *arriviste*. But the day of reckoning was nearing, and it came last summer with thunderclap swiftness.

I was in London, working on a television spectacular for her that narcotized 70 million viewers so effectively that dozens of drug firms have sought to name tranquilizers after me. One evening she and this Buxton party—I can't remember the confounded chap's name—invited me to dinner at her sumptuous pad in the Dorchester. She greeted me in a primrose yellow lounging ensemble by Dior appliquéd with doubloons, and as I beheld her coiffure, aglitter with gold dust, I was reluctantly forced to admit that she did have a modicum of allure. Our conversation over cocktails was on an altogether impersonal plane; we discussed the new best seller by Anna Sewell, *Black Beauty*, recalled various Hollywood werewolves we had known, and exchanged an epigram or two that deplorably do not lend themselves to print. Brompton, the Welsh upstart I spoke of, sat nursing his drink a few feet away, his features contorted with jealousy. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, Elizabeth burst into heartrending sobs.

"You *hate* me," she wept, burying her face in hands thickly encrusted with emeralds. "Why? Why? You're always so cold, so remote—like a regular iceberg! I don't believe you have a spark of real feeling!" As I bent beneath her fury, she cried out like a wild thing in pain. "Can't you see I've adored you all these years, you blind little fool?"

To deny the soft impeachment was useless, yet such is the tyranny of tears that momentarily I was panic-stricken. Had her woman's instinct detected the chink in my armor? Was I, secretly and deep down, putty in her hands like her myriad male admirers? The next moment was to provide the answer. She extended her glass imperiously.

"Here, get me some more Seltzer water," she commanded, indicating a lowboy on which were ranged vintage carbonated waters from all over the world.

I arose, desperately struggling for self-mastery, but there was a quaver in my voice. "I—I'm not your lackey," I faltered. "Go get it yourself."

"Once and for all, you," she said, her marble brow darkening. "Are you or are you not fetching me that there Seltzer?"

You could have heard a Van Cleef & Arpels pin drop in the stillness as our wills clashed, each straining for supremacy, but the outcome was already written in the stars. "Yes, ma'am," I piped in a humiliating falsetto, and from that moment forward I was ruined, irretrievably lost, *kaput*. My vaunted haughtiness, my Olympian detachment, was gone forever: I was a schlep.

In the background Brixton gave vent to a sardonic Welsh chuckle. "You never had a prayer, Clyde," he cackled. "She gets 'em all."

This, then, had been my downfall, I reflected bitterly as I stared into the embers on my Pennsylvania hearth last Friday morning. An Apollo endowed with gifts beyond mortal ken reduced to the status of an exterminator, a custodian of ashes—O, what a noble mind was here o'erthrown! And who was to blame? Only myself, I and my fellow schleps who, out of sheer magnanimity, had enfranchised women and as thanks been stripped of leadership in the family, the professions, and commerce. Pusillanimous, cringing wretch that I was to submit to such infamy . . . I sprang to my feet, boiling with wrath, and addressed a silver standard poodle sprawled on the carpet.

"Look at me!" I bellowed. "The man you own as master—or do you too scoff at him behind his back? Well, get this, kiddo—from now on there's going to be a new deal in this household! No more menial jobs for old Dads, do you hear? I'm through being a slavey in my own home, living on crusts and dressing in hand-me-downs! No more of those TV dinners, those makeshift meals you wouldn't dare serve to a handyman!

"Henceforth, I'm the big wheel around here, and I demand to be treated accordingly! When the grand seigneur eats, it's going to be by candlelight, eight courses and plenty of good, fattening desserts—is that clear? And what's more, the women are jolly well staying in purdah! The day of the matriarchy is over—back to the kitchen where they belong!"

Someone behind me cleared her throat, and I turned. It was my wife, clad in a thousand-dollar Nina Ricci original and an Adolfo hat and utterly expressionless. She was extending a basinful of green podlike objects.

"Here, clean these Limas, Buster," she said laconically, "and if anyone wants me, I'm down at the Chanticler in New Hope playing bridge. Got it?"

"Yes, dear," I squeaked in that same humiliating falsetto. I wonder what *can* be amiss with my voice. Perhaps I ought to consult a specialist. THE END

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Once typed as a flapper, playing a worldly

It is completely characteristic of Carol Channing, a tall, handsome comedienne, that what she calls "the first terrible crush of my life" should have been the late Willie Howard, a small, thin comedian whose ruined features closely resembled an abandoned tenement. His eyes, a couple of broken windows, peered out at the world mistrustfully, and his style of performing was the purest Yiddish rococo. While other girls of Miss Channing's tender years mooned over Frank Sinatra or Clark Gable, she burned unrequited for Howard. The two never met, and the ashes of a one-sided passion were strewn on the altar of love. In due time Howard passed to his reward and Miss Channing grew up to become Lorelei Lee, the epitome of the voracious flapper of Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. The part made her a star.

Last month Miss Channing opened on Broadway in *Hello, Dolly!*, a musical adaptation of Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*, and the tenor of her notices once again ranged from ecstatic to frenzied. One critic maintained, for example, that she "must be everything from Fay Templeton to *The Black Crook* to *Little Nelly Kelly* and back again." Obviously feeling this to be inadequate, he added "glorious," and took up other aspects of the show. Despite such pleasant distractions, there are signs that Howard still haunts her. At about two o'clock one morning in her hotel suite in Washington, D. C., where *Hello, Dolly!* was trying out, Miss Channing told a visitor that even though he was no longer among us—she comes of a family of Christian Scientists—the very thought of Howard is enough to inspire her.

Her work is nothing like Howard's, she meant to say, but his stylishness, or the remembrance of it, gave her goose pimples of simple pleasure. "Opposites attract," she said. "I'm a big, slow blonde, and he was a wiry little fellow." At the moment, she was wearing a red-flannel robe and a high, white mobcap. She was in radiant health, standing 5 feet 8¼ inches in her stocking feet and weighing 136 pounds. She almost invariably wears high heels, on the premise that if she is going to be tall, she might as well be good and tall. Since she is nearsighted, she wears contact lenses—one at a time; she has been seen to take one out and put the other in, in taxicabs and backstage, without any self-consciousness. Her eyes are dark brown and, by contrast with Willie Howard's, trusting and soulful.

"My heart pounded every time I saw him," Miss Channing said. "Clark Gable didn't do a thing to me. What Willie had for me was sex appeal. My folks kept telling me, 'He's just a little thing.' I was already a tall girl, but I couldn't have cared

"Whenever I do anything unfeminine," says comic Carol Channing, "I lose my laugh."

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Carol Channing is now widow in this season's musical hit.

GOOD-BYE, LORELEI HELLO, DOLLY!

By Gilbert Millstein

less. Ah, I tell you he was a *boychiekl* all right, a *Mensch*. He was the cutest little thing, and when he stood there with those droopy shoulders and those sleepy eyes . . . oh, the beat of him, the incessant rhythm," she marveled. "I'd start throbbing with him, Haaarrroooonnnnhhhhh," she keened, rising from her chair and flapping her arms. "Aaaaawwwwrrrrrrrreeeeeeeeyyyyyyy." She looked like a carousel about to fly apart.

She subsided and said the noises were approximations of the chants of muezzins. A few years ago, Miss Channing flew to Turkey to help Conrad Hilton open a hotel, and there she found out that muezzins sounded like Howard. "But, more important," she went on, "the things he did, the jokes he told, came out of his being a man. It's the same thing with a female comic—what she does isn't funny unless it comes out of being a woman. Whenever I do anything unfeminine, I lose my laugh."

Gritty and girlish

In *Hello, Dolly!*, Miss Channing portrays Dolly Gallagher Levi, a red-haired *fin-de-siècle* widow of uncertain age. Dolly is worldly, shrewd and by no means above a bit of chicane, including maneuvering a wealthy merchant into marrying her. Miss Channing lines out her songs with the same gritty exuberance and dances with the same girlish enthusiasm she has always displayed, but the contrast between her Dolly Levi and her Lorelei Lee is extreme. Lorelei was all eyes and teeth, perpetual surprise and funny rapacity, a gold digger with a voice technically placed at contralto but, in fact, one that would squeak or roar as she pleased.

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes kept Miss Channing working from 1949 to 1953. She interrupted herself to give birth to her son Channing on March 25, 1953. Thereafter, she replaced Rosalind Russell in *Wonderful Town*, starred in a brief disaster called *The Vamp*, played nightclubs and concert halls in her own show, worked with George Burns in Las Vegas and made appearances on television with, among others, Ed Sullivan, Jack Benny, Dinah Shore and Perry Como. Nevertheless, as the years wore on, Miss Channing became indistinguishable—in the public eye, at any rate—from Lorelei Lee, so much so that Gower Champion, the director and choreographer of *Hello, Dolly!*, was doubtful that she could play Dolly, and told her so. This was all the more remarkable since it was (a) David Merrick, the producer, who offered her the role; (b) Miss Channing who said she would take it only on condition that Champion direct it; and (c) Champion who hired Miss Channing in 1948 for *Lend an Ear*, the revue in which she made her first recognizable impression on Broadway. Miss Channing did something few stars will—she auditioned for the part, and twice at that.

"I didn't think Carol was right for the part because her basic humor has been based on surprise," Champion said. "Carol has a way of looking blankly at someone, and Dolly is diametrically the opposite. She's a very strong woman who draws a bead and stares somebody right down. Carol had a trick of looking at the audiences and being flabbergasted to find out they loved her."

Champion's wife Marge, herself a dancer, recalled that Miss Channing had to undergo some physical changes. "Her movements had to be altered from those of a flapper—all slouch—to the erect stance of a woman of the 'Nineties. We started with any kind of exercise I could devise to strengthen her abdominal muscles, to pull her chest high and give her just a slight swayback that a woman of that time would have adopted—bustle or no bustle. We worked on her arms and hands and head, because a woman of that period never stood in a relaxed posture. She couldn't slouch in one of those big hats they wore. Carol used to stand with her pelvis pushed forward. Besides that, there was a good deal of ballet work to strengthen her legs so she could carry the new posture."

Opinion is virtually unanimous that the real Carol Channing may be found somewhere between Lorelei Lee and Dolly Levi. As Jean Dalrymple, a longtime friend of Miss Channing, put it, "She loves to adopt this vague, innocent expression, but she's got a steel-trap mind—without being offensive. People just like her." Or, as Arnold Weissberger, a theatrical lawyer whose client she used to be, has said, "She has a very clear estimate of her potentialities. I won't forget her arguing with a producer who didn't want to meet her prices. He kept telling Carol he had to think of his backers. At long last, Carol told him, 'Why don't you get your backers to play the part?' The production never came off. She does have that extraordinary way of looking at you with those large, saucerlike eyes. A lot of people have interpreted that to be vacuousness, but seldom has a vacuity been filled with so much substance."

Miss Channing's intention of being a comedienne—a comedienne, not simply a performer—was formed at an early age. Born in Seattle, she was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George Channing. Her father was a man of consequence in the Christian Science Church—editor of all its publications save the newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, and a lecturer for the movement. Carol's experiences of audiences was begun after the family moved to San Francisco. Her father began to take her along on lecturing assignments, and while in school she made herself a reputation as a clown. On the basis of her imitations of the faculty, she got herself elected with great regularity as secretary of the student body in high school.

Carol, often mimed by other performers, offers an impersonation of Marlene Dietrich.

Carol was sent east to Bennington College, which she left after two years to take a part in a very socially conscious play with music by the late Marc Blitzstein. It lasted for three performances. Later she landed a job as understudy to Eve Arden in the Broadway musical *Let's Face It*. After working as a Polish peasant in a bad war drama and appearing in a few Greenwich Village and uptown nightclubs, Miss Channing went back to the West Coast. She worked at one thing and another in Los Angeles until she auditioned for Broadway's *Lend an Ear*. Thereafter she rose, undeterred even by such duds as *The Vamp* in 1955.

In public these days, Miss Channing wears blond wigs; on stage, the red ones specified in the script. She had to stop bleaching her own hair when she found out she was allergic to bleaches. She claims also that the bleach unleashed other allergies, with the result that she is now limited rigidly to a diet of lamb, rooster, turkey, spinach and beets. Also, she has a taste for sweets that she is permitted to indulge only with rock candy, which is practically straight sugar. Occasionally, though, she breaks out, a habit well known to her husband, Charles Lowe, a TV writer and producer for a New York advertising agency. He takes periodic leaves of absence from his job to look after his wife when she is on the road.

Lowe, Miss Channing's third husband, has been described by a friend of the couple as "a factory dedicated to the image of Carol Channing." "He sees every show, whether she's in a club or theater," the friend noted. "He keeps the applause going, and the laughs too. He tells her who's in the house and, if it's a club, what table is apt to be noisy. He also keeps her on her diet." Once Carol's 10-year-old son Channing received five cakes for a birthday, which the Lowes celebrated in the St. Louis hotel where Miss Channing was doing her act. At the end of the festivities Lowe called the housekeeper and told her to send up a chain and lock so that he might secure the cakes in the refrigerator. The next day he gave the cakes away.

On one of her own birthdays—Miss Channing is in her early 40's, but looks at least 10 years younger—she was presented with a huge cake she swore she wouldn't touch, and it was left unguarded. The next day a knife was sunk confidently into the cake, whereupon it collapsed. It was discovered that Miss Channing, with the desperate cunning of the cake eater, had removed a piece from the bottom and excavated until the cake was only a hollow shell of icing.

Some idea of just how much Lowe means to Miss Channing may be gained from the fact that every now and then she equates him with Willie Howard. "Watching Willie," she said the other day, "I felt the most female I'd ever felt—all blowzy and soft and sexy and juicy. He was the *malest* little creature I ever ran across—except Charles." From an adjoining room came a male grunt signifying approval.

"Charles," she went on, "is one of the few men I know who's got the rhythm of Willie Howard within him. It's the beat," she said confidently, "that makes the world go 'round." THE END

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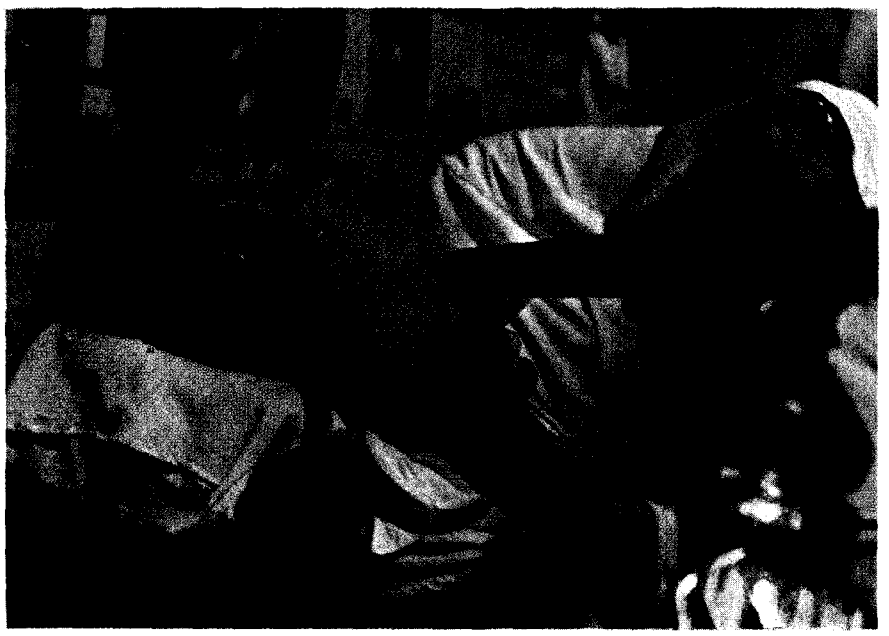
OPIUM

A multimillion-dollar business, the opium trade provides needed gold for Red China, and heroin and increased crime for America.

By STANLEY KARNOW



"Taming the tiger," an addict pursues his pipe dreams in a Laotian opium den.

In a Harlem street last month a young man staggered and fell dead in the gutter, his throat cut. He was a narcotics addict, and he had been killed in a fight over his daily "fix" of heroin. Not every "junkie's" life ends so violently, but violence and crime are the everyday fabric of a life addicted to heroin. A junkie cannot hold a steady job, yet he needs three to ten dollars a day—depending on current prices and the depth of his addiction—to "feed the habit." To get the money he needs, a junkie steals. Anything. From anybody. And if he must kill to get the money he needs to get the drug he craves, he will not stop at killing.

The heroin he injects into his veins comes from a lovely red-and-purple flower called the opium poppy.

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Opium smoking is outlawed in most of the world. But Vientiane, the sleepy little capital of Laos, is a tolerant town where opium dens are as accessible as American speakeasies were during prohibition. When I was there recently, a Chinese acquaintance, Mr. Wong, asked me to join him one evening in "taming the tiger."

We strolled down a quiet back street, turned into a dark alley and approached a small wooden shack. Without bothering to knock, we walked into a room dimly lighted by a few tiny oil lamps, the air heavy with a stifling, sweet odor.

The proprietor, a thin man in black cotton pajamas, emerged from the shadows. Smiling faintly, he motioned us to a bench. An instant later a servant thrust cups of hot tea into our hands.

Low, broad benches lined the walls, which were decorated by gaudy calendars and, in a prominent spot, a color portrait of the king of Laos in gold-braid uniform. On one bench a youth and an old woman sat cross-legged, silently playing cards. On another, a young man was stretched out, his high cheekbones accented by the flickering lamplight. He stared at us—perhaps through us—from glazed eyes with pupils like pinpoints.

The proprietor nodded in the young man's direction. "He is a great smoker—forty, sometimes fifty pipes a day," he said with admiration. Then, perhaps thinking he had shocked me, he added, "However, you can enjoy opium without becoming an addict, just as you can drink whiskey without becoming a drunkard."

As our host talked, the servant returned to set up equipment on our bench. He lighted the wick of a small, glass-chimneyed oil lamp and, like a nurse preparing a surgeon's instruments, he laid out a steel needle, a thin strip of bamboo, a shiny metal container no bigger than a bottle cap and a plastic dispenser that had once held after-shave lotion. The proprietor reached to a nearby shelf for a pipe of burnished wood, about two feet long. It had an ivory tip, and the doorknob-shaped bowl was engraved with a garland of flowers.

"Simple bamboo is best," our host explained. "One like this is worth fifty dollars, but I wouldn't sell it."

As Mr. Wong's guest, I had to lead. I lay down on the bench, my head propped against a wooden pillow. The proprietor sat facing me and began to prepare the opium.

First he squeezed some sticky, brownish-black opium from the plastic dispenser into the little metal container. He gathered a few drops of it on the steel needle and held it over the lamp, turning the needle as the liquid opium bubbled and slowly coagulated to the consistency of rubber. He talked softly as he worked, describing how the opium was hardening as its water evaporated. "We must be careful not to burn it," he said.

Using the bamboo strip, he kneaded the opium pill into a smooth conic shape. He let it cool for a moment before jabbing it into the bowl of the pipe, working the needle free with a circular motion. Holding one end in order to maneuver the bowl over the lamp flame, he passed the pipe to me.

As I inhaled, I could hear a kind of gurgling as the opium smoke, tasting rather like caramel, filled my lungs. It was as mild as a cigarette.

I sipped tea, and the proprietor silently prepared another pipe for me.

I smoked two more pipes while Mr. Wong talked lazily, then ceded him my place on the bench. He polished off five or six pipes with practiced skill, and lighted a cigarette when he had finished. I asked him why he smoked opium. "Oh, I don't smoke it often," he replied. "But every once in a while opium gives me a lift. This"—he held up his cigarette—"probably does me more harm."

The bird's-eye view

Time had ceased to count, but perhaps a half hour or more had floated by. Except for an unusual thirst, scarcely satisfied by several cups of tea, I felt comfortable and peaceful. My brain was clear and my senses so sharp that, for example, I could see every weave in the bamboo mat that covered the bench. Yet my mind felt liberated from my body, and my body seemed shorn of its senses. It was, to put it as precisely as I can, a combination of intellectual alertness and physical indifference. Everything becomes keenly perceptible, but nothing really matters. As French artist Jean Cocteau described it, you get a bird's-eye view of yourself. A great many people are willing to pay big money to get a bird's-eye view of themselves. Thus opium, along with its morphine and heroin derivatives, is the cold, crass commodity of a colorful, dangerous, multimillion-dollar business that spreads throughout Asia and stretches into Europe and the U.S.

The volume of Asia's illicit narcotics traffic is staggering. According to United Nations experts, about two million pounds of opium are grown annually in the fertile triangle of rugged mountains which cover the northern regions of Burma, Thailand and Laos and the southwestern provinces of Red China. In dozens of different ways and under complex, mysterious auspices, opium and its more sophisticated by-products stream into such big cities as Bangkok, Saigon, Singapore and Rangoon. And via Hong Kong and Tokyo, many clandestine shipments reach customers in the U.S. The markup on narcotics is spectacular. The pound of raw opium bought from a Thai mountaineer for $25 may, after refinement into an ounce of heroin, retail for almost $1,000 in Los Angeles.

Drugs are transported by every conceivable kind of conveyance—aircraft, freighters, trains, trucks, private cars, dugout canoes and on the backs of mules or men. They are concealed inside steel pipes, hollowed-out oranges, women's brassieres, ship's winches and children's dolls. And narcotics are handled by all sorts of operatives, from simple peasants to distinguished diplomats. Until he was arrested recently, a U.S. Air Force sergeant handsomely supplemented his salary by delivering drugs to merchants in Asian capitals. He maintained lavish apartments in Hong Kong and Tokyo, each upholstered with an extravagant mistress. "That luxury was his undoing," a narcotics agent explained. "No GI could live so well unless he were crooked. We just tailed him for a couple of weeks and caught him. But he was only small fry. How we crack down on the top racketeers, I just don't know."

The narcotics traffic is an Oriental fact of life that ignores national boundaries and transcends ideologies. It figures in everything from folklore and history to crime, subversion and military strategy.

Opium is the principal, though invisible, export of Laos, and a lucrative, though illicit, source of income for certain Vietnamese officials. For years the Thai army and police fought each other to control their country's opium racket, and some Thai authorities are still involved in the

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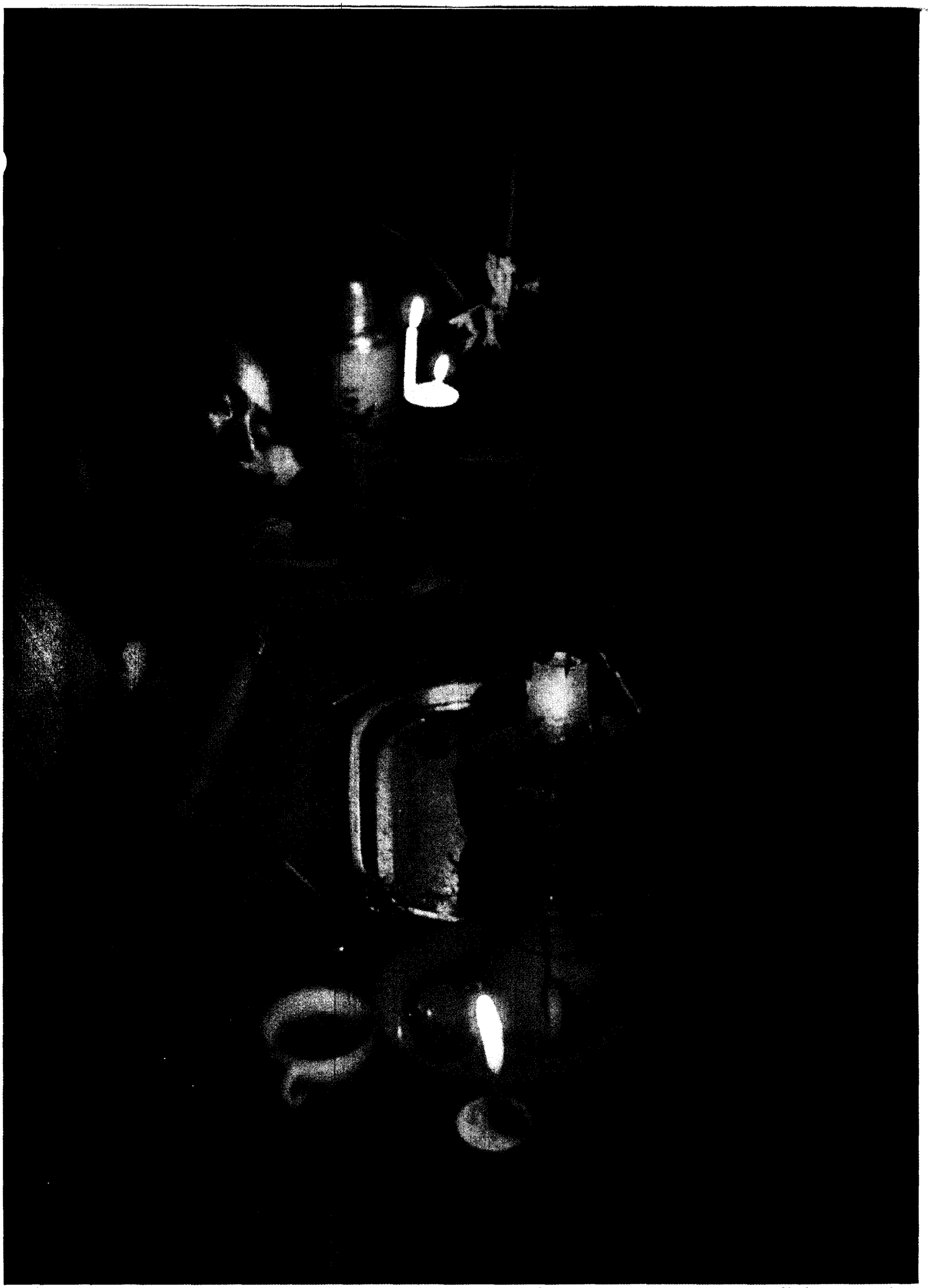

Stretched out on a bench where he will subsequently lapse into drugged reverie, an opium smoker in a lamplit den receives a pipe just prepared for him by a woman assistant.

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business. Though dedicated to the overthrow of the Communists, thousands of Chinese Nationalist guerrillas based in sections of Thailand and Burma support themselves by trafficking opium out of Red China.

"If the opium business were suddenly to stop," says a knowledgeable Asian official, "regimes would be shaken, economies would falter, and thousands of people would go broke."

Opium has wielded such political, social and economic power for more than a century. Though known as far back as 4,000 B.C. by the ancient Sumerians—who called it "joy plant"—it did not become a major commercial article until the early 1800's. Enterprising British traders developed a flourishing traffic by importing the drug from India, and soon Chinese began growing the poppy themselves in Yunnan, Szechwan, Kweichow and Shensi provinces, mountainous regions ideal for opium cultivation. Not until chewing gum was invented did a habit gain popularity with such prodigious speed. Domestic Chinese opium production soared from an estimated 12,000 pounds in 1847 to about 60 million pounds by 1905.

It was chiefly Chinese emigrants who introduced opium smoking into Southeast Asia and they, rather than native people, were its principal users. But the poppy is grown, in Burma, Thailand and Laos, largely by the assortment of non-Chinese tribes—Miaos, Lahus, Yaos and others—that wandered down from southern China.

Known as *Papaver somniferum* to botanists, the opium poppy thrives in cool, light mountain soil. Tribal farmers (or more usually their wives) plant their poppy seeds in the fall on the northern and eastern slopes of hills, and by February the lovely red-and-purple flowers are in bloom. When the petals fall, the green pod, about the size and shape of an egg, is scratched with a knife. A white gum drips out, turning almost black on exposure to air. This raw opium is boiled several times in water until refined of its crust and dirt, and then it is shaped into loaves of a pound or more.

The Communist rulers in Peking claim that the "opium scourge has long been eradicated with the elimination of imperialist influence in China." But there is evidence to substantiate U.S. Narcotics Commissioner Henry L. Giordano's charge that "Communist China is growing opium as a money crop and using it to acquire foreign exchange."

China's craggy Yunnan province, say United Nations experts, is now the greatest single opium-producing region on earth. Red Chinese opium shipments are reportedly assembled at the Yunnan towns of Szemao and Cheli, and carried by porters or mule teams along mountain trails into Burma. Here Burmese syndicates take over. Adding locally grown opium, they send their drug caravans southward down the Salween River valley. This savage region is infested with Shan insurgents, headhunting Wa tribesmen and bandits of every stripe, and the convoys are often guarded by Burmese-army units. As a Burmese official explained, "We must protect our merchants."

The destination of these opium caravans is a string of shabby Burmese villages near the Thai and Laotian borders. Like all the lowland villages in the vicinity, each is a row of ugly, open-air shops lining a single dirt street. But in their warehouses these settlements probably contain the greatest concentration of narcotics in the world. In one of them, a place called Tachilek, there is space to store at least 100,000 pounds of opium. Dens operate around the clock, and the sweet smell of opium pervades the warm afternoon air.

To these Burmese villages come the opium buyers, almost all of whom are the ubiquitous Chinese merchants of Southeast Asia. A few operate alone, but most represent consortiums with political connections and commercial networks in the big cities of the South. Opium buyers are weighed down with six-ounce bars of gold, the only currency respected in this area. Many, though dressed in mufti, are Chinese Nationalist officers who command about 5,000 irregulars, remnants of the 93rd Division, who retreated into this region when the Communists took China and have earned their livelihood by smuggling ever since.

"It's terrible the way the Communists are subverting the free world with narcotics," a top Nationalist officer said to me one evening, as we dined in a tiny Chinese restaurant in a northern Thai town. "But aren't your own people involved in the trade?" I asked.

"Of course," he replied candidly, "but we have no choice. We must survive."

Most major opium shipments are destined for Bangkok, a hive of clandestine heroin factories and a busy center of international air and sea communications. Getting them there is a difficult, dangerous task. To reach the towns of Changmai or Lampang, where drugs can be hidden on trucks or trains going south, opium caravans plod for 10 or 15 days along jungle trails. Locally grown opium also flows down from Thailand's northern mountains to join the traffic.

Opium convoys scarcely differ from the commercial caravans that have criss-crossed Asia for centuries. Smaller expeditions comprise about 25 porters, each carrying 60-pound loads for about $75 per trip. Larger operations may consist of 80 or 100 mules bearing 160 pounds of opium each. Chinese mercenaries armed with automatic weapons protect the caravans against hijackers, rival gangs and zealous police. Skirmishes are common, frequently fought at night in dense jungles. They are often inconclusive. They sometimes are purposely inconclusive.

Cargoes constantly change hands and, broken down into smaller packages, they are hidden under automobile seats, stowed in locomotive cabins, buried in sacks of rice, even sealed into the false roofs of specially built buses. At Lampang in 1962, Thai police and U.S. narcotics agents seized more than 4,000 pounds of opium hidden in two truckloads of raw cotton.

To facilitate movement inside Thailand, opium cargoes are diverted into secret laboratories for conversion into morphine and heroin. Efficient drug entrepreneurs have the best chemists money can buy. One group of Chinese, for example, maintains a laboratory in a furnished cave 7,000 feet up in the northern Thai mountains near the Burmese border. The stronghold shelters chemists especially imported from Hong Kong, and it is guarded by a battalion of Nationalist irregulars who also convoy the narcotics down to civilization. Most Thai authorities are well aware of this establishment, but a high provincial official said recently, "We have orders to leave them alone."

Bangkok is at the hub of the opium trade, and prices there are relatively low. In the Vietnamese capital of Saigon, opium sells for as much as $200 per pound, the highest price in Asia. But the profits to traffickers are minimal. Smuggling has been hindered by the current war against Communist guerrillas. In addition, many payoffs must be made to corrupt officials who, as one opium merchant puts it, "are terribly insatiable."

The biggest consumer market for narcotics in the Far East, however, is the orderly British colony of Hong Kong, where about one resident in 15 is a drug addict. Opium has been outlawed in the colony since 1945, but as a government white paper states, "Drug addiction is one of Hong Kong's greatest social and economic problems." In 1962 the police raided a refugee settlement where 5,000 impoverished addicts lined up every day to spend half or more of their daily wage on drugs. An emaciated factory worker recently explained that he allotted $26 of his $42 monthly salary for heroin. Why? He tapped his chest. "It relieves my pain." How did he eat? "When I chase the dragon, I'm not hungry."

Tons of narcotics are smuggled into Hong Kong every year, and trying to track them down is a nightmarish task. The colony's harbor is a jumble of freighters and junks and sampans. Says a local police officer, "We're lucky if we pick up a fraction of the drugs that come in here."

Contrary to some reports, little or no opium is smuggled into Hong Kong directly across the border from Red China. Narcotics reaching the colony take the circuitous route through Burma and Thailand. Almost every week Hong Kong's British police seize a shipment. They find it on ships and airliners, and it is frequently carried by quite respectable couriers. A young lady from Bangkok caught concealing a package of drugs last summer turned out to be the daughter of a prominent Thai military officer.

Hong Kong police also have a difficult time cracking down on makeshift heroin laboratories. Much dope filters in from Portuguese Macao, where some of the world's most skilled narcotics chemists reside (among them an elderly, one-armed Chinese known to the local underworld as The Man With the Golden Arm). Most refining, however, is done in the kitchens of crowded Hong Kong tenements or in the refugee shantytowns that sprawl across the colony's hillsides.

From the Orient, narcotics make their way to world markets and into the U.S. Most smuggling is handled by merchant seamen who land at West Coast ports, and occasionally unsuspecting tourists are used as couriers. Not long ago a New York businessman visiting Hong Kong was asked by an acquaintance to deliver a package to an American "customs official" at the Los Angeles airport. The package undoubtedly contained narcotics, and the "official" was unquestionably part of a well organized dope ring. A Chinese student at a Pennsylvania college recently explained how his immigration had been financed by a benefactor who required only that he deliver a packet of "Chinese medicine" in the U.S.

While they agree that chasing smugglers is necessary, some narcotics experts in Asia advocate uprooting the drug trade at its source by discouraging opium cultivation and providing poppy-growing mountain tribesmen cash crops more valuable than opium. Agriculture specialists contend that mountaineers can earn more money over the long run by breeding pigs or growing tea and fruit. Promoters of such programs stress that they must be developed gradually. Mountain farmers would require subsidies to tide them through the transformation period. American narcotics experts in Southeast Asia suggest that U.S. aid can contribute to schemes of this sort. "Whatever they cost," says one of them, "it would be a drop in the bucket compared to what we spend fighting drug addiction at home."

While a worthy ideal, the elimination of narcotics by reforming opium farmers is not easily attainable. Any vigorous campaign against Asia's drug traffic would inevitably involve smashing powerful narcotics networks as well, and in many countries they are protected by government accomplices. "It is fine and noble to talk of stopping the opium business," asserts a high Asian official. "But who is going to overthrow a regime just because some of its leaders happen to have a hand in a racket or two?" THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.
HAZEL by Ted Key
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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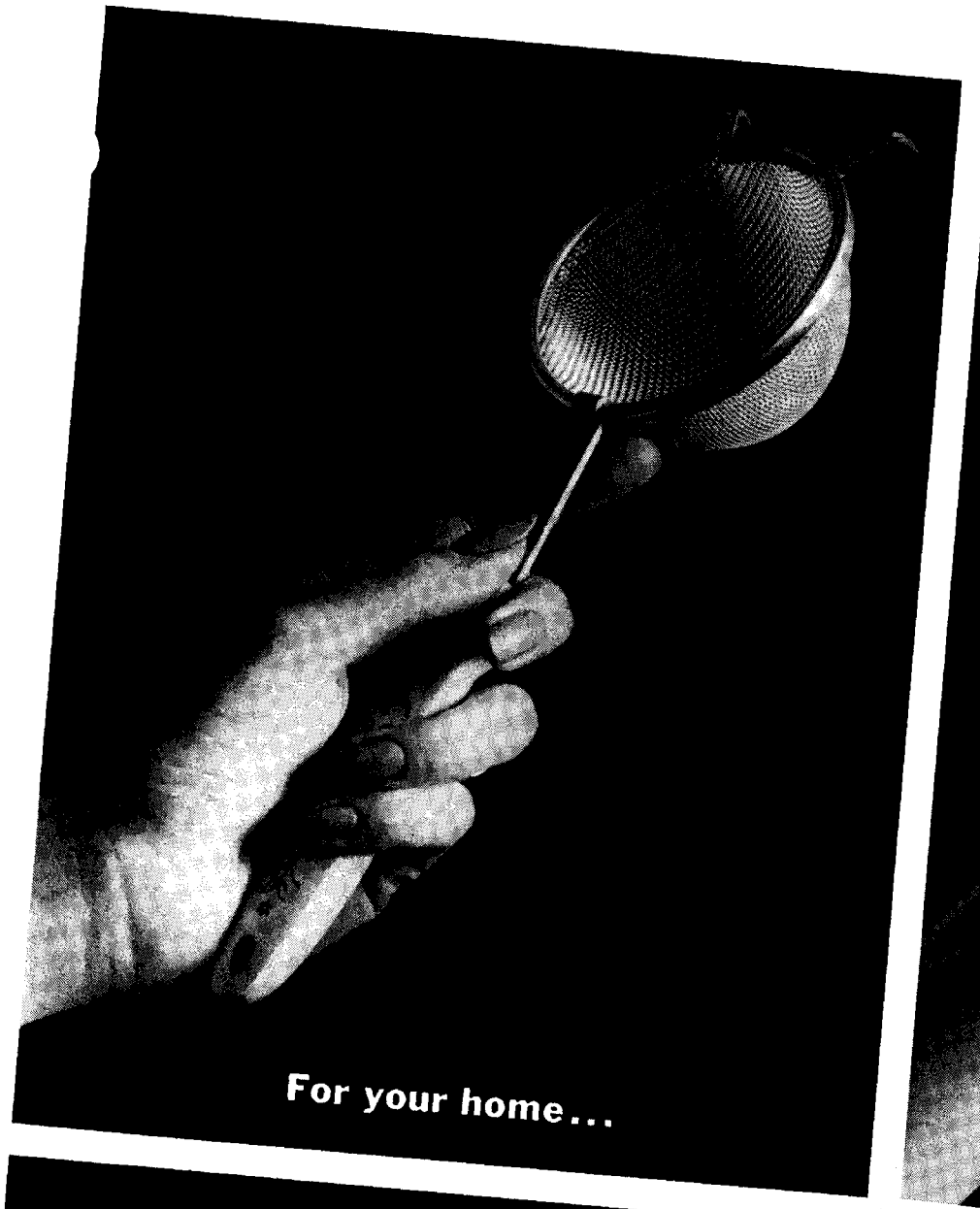

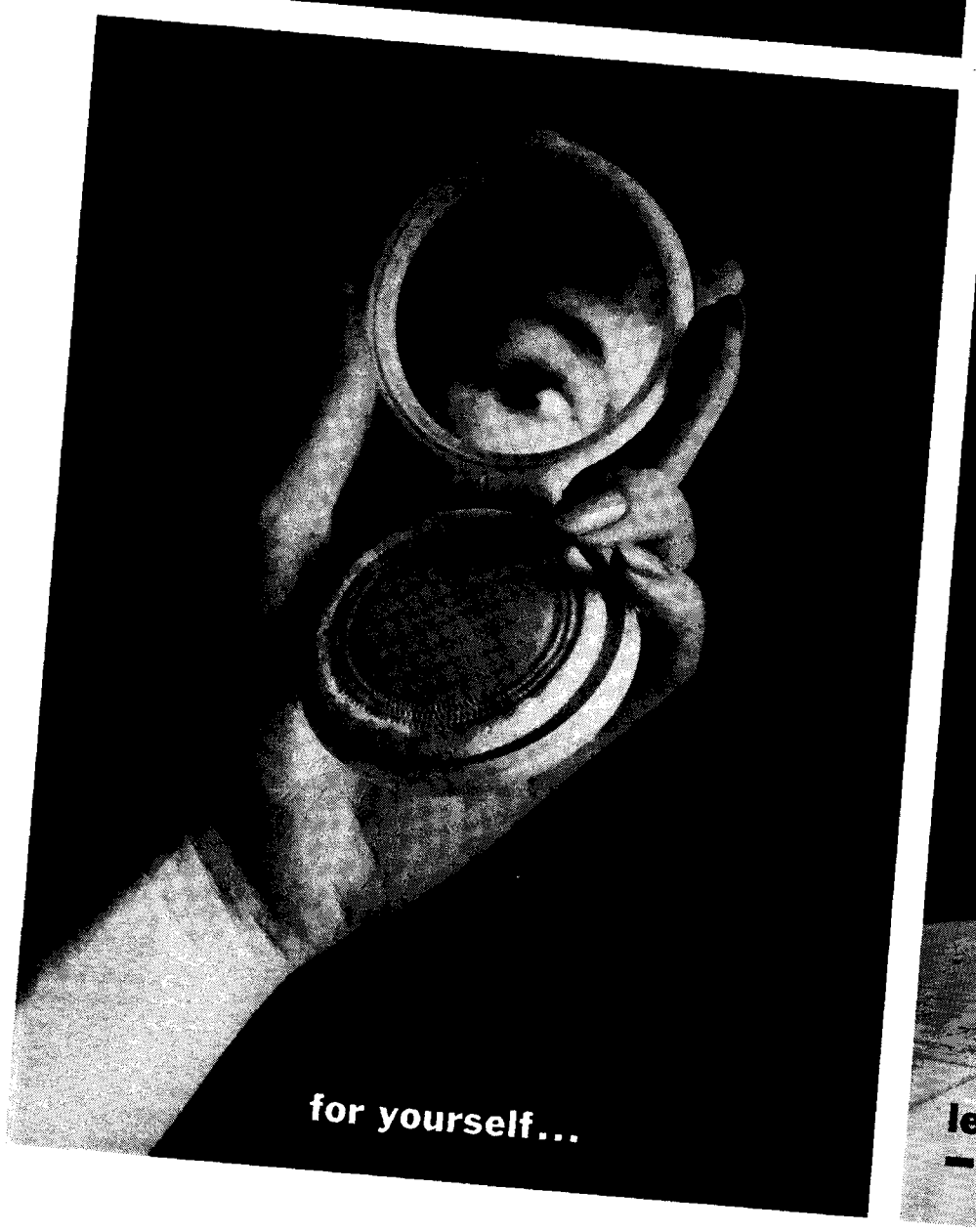

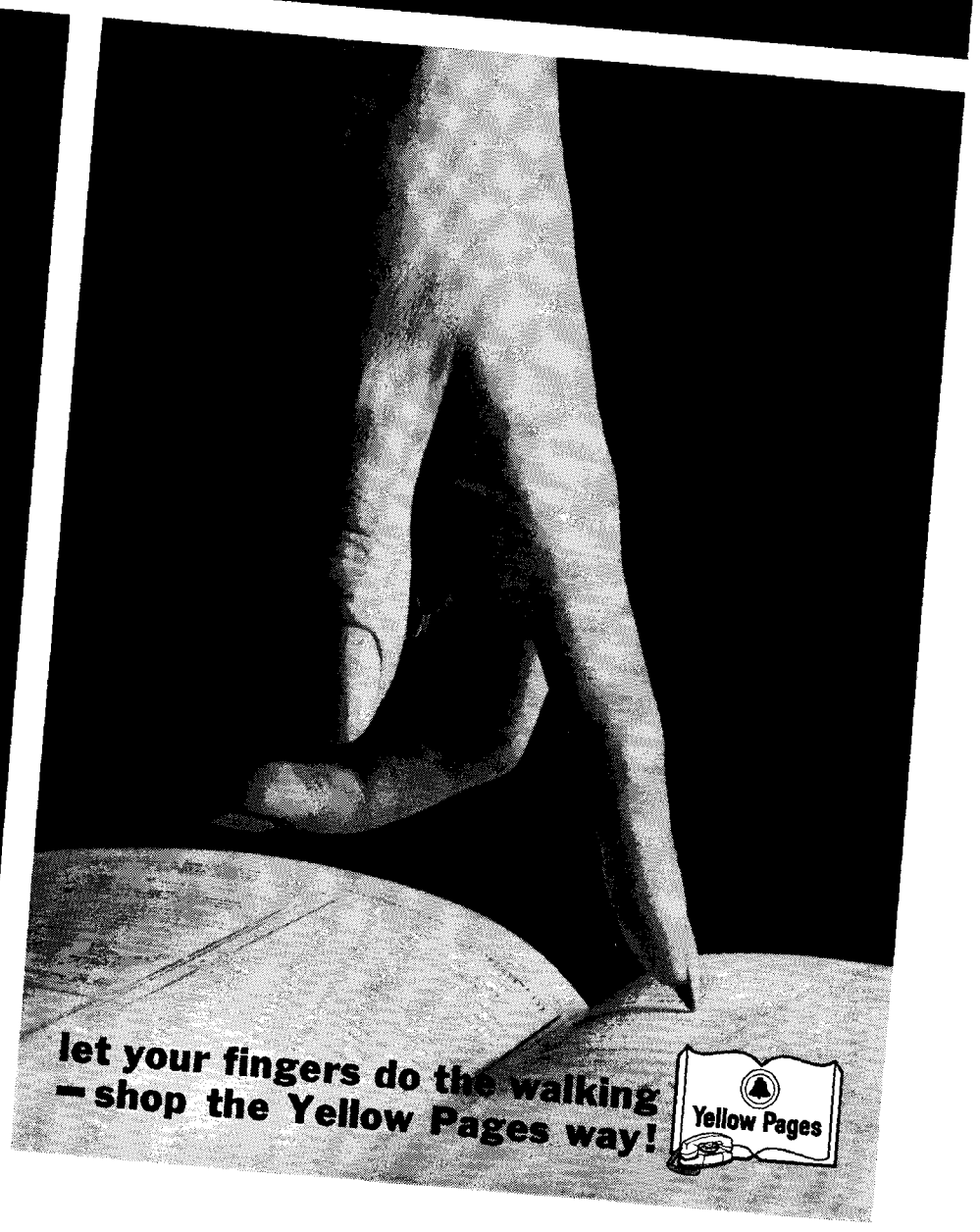

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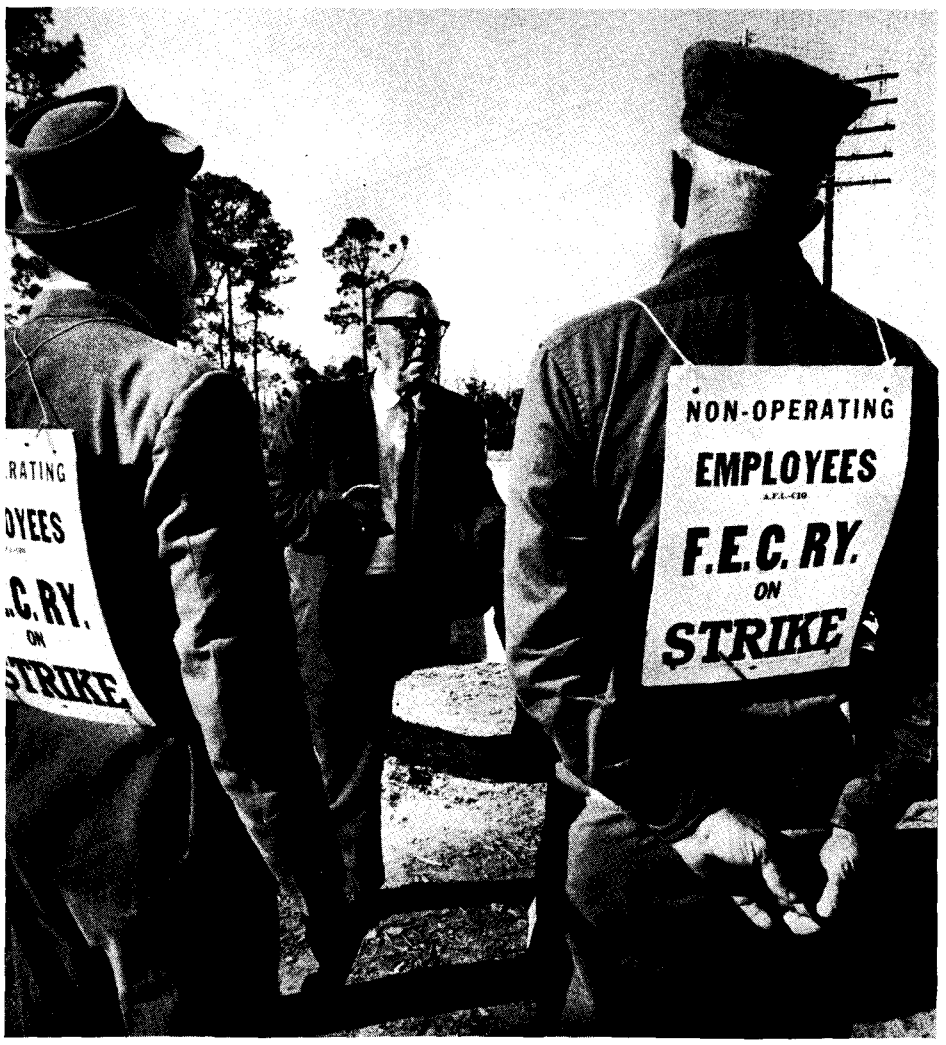
By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

RAILROAD

F.E.C.'s "new breed": College man Steve Morgan, 21, fills in as switch foreman . . .

. . . while strikers (listening to union leader Jack Hadley) man the picket lines.



Outside, the sun is shining, but in the wide concrete-floored building that serves as headquarters for the strike there is only a little light. The men sit at tables for hours on end and talk without animation. Coffee is there, and some old magazines they can thumb through. A television set squats in the front of the room. Its screen is blank. Alone at one table now, an elderly man, his back to a tiny wood-burning stove, is playing solitaire. The cards are limp and dirty.

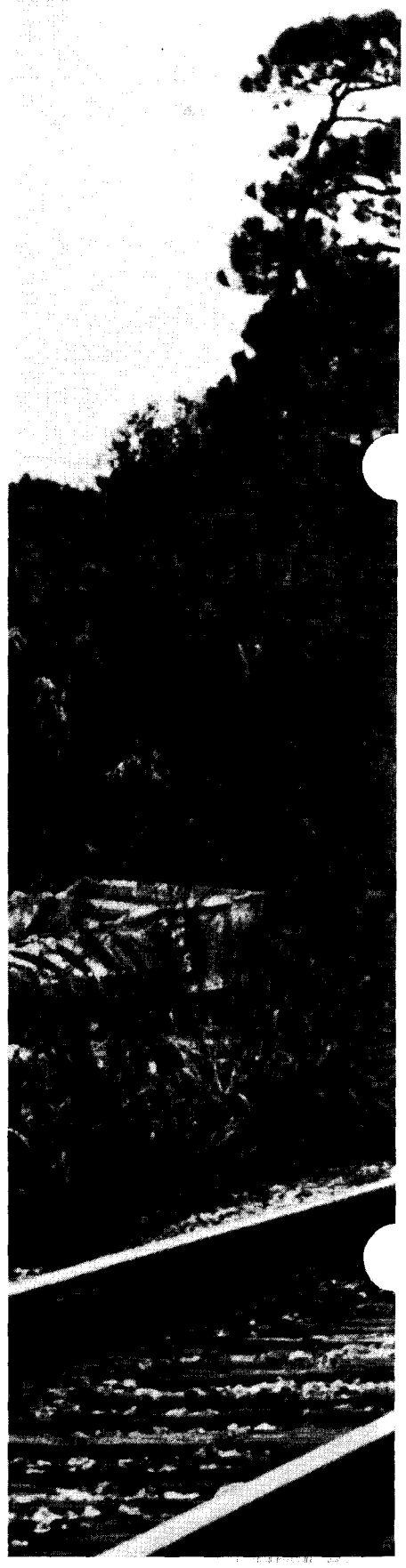
It is two days after Christmas, yet no decorations brighten this building. Only a simple home-made sign, adorned with six names, which hangs from a middle rafter. "Those are the scabs," one man says, "the lousy scabs who went back to work for the railroad. But only six out of five hundred in this division. That's pretty good." Another man puts his paper down. "When this thing first started," he says, "I went on home to wait. I figured we'd be out a week—maybe ten days at most. Nobody ever thought it would take this long. Nobody."

On January 23, 1964, the strike of 1,350 "nonoperating" employees against the Florida East Coast Railway Company entered its second year. It is not yet the longest railroad strike in history—the Toledo, Peoria & Western was shut down for 18 months from October, 1945, to April, 1947—but in a strange, involuntary way it may prove to be among the most important.

What began as a simple walkout against a small railroad has grown, like a tumor, into a bitter conflict packed with violence. Dynamite blasts have mangled bridges and trestles. Trains have plunged mysteriously from their tracks. Curious fires have licked at company property. The strike has caused great economic hardship, turned neighbor against neighbor and even shut down construction activity at Cape Kennedy. But these may turn out to be its least important aspects, for this strike has wide implications extending beyond the borders of Florida.

The timing is significant. A national railroad crisis is approaching. The country is bracing for a possible strike that could begin this spring. The controversy swirls around the featherbedding issue. A special arbitration board, the Supreme Court, the Congress—all have considered the dispute from a theoretical standpoint. But the Florida East Coast has been actively facing that issue for the past 13 months. And its experiences raise several serious questions.

Before the strike, the railroad employed 2,100 persons. Today it has 850. Yet it claims that despite this vastly reduced



F.E.C. train passes wreck of 52-car freight at Oak Hill, derailed by apparent sabotage.

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THAT DEFIES THE UNIONS

When its workers walked out a year ago, the Florida East Coast kept going with skeleton crews. Despite vandalism, it's making money—and proving a case for U.S. railroad management.

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In the beginning, a simple strike with simple issues.

work force, it is able to provide service that is safer, more efficient and more profitable than before. Could other railroads cure financial ills by following suit?

The second question probes even deeper. Two years ago the F.E.C. withdrew from a pattern of industry-wide collective bargaining that has helped to insure labor peace for more than 30 years. It insisted on bargaining for itself. And it seems to have got away with it. Will other railroads try the same thing? Would economic chaos result if they did?

It wasn't quite so complicated in the beginning. In September, 1961, the 11 unions for "nonoperating" railroad employees—shop repairmen, office workers, signalmen and telegraphers—demanded from all U.S. railroads a flat wage increase of 25 cents an hour and a promise that no jobs would be abolished without six months' notice. The railroads countered by asking the unions to accept a pay cut. Bargaining stalled, and in March, 1962, President Kennedy appointed a special emergency board to find a solution. Two months later the board recommended that the railroads pay an increase of 10.28 cents per hour. The unions and 192 railroads accepted the proposal. Only one railroad failed to sign the agreement: the Florida East Coast.

Months of negotiations reached an impasse—and at six o'clock on the cool, windy morning of January 23, 1963, the railroad's nonoperating workers walked off their jobs. Quickly they established headquarters in seven cities along the F.E.C.'s 572 miles of road and dispatched men to set up picket lines. Without hesitation, the F.E.C.'s 600 "operating," or on-train, employees decided to honor those lines.

The F.E.C. defended its stand by pointing out that it had voluntarily withdrawn from industry-wide bargaining in February, 1962—before creation of the emergency board. Therefore, it felt no obligation to honor the board's solution.

Behind this decision stood a spry, bushy-browed, blunt-spoken man named Edward Ball. As board chairman, he runs the railroad with an iron hand, insists that subordinates give him a daily report on profits and losses. The railroad's positions are *his* positions.

Ball showed independence early in life. At 13, he left school to guard his father's Virginia oyster beds from "pirates." "If I thought I heard a noise," he recalls, "I'd blow out the lamp in the guardhouse, poke my rifle out the window and start shooting." With the pirates thus disposed of, Ball prospected for gold in California, managed a tomato cannery in Delaware and sold commodities ranging from lawbooks to walnut trees.

In 1920 his sister Jessie married a shy millionaire named Alfred I. du Pont. Six years later, when du Pont forsook his Wilmington relatives and moved to Florida, Ball became his chief lieutenant.

"Ed Ball," du Pont once remarked in admiration, ". . . is as tenacious as a bulldog on a tramp's pants." And over the years it has been this fierce determination, coupled with a grasp of the uses of power, which has helped to make him now, at 75, one of the state's most powerful men. These qualities have also earned him enemies who like to refer to Ball as "the last of the robber barons" or, more simply, "the emperor."

The "empire" over which he presides is immense. As a trustee of the mammoth Alfred I. du Pont estate, he controls:

- The F.E.C., plus a smaller railroad in the Florida panhandle called the Appalachicola Northern.
- The St. Joe Paper Company (1.1 million acres of timberland in Florida alone).
- Miami real estate worth $19 million.
- 764,280 shares of Du Pont and 444,618 shares of General Motors common stock—worth approximately $218 million.
- The Florida National group of 31 banks with 1963 assets of $676 million.

The best time to see Ed Ball is shortly after five o'clock on a weekday afternoon in Jacksonville. Sometimes by himself, but more often with friends in tow, he will go from his office to suite 1802 in the Robert Meyer Hotel, uncork a bott' of Old Forester and start to "bat pneumonia germs." Here, settled back i. his favorite armchair, his eyes half closed, his pants legs raised to reveal long stretches of alabaster shin, he will, in his half-gruff voice, hold forth on his current likes and dislikes. He is, for example, powerfully pro-Florida, has donated more than 18,000 acres of land to the state and financed numerous public projects. He loves birds and beasts, including a "pole-vaulting bass named Henry," which swims on his property at Wakulla Springs, and he has given another 4,000 acres to the Audubon Society for a wildlife refuge. Ed Ball does *not* like taxation. He speaks scathingly of the Bureau of *Infernal* Revenue, once tried to purchase sovereignty of the French-owned Pacific island of Bora Bora to set up a tax haven all his own. Nor does he like organized labor. "The union political leaders," he says, his voice becoming gruffer, "have subjugated their members to a point where, when they talk about free men, it's nothing less than a farce."

Ball's chief antagonist in the F.E.C. dispute heartily disagrees. His name is George E. Leighty—Earle to his friends—and he has been chairman since 1947 of the 11 cooperating nonoperating railroad unions. Leighty has played a major role in winning a union shop, a 40-hour week, and the industry's first life-insurance program for the 500,000 "off-train" workers in the United States and Canada. He is silver-haired now, and, at 210 pounds, perhaps a little paunchy. With his neat white tie and blue pin-stripe suit, he resembles a prosperous businessman. Yet the grim-jawed determination that carried him up from the lonely depot at La Plant, S. Dak., where he slept, cooked his own meals and worked as a boy, is still much in evidence.

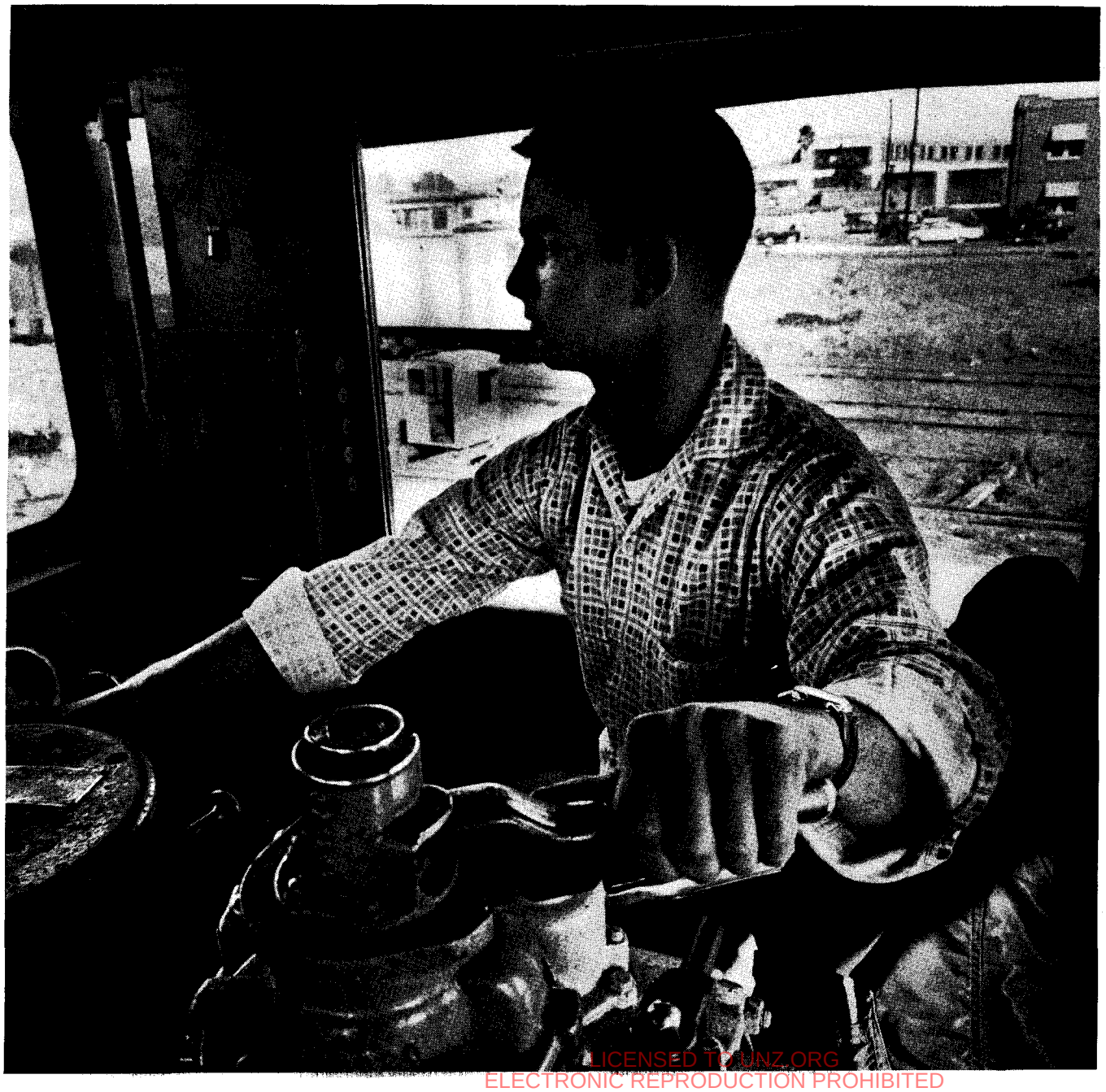
"He's a mild-mannered guy," says one of his associates. "But once he commits himself to something, he hangs on. And he's committed himself to winning this." Adds another cohort, "Hardly a day has passed since this thing started that Earle hasn't been on the phone to Florida [from his offices in Washington and St. Louis]. And if he hasn't used the phone, it's because he's been on the scene."

From the beginning, as Ball and Leighty plotted their strategy, the conflict took on an added dimension. It began to symbolize a test of wills between two strong and determined men.

By February, 1962, Ball was convinced not only that his railroad had the right to withdraw from the national carriers' conference and negotiate for itself, but also that special circumstances made such action imperative.

The railroad was in poor financial shape. Ball had just acquired the F.E.C. in 1961—after it had been in receivership for 30 years—and his fight to gain control of the road had been long and bitter. Now he was faced with the fact that in the past six years operating revenues had plunged—from $38.9 million to $29.5 million. Before the rise of Castro, the F.E.C. had grossed an annual $2.5 million ferrying cars to West Palm Beach for shipment to Cuba. But now that income had dwindled to pocket change. The F.E.C. was running in the red. It had not even been able to pay interest on its

At 22, Charles Bennett holds the engineer's throttle. Strikers claim new workers' inexperience makes F.E.C. operations a safety hazard.



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second-mortgage bonds. The railroad's financial woes, Ball contended, would not permit him to pay a wage increase—at least not yet. To do so might invite bankruptcy.

Yet Ball was willing to bargain. From July, 1962, until negotiations sputtered to a halt in December, the railroad made 10 separate proposals. In one of them Ball offered to exceed the national settlement of 4.5 percent, grant his employees a 5 percent wage boost if they would let him spread it out over an 18-month period and agree to some work-rules changes. The unions said no. They did not want to accept an offer that differed from the national settlement.

Leighty and his associates recognized the road's financial ills. But these problems, they pointed out, were not unique to the F.E.C. Nearly 25 percent of all major U.S. railroads were operating in the red. Yet all of *them* signed the new contract. The settlement cost to the F.E.C. would be only $331,000. Surely a man of Ball's wealth could find the money somewhere. But more than that, as a Leighty spokesman explained, "We just can't let them get away from the national wage pattern or we'll have dire repercussions with railroads all across the country."

Conversation froze. Each side blamed the other.

On September 25, 1962, the National Mediation Board asked both parties to submit to arbitration. They refused, feeling there was still a chance to settle by themselves. Yet the logjam only thickened. Finally, on November 14, F.E.C. assistant vice president Raymond Wyckoff telephoned National Mediation Board member Francis O'Neill Jr. Repeating Ball's contention that the F.E.C. dispute was unique, he asked O'Neill to certify the necessity of establishing a new emergency board. O'Neill refused. The issues, he maintained, were almost identical to those which the first emergency board had already settled on a national level.

On November 17 the road's president, William B. Thompson Jr., wrote to Labor Secretary W. Willard Wirtz. Because a tie-up "would result in a substantial interruption of interstate commerce essential to this area," he said, appointment of an emergency board was imperative. This led to further meetings, but again, neither side was willing to budge, and again the National Mediation Board declined to invoke the emergency-board procedure.

The strike began.

The unions' timing was perfect. Traditionally, the railroad's freight and passenger revenues begin to reach a peak in the last week of January. "It is evident that the unions selected this date in order to cause the greatest financial loss to the railway," Ball fumed, "the greatest loss and inconvenience to the traveling public and, particularly, the fruit and vegetable producers. It is indeed unfortunate that the effect on the economy of the state was so flagrantly disregarded."

For 10 days nothing moved. Shippers screamed. "In the beginning we were pretty badly hurt," recalls James Duncan, an official of the Florida Fruit and Vegetable Association. "We had expenses of $750,000 directly attributable to the strike, and that's conservative."

"Gradually," says Winfred L. Thornton, the F.E.C.'s able, young, prematurely gray vice president, "we began to see that we had only two alternatives. We could give up completely or we could try to start up again with supervisory personnel. We decided to give it a try."

Shortly after two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, February 3—11 days after the strike began—a single freight train rumbled out of Bowden Yard near Jacksonville and headed toward Miami. It tugged only 20 cars. But it was a start.

In the beginning the railroad restricted its traffic mainly to piggyback loads—truck trailers driven onto flatcars by nonunion drivers. It refused to handle L.C.L. (less than carload) freight and it showed no inclination to resume its passenger service. Yet slowly carloadings increased: 466 cars per week after two weeks; 820 after four; 1,001 after six—one fifth of prestrike levels. To run its trains, the railroad hired former factory hands and college students to supplement the roughly 200 supervisory personnel who had not gone out on strike. And it trained them quickly. Union concern began to mount.

What bothered labor officials was not just the fact that "scab trains" were running. In the process of resuming operations, Ball's men were arbitrarily changing work rules—and shedding unwanted light on the featherbedding issue.

In prestrike days, whenever the F.E.C. dispatched a train from Jacksonville to Miami, this scene would take place:

One crew of five men (an engineer, fireman, conductor and two brakemen) eases a big freight out of Bowden Yard and sends it rumbling down the 98 miles of track to New Smyrna Beach. The trip requires two hours and ten minutes, yet—because the work rules say that a trip of 100 miles constitutes a full day's labor—each man receives a full day's wages. Now another five-man crew boards the train for the two-and-one-half-hour ride to Fort Pierce. Because this distance is 125 miles, each man gets a day and a quarter's pay. The process repeats itself on the last leg into Miami. Altogether, 15 men receive a total of $372.38 to handle a single train.

Qualified bulb changers

After the train has entered the yard in Miami, the cars are unhooked and the engine driven away. Railroad officials contend that an engineer who handles a locomotive on the main track is qualified to handle it inside the yard. But work rules stipulate that he must step down in favor of an entirely new crew: a hostler, his helper, and a herder to open and close the switches.

Similar rules also apply to "off-train" employees. A maintenance man who works on tracks is not allowed to work on bridges. A clerk who can type 60 words per minute is not allowed to use a Teletype machine. That chore belongs to a telegrapher. And when a light bulb in a washroom burns out, the only man allowed to replace it is a union electrician.

Ball changed all that soon after the strike began.

Today at the F.E.C.'s Miami freight office, a rented Xerox copying machine performs a task that used to require five clerks. In the busy yards at Jacksonville, Miami and New Smyrna Beach, the hostler, his helper and herder are nowhere to be found. Regular train crews are performing their functions. Before the strike began, the F.E.C. employed 393 yard and road-crew workers. Today it keeps 113 men in the yard, sends another 79 out to perform maintenance on tracks and bridges. As a result of such innovations, the railroad's monthly payroll dropped from $1,200,000 in December, 1962, to about $500,000 a year later.

Nowhere is this "efficiency" more dramatic than on the trains themselves.

All morning long the switchmen had been building the train, moving the 50-ton cars about like poker players stacking chips. The cars coupled up with a resounding *carrumph*. Out in the yard where the tracks merged, a tall, wiry young man named Steve Morgan was waving his arms wildly trying to signal an engineer in a distant cab. Morgan had studied pharmacy for three years at the University of Georgia. "It's really interesting," he said between waves. "There's not a single man who ever loafs anymore." As he spoke, another switch foreman approached. Twenty-one-year-old Wayne Reyes had also attended college. "I feel there's room here for a person my age to get ahead," he said. "I wouldn't mind making it a career." Reyes was wearing a neat blue button-down shirt. It seemed incongruous.

By 2:15 the air pressure had built up on the brakes. The train was ready. Inside the cab of the blue-and-yellow-nosed diesel, a tall, thin engineer named Vernon Strickland—a black beret perched jauntily atop his head—eased back on the throttle. "OK," he said. "We'll be moving out." The train began to move—slowly at first, to pull out the slack. Then it gathered momentum. The four 1,250-horsepower engines strained forward.

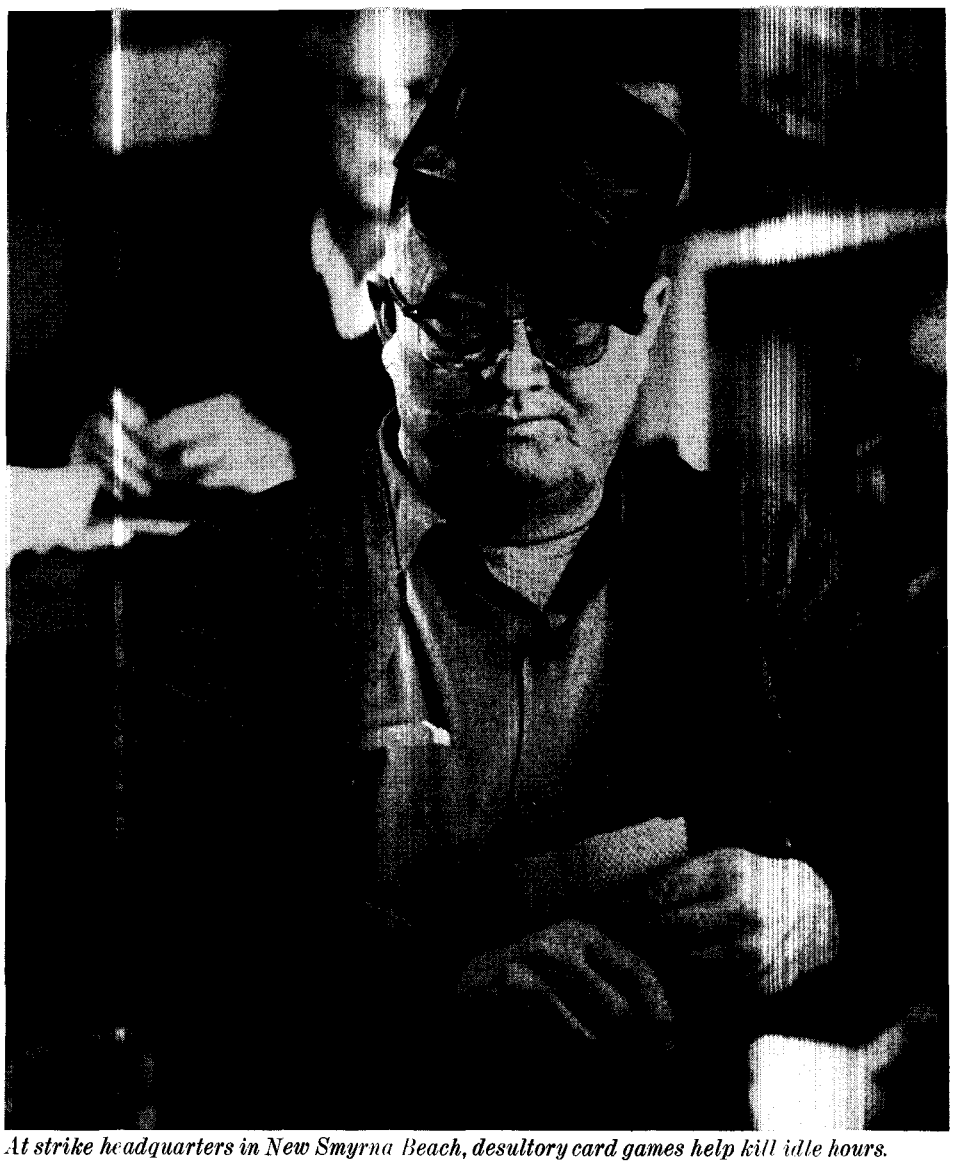
At each crossing, Strickland pulled the warning whistle. Two longs, a short, another long. Loud and shrill. Now the mileposts came faster. In roughly seven hours this four-man crew would reach Miami. No fireman was on board.

Suddenly a voice crackled over the speaker inside the cab. Three miles ahead of the train a special agent in a high-rail car had passed the 30-mile post. He said the track was clear. It has not always been clear.

The "accidents" started soon after the strike began. Someone cut the air hoses on 27 cars near Fort Pierce, wrapped a log chain around a track at Edgewater, placed an angle bar on the track near Port Mayaca bridge. Then the situation worsened. A freight-and-passenger station burned to the ground. A bullet crashed into a moving diesel, narrowly missing the engineer. Thirty-three cars fell off the track near West Palm Beach; four engines and 52 cars plunged into a gorge at Oak Hill. Dynamite blasts ripped away a section of bridge near New Smyrna Beach and splintered a trestle near Vero Beach.

Union officials blamed the "accidents" on shoddy maintenance performed by inexperienced crews. Railroad officials—who said the damage exceeded $500,000—cried "sabotage." Quickly they outfitted nine station wagons with steel-flanged wheels, ran them ahead of trains to watch out for trouble. "I think they do the same thing in Vietnam," an F.E.C. supervisor said.

The "accidents" have not been restricted to railroad equipment alone. For the 110 union members who went back to work and the more than 500 new employees who joined them, this strike has been cruel. Rocks have shattered the windows of their cars; light bulbs and beer bottles filled with paint have crashed against the walls of their homes. Signs in public places have depicted them as traitors. (BRUCE MCCRAY, YOU FILTHY,



At strike headquarters in New Smyrna Beach, desultory card games help kill idle hours.

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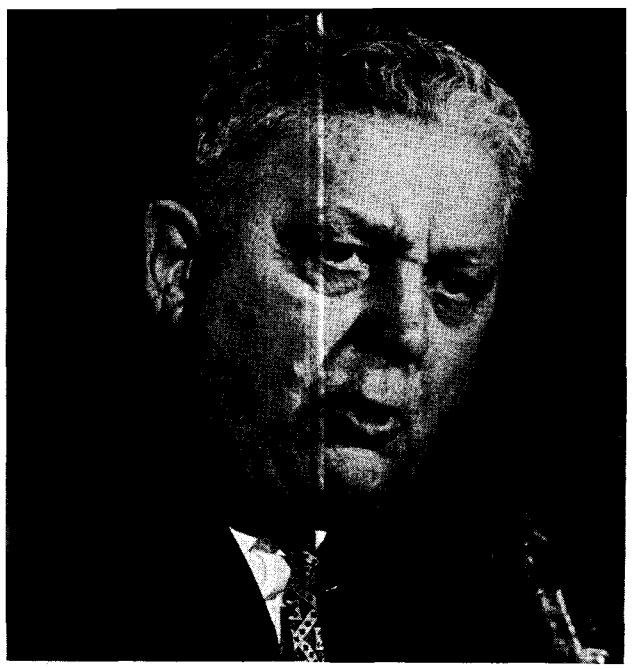
F.E.C. chairman Edward Ball was set on going his own way.



Union chief George Leighty insisted on the national pattern.

The government's stand was "blackmail" to Ed Ball.

SCABBY SON OF A BITCH, one read; IT WAS A BRICK LAST TIME. IT WILL BE 00 BUCKSHOT NEXT TIME.) Harassment has even extended to wives and families. In New Smyrna Beach a shop superintendent named I.E. (Bill) Smith has had to change his unlisted phone number three times to protect his wife from obscenity.

It is to their credit that from the beginning the union leaders campaigned against violence. And while the railroad claims it has suffered nearly 200 separate acts of violence and terror, it is true that it has scant evidence to link these *directly* to the strikers.

Says Jack Hadley, chairman of the master strike team: "So far as violence and vandalism are concerned, I think we've got a pretty good case. But a strike that's lasted this long . . ." Hadley shakes his head slowly. "The men have a mind of their own. You can't control 'em. They're bitter. They have a right to be."

One reason for their bitterness is the fact that their jobs were taken by youngsters. "You take a nineteen-year-old boy and make him a conductor after a few days—it's preposterous on the face of it," snorts E. L. Humphrey, a tall, white-haired striker at New Smyrna Beach. The second reason is more basic: The economic vise is tightening.

From the beginning each striker has drawn an average of $51 weekly in unemployment compensation. To this the union has added another $15 to $20. The total is enough to live on. But unpaid mortgages, bank loans and car payments are piling up. The pressure is very real.

It came to a head in September. The strike had worn on for nearly eight months. Leighty had agreed to submit his case to final and binding arbitration. Ball had not. All efforts to reach a settlement were stalled. The railroad was still increasing services. By late August it was running at 75 percent of prestrike levels. Furthermore, it claimed it was operating with its best safety record in history—accidents to equipment (not attributable to sabotage) were down 37 percent; injuries to personnel were down 46 percent. The F.E.C. said this performance blasted the union contention that firemen were needed for reasons of safety. The unions claimed the statistics were phony. Yet they sensed something new had to be done. The tactic they chose introduced a new element into the dispute.

At 7:30 on the morning of September 11, eight "informational" pickets from the Order of Railroad Telegraphers appeared at the twin entrances to the Merritt Island Launch Area near Cape Kennedy. Immediately 1,400 union construction workers walked off their jobs. All activity at 11 of the 19 major construction sites ground to a halt.

"It took me about three weeks before I could convince Mr. Leighty and the other officials in Washington to give us the go-ahead on this plan," recalls a strike leader on the scene. "They kept telling me we'd all end up in jail."

Pressure from above

On the surface the union chiefs' concern seemed well founded. The picketing, which took place more than five miles from the nearest piece of railroad property, appeared to constitute an illegal secondary boycott. But no injunction was sought by the N.L.R.B. against the unions. Instead, the White House appointed a three-man board of inquiry to study the impact of the dispute on the national space effort. On October 10 the board released its report.

Describing the dispute as "currently and potentially detrimental" to national defense, the members urged both parties to reconsider submitting the issues to binding arbitration. And in the meantime they suggested that the Government should stop making shipments on the F.E.C. which were paid for by federal funds and forbid the F.E.C. from using that portion of its spur track leading into Cape Kennedy which was built by the Corps of Engineers.

Ball was stunned. "Economic blackmail," he raged. "If the Government implements the recommendations of this report, it will be the end of collective bargaining in the U.S., and the beginning of the end of the free-enterprise system."

The next development did nothing to soothe Ball's anger. In early November the National Mediation Board abruptly reversed its previous stand, now decided that the conflict was so serious that it warranted creation of a presidential emergency board to study the issues. On November 14—eight days prior to his death—President Kennedy named three of the nation's most able arbiters, Harry Platt of Detroit, Derek Bok of Los Angeles, and Paul Guthrie of Chapel Hill, N.C., to sit on the panel. Again the F.E.C. reaction was swift. This time it came from Vice President Thornton.

"When we were shut down one hundred percent without a wheel turning," he said, "the Mediation Board, the Labor Department and the White House refused our pleas for an emergency board. If the situation then didn't threaten to interrupt interstate commerce, now, more than ten months later when we are up to full freight service, the only emergency is that the unions have lost the strike and want the Government to pull their chestnuts out of the fire."

By itself, the mere appointment of an emergency board should have contributed greatly to a settlement of the dispute. For as the unions' George Leighty, the National Mediation Board's Francis O'Neill Jr. and other government officials interpreted the Railway Labor Act, creation of the board meant that both parties had to restore conditions as they existed immediately prior to the walkout. This meant in turn that the F.E.C. had to rehire—at least temporarily—its striking employees. The railroad balked.

For 10 days in an oak-paneled courtroom in Jacksonville the board listened to the claims of both sides. On the left in a green leather chair sat Ball. Now and then he would lean over, poke his attorney and whisper instructions. On the right—about 30 feet away from Ball—sat Leighty. From time to time he would tap the table with a long yellow pencil. Once, in the middle of a morning session, Ball sneezed, a tremendous sneeze that must have started in the bottom of his lungs and gathered decibels along the way. It interrupted proceedings for at least 60 seconds. Yet somehow it was a magnificent gesture—full of defiance.

The union attorney, Lester P. Schoene, was superb—a gray-haired, slow-moving man with a bullfrog voice and a habit of casting his mournful eyes to the ceiling whenever he made a telling point. Gamely, railroad attorney William B. Devaney stressed his side of the case, but from the start the spectators sensed who held the winning cards.

President Johnson released the board's report two days before Christmas. Generally it found in favor of the unions.

Although the F.E.C. had suffered heavy losses as a result of the strike, the report recommended it could and should award its workers the 10.28 cents per hour boost. "For to do [otherwise]," the board warned, "might invite chaos and instability in employer-employee relations in the railroad industry. . . . Other railroads may be tempted to follow the example of this carrier, thus provoking bitter and disruptive disputes in other sections of the country."

Furthermore, the board maintained, the F.E.C. should dismiss its present employees and replace them with strikers. "The interest of the strikers in regaining their jobs," the board concluded, "outweighs any claim that these new employees may have acquired as a result of their brief . . . service with the carrier."

By law, the recommendations of an emergency board are not binding.

At first the unions were disappointed. They had wanted the board to recommend retroactive pay. "But these recommendations still furnish a basis for settlement," Leighty said, "if Ball really wants to settle." Ball didn't agree: "For the board to suggest that new employees should be discharged merely to be replaced by union employees should shake the conscience of the nation."

Ball now feels confident he has won the dispute. Already, the F.E.C. has resumed approximately 95 percent of its former freight service, and its profit picture seems to be improving. The railroad's loss for the first six months of 1963 was $574,000. For the year's third quarter, that loss dwindled to $144,000. And in the final quarter, the road chalked up a net operating income of $191,639. The F.E.C., however, has not resumed passenger service, on the grounds that it doesn't want to expose travelers to the risk of sabotage. According to the mayors of several Florida towns, the road has also failed to maintain adequate safety precautions at crossings (a charge company officials vehemently deny).

Government arbitrators have already recommended that the railroads should have the right to streamline their operations by changing certain work rules and eliminating certain workers the roads claim are nonessential. The F.E.C.'s "skeleton crew" operations can hardly help but strengthen management's case with Congress and with the public.

Meanwhile, the strike goes on. Ball sees no reason to capitulate, and Leighty is equally confident. For most of the strikers, unemployment benefits run out on July 1; yet they seem more determined than ever. For both sides, victory has become a simple matter of principle.

Outside, the sun is shining, but in the strike-headquarters building there is still little light. At a table in the corner of the room a man is playing solitaire. The television screen is still blank. A striker in a light woolen sweater picks up a copy of *Labor* and reads of management's obstinacy. "I never thought it would take this long," he says. THE END

A station wagon fitted with flanged wheels convoys F.E.C. train to spot track hazards. ▶

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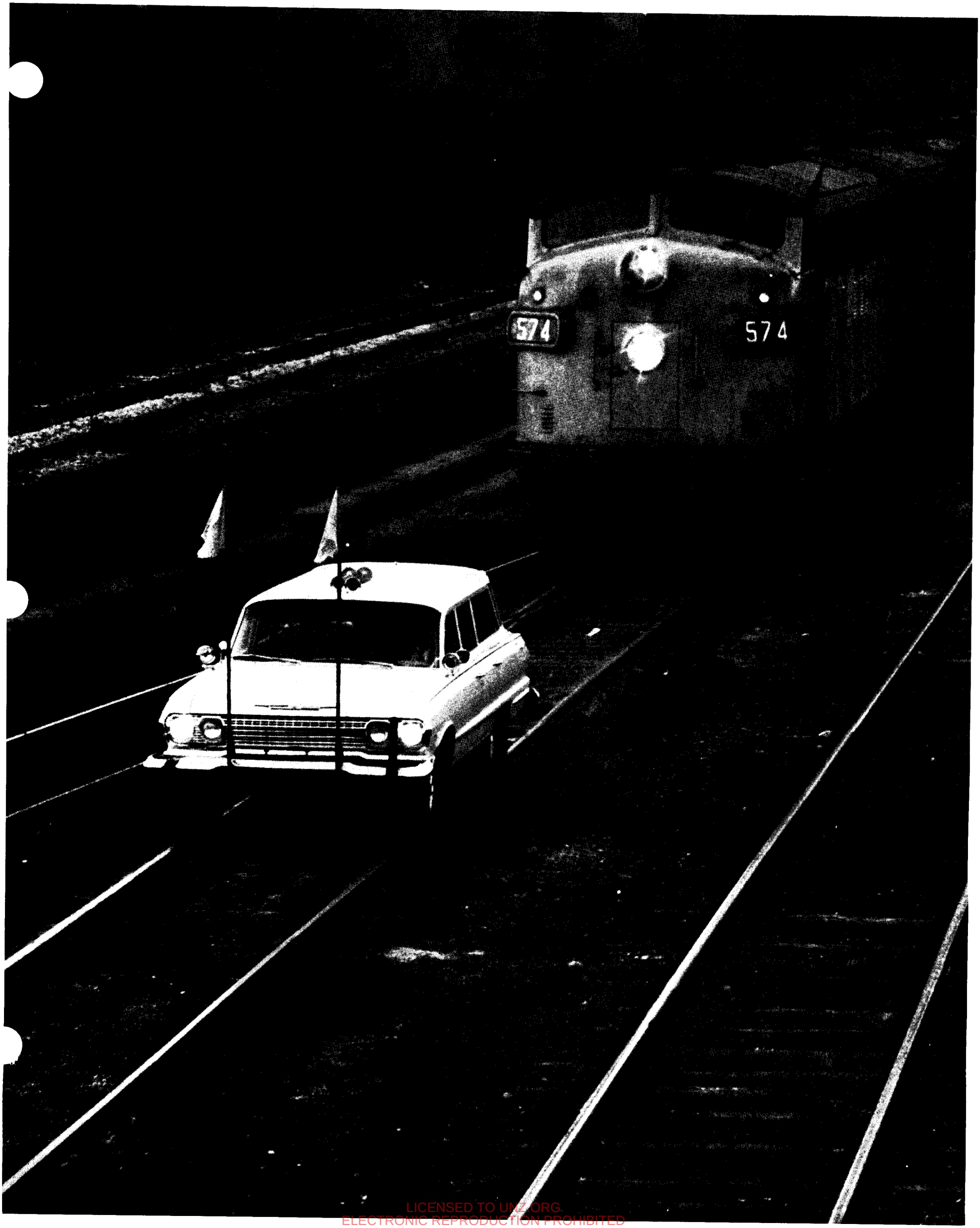

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EDITORIALS

THE CANDIDACY OF ASTRONAUT JOHN GLENN

When John Glenn (p. 21) announced that he was going into political orbit, a great howl went up. Many people said he had no experience for the Senate, and others complained that if he had to go into politics, he could start somewhere below the top. The Senate, said the New York *Herald Tribune*, is "the wrong place" for him to start. "It's just that the Senate, like Project Mercury, requires certain skills, specialized knowledge and experience of its own."

John Glenn is, of course, a political novice, but it is hardly fair to suggest that his experience would have no relevance in the Senate. The principal business of the U.S. Government is defense. More than half the budget goes into it. The great new business of the future is space. Next year's budget calls for an expenditure of $5 billion on space research and technology. John Glenn has spent 21 years in the defense business as a U.S. Marine. As the first American to orbit the earth, he would be the first U.S. senator with direct experience and knowledge of the space business.

Ironically, many of the people who frown upon the idea of Glenn's running are those who constantly urge "good men" to go into politics. The notion that some sort of legislative magic is needed in order to be a senator is overrated. If the record of the 88th Congress has proved anything, it is that the qualities most urgently needed in the Senate are youth, energy, drive and impatience with the status quo.

In the coming months John Glenn's views will be thoroughly aired. If he manages to defeat Sen. Stephen Young, his 74-year-old opponent in the May 5 Democratic primary (the senator is confident he will beat Glenn "handily"), he will face a formidable opponent in Rep. Robert Taft Jr. in the fall elections. As a candidate for the Senate, Glenn deserves to be judged on all his qualifications: on a realistic appraisal of his experience, on the programs he advocates, and the understanding and imagination with which he advocates them.

PANAMA: THE DISASTER THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN FORESEEN

The United States Government is not responsible for every disaster on the face of the globe. Earthquakes, volcanoes and some political upheavals occur without warning. But there are times when obvious signs of disaster appear, and only the most myopic observer fails to see them. The tragic upheaval in Panama is a good example.

For all our treaty rights to the Panama Canal—which are firmly rooted in law—the elements of disaster were plain enough to see. The presence of a foreign power and foreign troops is an irritant to any nation. The gross discrepancy between the standards of living of the American colonials and the Panamanians was bound to lead to trouble.

Anyone who did not recognize the danger had only to read a book called *The Wine Is Bitter*, by Dr. Milton Eisenhower, published in July, 1963. Doctor Eisenhower is one of our foremost authorities on Latin America. As he reports, he has "spent many casual years and eight intensive years traveling and studying" in that part of the world.

The first words of Doctor Eisenhower's preface are enough to jar a bureaucrat out of his complacency. "There is absolutely no doubt in my mind," Doctor Eisenhower says, "that revolution is inevitable in Latin America. The people are angry. They are shackled to the past with bonds of ignorance, injustice and poverty. And they no longer accept as universal or inevitable the oppressive prevailing order which has filled their lives with toil, want and pain."

Doctor Eisenhower visited Panama in 1958 and found that "the same oppressive conditions and gross inequities flagrant in other Latin-American republics exist in Panama—but here there is a readymade, built-in scapegoat: the alleged profit-making owner of the Canal Zone, the United States." The notion that the United States is reaping great profits from the Canal "is the most serious kind of misconception," Doctor Eisenhower says, "for the fact is that the Canal has been a financial burden to the United States. The Canal debt to the United States Treasury is in excess of $450 million." But this surprising fact is lost upon the Panamanians. "The hordes of underprivileged, living on either side of the Zone," Doctor Eisenhower says, "see only a narrow strip of land which represents the nation of undreamed-of riches. And this wealthy interloper makes 'untold profits' from Panama's resource. The privileged elite do nothing to disabuse the people of this fallacious notion."

Doctor Eisenhower came home profoundly disturbed by the situation in Panama. "I left Panama with a feeling of impending disaster weighing heavily upon me," he says. He went from department to department of the U.S. Government, pounding on the desks, vainly attempting to arouse the bureaucrats to the urgency of the situation. (Doctor Eisenhower says regretfully that he did not take his case to his brother in the White House, because "I never used my privileged position or my family relationship to evade traditional channels," and he adds with respect to his recommendations "that I only alluded to them softly in my official report to the President.")

Thirteen months later Army Secretary Wilber M. Brucker belatedly became alarmed by reports from Panama. He called in Doctor Eisenhower and outlined a course of action almost identical to the one that Doctor Eisenhower himself had earlier recommended. Time was so precious now that Doctor Eisenhower went to see President Eisenhower and a hasty effort to save the situation was organized, but before the President's orders could be executed 2,000 Panamanians invaded the Zone, tore down the U. S. embassy flag and trampled it (November, 1959).

The danger potential for the future in Panama was all too obvious by this point. U. S. ambassador to Panama Joseph Farland, who resigned in dissatisfaction with our policy in August, 1963, subsequently reported many times that the basic differences between Panama and the United States had never been resolved. Doctor Eisenhower's book, which, it should be remembered, was published in July, 1963, contained a prophetic warning. "I have no doubt that United States-Panamanian relations are going to be changed, *perhaps after a series of jarring experiences*," he said (the italics are ours). "To improve our own posture in the Republic, I would have the President of the United States make an immediate change: Our representation there should be unified. . . . The United States desperately needs a *single voice* in Panama. And that voice should be the ambassador's."

Ironically, when the upheaval occurred in Panama last January 9, we did not even have an ambassador in the country. Ambassador Farland had resigned in August and the post had not been filled for five months. Our Government cannot, as we have said, foresee every disaster in the world. But a tornado like the Panamanian cataclysm is visible on the horizon long before it arrives. If we are alert, we should see it, especially when a clear-sighted man like Doctor Eisenhower pounds on the desk and says it is coming.

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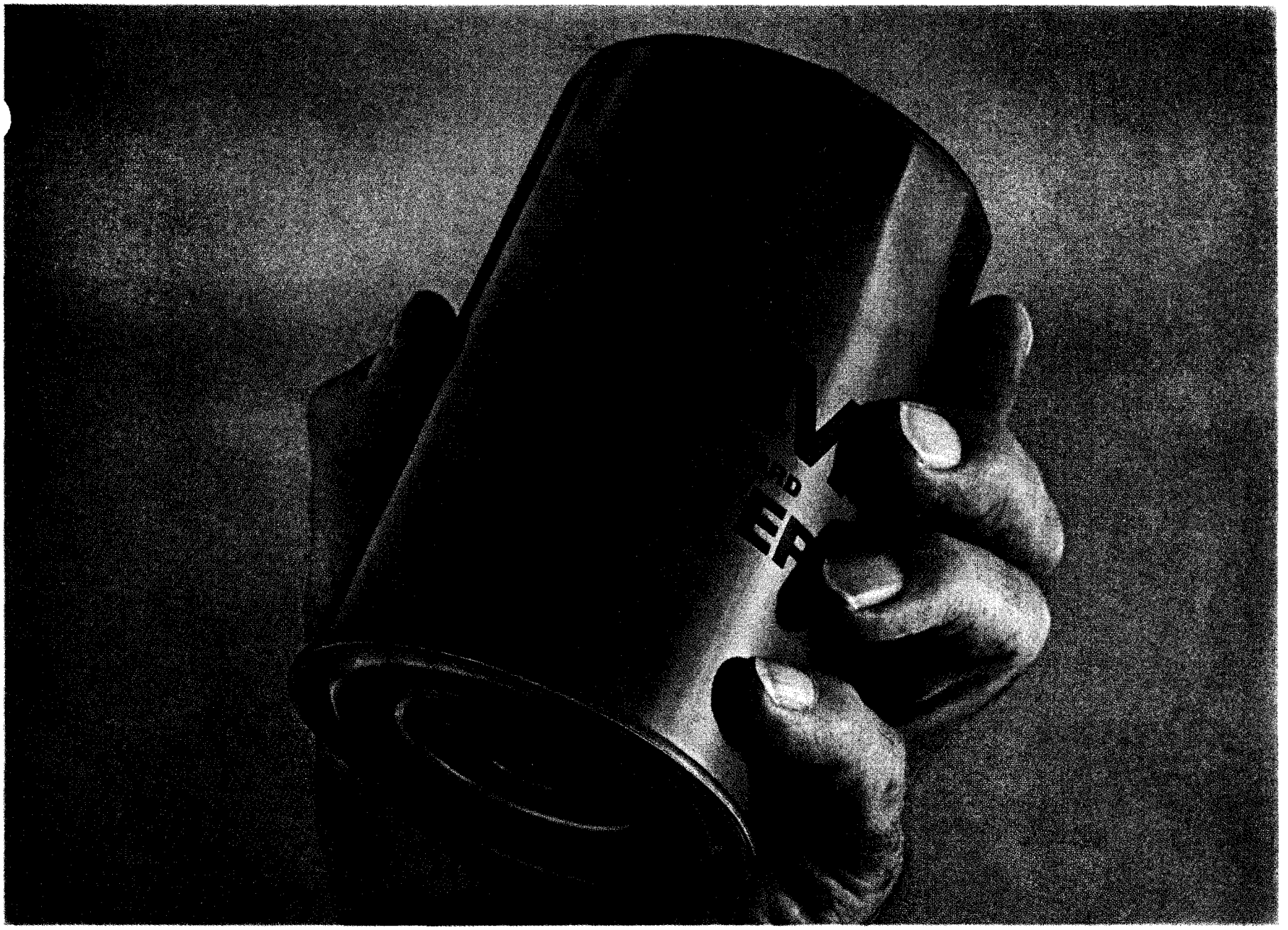

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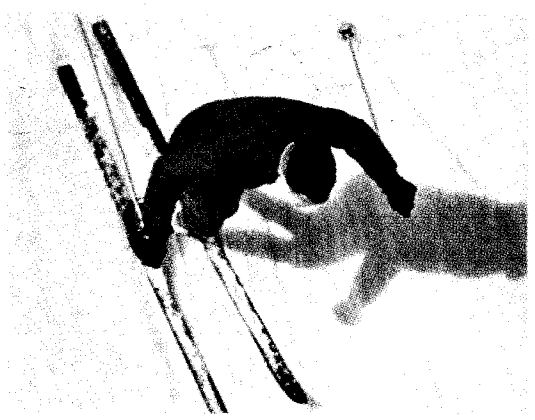

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